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ART, FASHION, AND SOCIETY

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DRAMA

The Play of the Month

By Edward Morton ("Mordred" of *The Referee*.)

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* Illustration.

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By Wallace L. Crowdy

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CONCERNING WOMEN

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By Mrs. C. E. Humphry ("Madge"). Illustrated by M. Eccallau de Batog and Marie Pullen.

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* Illustration.

THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY *ILLUSTRATED*

VOL. II. (New Series). No. 7

Published on 15th of each month.



[Photo]

[Dress Studio]

STARS OF THE OPERA: MME. EDVINA AS DESDEMONA

Notes and Impressions

Volume II.

It is the interval between the first and second acts. **THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED** bows to the audience. "You have all been very nice to me. You have said the very kindest things, you have assured me that I am delightful and complimented me upon my handsome appearance; you have congratulated me upon my attractive personality. I want to thank you all very much. Now I feel I have already made many true friends—and I mean to keep them—but I want to make more, so if you ever come across anyone who hasn't yet seen me, please tell them what you think of me. You can assure them that my motto is still, as before, 'Each number better than the last.' I've stuck to that from the first. I won't detain you longer. I thank you for your kindness in the past and ask for its continuance in the future."

Our Competition

We would remind our readers of the considerations governing the choice of the judges in our monthly competition. We do this because we have received many efforts that fail to show the least regard either for applicability, conciseness, or phraseology. Competitors should imagine that the name they suggest has actually been adopted, and should say to themselves, "How will my alternative title look on a poster?" They will then see how impossible it is that some of the attempts sent in should ever win a prize. For instance, since the competition was started we have received as suggestions:

Titles to which a note was attached explaining the point!

Titles which were too hackneyed or too cumbersome for serious consideration.

Titles which sounded well but meant little.

Titles which were wholly devoid of point.

Competitors, too, are rather unduly prone to the use of Biblical quotations. It should be remembered that these are apt to be out of keeping in such a competition.

The names of this month's winners are announced on the front inside cover.

The Best Photograph

We have adjudged a photograph received from Mr. G. T. Collis, of 23, Thornford Road, Lewisham, to be the best sent in during the month, and have accordingly forwarded a cheque for one guinea to the winner. Owing to want of space we are unable to reproduce this excellent little photograph of a fishing smack leaving harbour. The photo was taken with a Frena camera on a Frena film, and was printed on Paget P.O.P. Interesting prints were sent in from various other competitors, all of which have been returned to the senders.

Academy of Dramatic Art

Sir William S. Gilbert, Mr. George Alexander, and Miss Ethel Irving consented to act as judges for awarding the Bancroft Gold Medal for the best dramatic performance by a student at the Matinée given by the Academy of Dramatic Art at the St. James's Theatre on 5th April.

The programme commenced with the third act of "The Admirable Crichton," rehearsed by Mr. Dion Boucicault. This was followed by some scenes from "Love's Labour Lost," a play rarely acted. Another ambitious item was the third act of "The Gay Lord Quex"; also a play, not yet seen at a theatre, by Arthur Eckersley and Arthur Curtis, entitled "The Trap," was given. This, with a demonstration of the principles of gesture in dramatic dumb show, a scene from Molière in French, and dances, constituted the programme.

Now that the pros and cons of a National theatre are being so widely discussed, an event of this kind came with added interest, for an Academy, affording as it does a recruiting ground, is a step towards systematising the English drama. There was a representative gathering of the profession to see the young people doing their best, and the prize was awarded to Miss Gwenta Lockhart as Rosaline. Highly creditable performances were given by Miss Phyllis Thatcher, Mr. Rupert Lumley, Miss Aithna Gover, Miss Erna von Appen, Mr. V.

Penna, Miss Enid Rose, Mr. H. Holland, Mr. F. Culley, and Miss Grace Croft.

The Rehearsal Company

In the Rehearsal Company's production of "The Passing of the Ironside," a dramatic incident, by P. E. Slayton, and the performance of "Twelfth Night" at the Rehearsal Theatre, the clever players which Mr. Clive Currie has gathered round him appeared to the best advantage. In both plays, however, as has been the case in each of the company's performances, the skill and earnestness which characterise the work of Mr. Clive Currie gained for him distinct pre-eminence. In the first he gave a well-drawn picture of an old Ironside whose long illness has precluded his knowing that Cromwell is dead and that Charles II. is restored to the throne, and the acclamation of the crowd, which awaits the arrival of the newly-crowned king in the street below, tells a story which stills the faithful heart which until then struggled loyally in the breast of the old Ironside. His Puritan daughter was admirably portrayed by Miss Evelyn Vanderzee, as were also the less important parts of the neighbour, Mistress Alport, by Miss Ursula Keene, and the Captain Jack Enderby of Mr. Frank Lincoln. This picturesque one-act play should be heard of again.



Members of the Rehearsal Company

In "Twelfth Night" Mr. Clive Currie gave a well-sustained Malvolio, proving his versatility and true artistry. His final exit, wounded in heart and pride, and bereft of office and dignity, was extremely well done. The Sir Toby Welch of that experienced actor, Mr. Fred Grove, was a notable performance, as also was that of his partner in folly, Sir Squire Aguecheek, represented by Mr. Arthur Cleave. Olivia was charmingly acted by Miss Mary Forbes. Miss Grace Richardson was a trifle modern in the boisterous part of Maria; Miss May Saker made a charming Viola.

The Play Actors' production of four one-act plays—"The Gulf," a Cockney versus Park Lane comedy by Mr. Affleck Scott; "The Frame," by Mr. Ronald Macdonald, which depicts the devotion of a mistress-model to a drink-sodden artist; "Miss Tassey," a dramatic scene of the "Diana of Dobson's" order, and "Cupid in Clapham," both by Miss Elizabeth Baker, author of "Chains"—increased the reputation of this critical band of dramatic enthusiasts. Each of the plays, considered from an artistic and dramatic point of view, rather than from the commercial aspect which looks for dividends for shareholders in theatrical enterprises, was entirely successful. "Miss Tassey" should certainly be seen again. As usual, the plays were carefully cast and the acting and characterisation entirely praiseworthy.

The Stage Society's output this month is a series of three plays by Felix Salter—"Life's Importance," in which a doctor is forced to practise what he preaches in showing pluck in facing the swift and inevitable approach of death; "The Return," in which a dying man hastens to repair a wrong done in years past by marrying the mother of his child—both of whom have no wish to resume associations with him—but who upsets everybody's calculations and creates a critical situation by recovering from his illness as soon as the ceremony is completed; and "Count Festenberg," a less dramatic but interesting play. Considerable interest was shown in the productions, which were quite consistent with the Society's reputation.

"The Whip." By Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton.

Revived at Drury Lane Theatre on 26th March, 1910.

Messrs. Vincent Clive, Basil Gill, George Barrett, Cyril Keightley, Charles Rock, Alfred Bucklaw, Cecil Cameron, Austin G. Melford, Charles Blackall, and Misses Jessie Bateman, Fanny Brough, Nancy Price, Madge Fabian, May Warley, and others.

WICKEDNESS and Virtue, and the constant struggle between them, have been revived at Drury Lane in "The Whip." Playgoers are doubtless familiar with the story of "The Whip's" success; they remember how the callous William Sartorys turns the accident which befalls the Earl of Brancaster to his own wicked use. The hero's loss of memory through the accident is taken advantage of by the bad woman of the piece, Mrs. D'Aquila, at the instigation of the villain. Instead of turning her wicked head away with "Oh! fie!" or "How cruel," she says, "Yes! yes!" and forthwith consents to swear that Brancaster married her—before he lost his memory. Poor Brancaster spends all he has on the lawyers who try to get him out of this trouble, and his last hope of success is the winning of the Marquis of Beverley's race-horse, "The Whip," in the Two Thousand Guineas. Then the fun starts. The villain tries to wreck the horse-box and succeeds in doing it—but the horse has been saved. He next endeavours to get the jockey arrested just as he is about to ride—but Brancaster rushes the detectives and the crowd hold them prisoners until the race ends. Of course "The Whip" wins, and we see the downfall of wickedness and the triumph of virtue. No wonder the audience roared approval. The race scene is certainly one of the most realistic pieces of work ever put on the boards. The railway accident and the motor disaster have their thrills. The presence of real horses and real hounds on the stage meets with great appreciation from those in front, and the whole production has lost none of the humanity or the compelling interest in its revival.

It would be difficult to find a sweeter Lady Diana Sartorys than Miss Jessie Bateman, a more practical Mrs. Beamish than Miss Fanny Brough, a more heroic hero than Mr. Vincent Clive, a colder-blooded Sartorys than Mr. Cyril Keightley, or a more earnest parson than Mr. Basil Gill, while we can only be thankful that Miss Nancy Price in real life is a delightful contrast to the character she portrays in "The Whip." Mr. George Barrett makes a breezy old sportsman of Tom Lambert, and the Joe Kelly of Mr. Charles Rock is a really clever piece of work.

Revived at the Lyric Theatre on 4th April, 1910.

Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Kate Cutler, Messrs. C. W. Somerset, Cronin Wilson, Robert Loraine, Leonard Boyne, Herbert Jarman, Alec F. Thompson, Robert Bolder, Misses Lottie Venne, Dorothy Dix, and Beatrice Ferrar.

HEARTY congratulations to Mr. Lewis Waller and his excellent company on a most interesting rendering of Sheridan's immortal comedy. The story of "The Rivals" is so well known as to make repetition superfluous, and we are therefore more concerned with the interpretation of the work at the Lyric than with the plot.

How many of our leading actors and actresses have been associated with one or another production of the play it would be difficult to say. The original cast, when produced at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1775, included the names of Mr. Shuter as Sir Antony Absolute, Mr. Woodward as Captain Absolute, Mr. Quick as Acres, Mrs. Green as Mrs. Malaprop, and Miss Barsanti as Lydia Languish. Since then revivals of the comedy have taken place in 1800, 1814, 1821, 1824, 1847, 1866, 1895, and as recently as 1900. "The Rivals" was Sheridan's first comedy. It was written when he was twenty-three years of age. Before pen was put to paper he would think out his comedies carefully and thoroughly, and it is said that his phrase at home was, "The comedy is finished; I have now nothing to do but to write it." His work confirms his policy.

The performance of Mr. C. W. Somerset in the present revival will go down to prosperity as a fine piece of acting. Sheridan could not have imagined a more absolute Absolute. Mr. Waller's Captain Absolute would be better with a little more breeziness, but he deserves the highest commendation for the sporting way in which he plays up to the other members of the cast. Not one actor-manager in a hundred would sink his own individuality to the advantage of other players. Miss Kate Cutler's Lydia Languish is as delightful a conception as the author's could have been, while the Mrs. Malaprop of Miss Lottie Venne rouses the house to wild enthusiasm. Acres, as played by Mr. Robert Loraine, is a breezy and well-sustained effort, while no one could wish for a more polished piece of work than Mr. Leonard Boyne's Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mr. Cronin Wilson, as Faulkland, gives a somewhat new rendering of the part; it is interesting, amusing, and well sustained. There is, indeed, no character in the cast that is not well cared for.

It is some time since a play has been seen in London in which each character has been portrayed by an actor or actress so admirably fitted to the task, and I hope "The Rivals" enjoys the long run it so richly deserves.



Mr. Basil Gill in "The Whip."

“The Rivals” at the Lyric Theatre



Photo]

Foulsham & Langfield

MR. LEWIS WALLER as Captain Absolute and MISS KATE CUTLER as Lydia Languish

Drama of the Month (continued)

"The Toymaker of Nuremberg." By Austin Strong.

Produced at the Playhouse on 15th March, 1910 (for six matinées).



Mr. Cyril Maude in
"The Toymaker of
Nuremberg"

daughter of his own employer, the considerations of position, endowment or wealth that would make such a union ridiculous in the eyes of the practical world, do not occur to him. He is overjoyed with the knowledge that the great priceless gift of love has entered into the soul of his young son; and, this being so, he does not foresee any possible objection from the young lady's mercenary father. Not so papa! "The thing's absurd," says he; "the young man who marries my daughter must have sufficient money to keep her," or words to that effect.



Miss Miriam Lewes
in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"

Maude was the sweet and attractive little girl, just the type of young lady that an artistic youth such as the boy—played by Mr. Shiel Barry—would fall in love with.

Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Margery Maude, Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, Fred Lewis, A. Holmes Gore, Shiel Barry, Charles Allan, M. Wetherell, C. B. Keston, A. G. Onslow, Daniel McCarthy, Master Bobbie Andrews, Misses Elsie Chester, and Emma Chambers.

THE word "pretty," when used to describe a play, does not always convey its true meaning; but used in its real sense, the word exactly sums up "The Toymaker of Nuremberg." The little work is so devoid of intrigue, and so full of pathos, so artistic in idea and construction, that it can only be termed "pretty." The dear old toymaker of Nuremberg, who is poor because of his generosity, sets love above all the riches of the world. When his son falls in love with the

replics the toymaker, "and love is worth more than gold." The matter ends by the employer dismissing the poor old man, and in the last act we see him and the son packing up, prior to leaving for America, where, according to the advertisements in the paper, they can make a fortune in a year by cattle-ranching. Look at the illustration, and imagine the dear old man starting life again on a ranch! Just as he bids farewell to his weeping wife, a long-forgotten son rushes in. He has money in truck-loads. He is the "Teddy-Bear King" of America, and turns out to be the "boss" of his father's employer. He buys up the place, calls for the employer, and gets his consent to the daughter's marriage with his brother, handsomely endows him, and the curtain falls on a happy and united family.

Mr. Cyril Maude gave a pathetic rendering of the old toymaker; Miss Margery

The play was preceded by a wordless play, cleverly acted by Thalès and Mlle. Massilia, entitled "A Happy Mistake."

"The Scarlet Pimpernel." By Baroness Orczy and Montague Bastow.

Revived at the New Theatre on 12th March, 1910.

Mr. Fred Terry, Miss Miriam Lewes, Messrs. Philip Merivale, Alfred Kendrick, Malcolm Cherry, J. L. Dale, Horace Hodges, H. H. Wright, K. E. Pickering, M. Elvey, W. Edwin, Frederick Groves, Norman Yates, G. Cunningham, J. C. Edwards, Hermann Griffiths, G. Dudley, Misses Claire Pauncefort, Eileen Beatrice, Dora Jesslyn, Marion Sterling, and Stuart Innes.

WILL the public ever grow tired of "The Scarlet Pimpernel"? Once again the play comes up smiling, and one always associates smiling with Mr. Edward Terry. I do not hesitate to make the bold statement that without Mr. Terry's smile "The Scarlet Pimpernel" would long since have sunk into oblivion. Here, again, is an instance where it would be superfluous to tell the story of the play. Every playgoer knows it. General interest surrounds the present revival, owing to the absence of Miss Julia Neilson necessitating her part of Lady Blakeney being filled by another actress. Mr. Terry's selection of Miss Miriam Lewes is, indeed, a happy one. It is no easy task to follow where Miss Neilson leads, and Miss Lewes is to be congratulated upon her success. Fortunately a great many of the original cast were available for this revival. Mr. Horace Hodges still gives his inimitable rendering of the calculating, stern Chauvelin. The whole performance is as fresh and as enjoyable as ever.

"Two Merry Monarchs." By Arthur Anderson and George Levy. Lyrics by Arthur Anderson and Hartley Carrick. Music by Orlando Morgan.

Produced at the Savoy Theatre on 10th March, 1910.

Mr. C. H. Workman, Miss Daisy Le Hay, Messrs. Robert White, Jr., Lennox Pawle, Roland Cunningham, Leslie Stiles, Neville George, Francis Pater, Misses Alma Barber, Mayne Young, Aileen Peel, Marie West, Laurie Opperman, Joan Adair, Betty Heaps, Miss Adeline Waterlow, and others.

THE two merry monarchs are King Paul of Esperanto and King Utopos of Utopia. There are only two countries on the earth—Esperanto and Utopia. King Paul, who has discovered the elixir of life a thousand years ago, decides to kill Utopos. He therefore gives his adopted daughter a drug that will cause her to kill anyone she kisses, not knowing the effect herself. King Paul then invites King Utopos to his court and offers him his adopted daughter for a bride. But the Princess Cynthia loathes the monarch so much that she refuses to kiss him, being in love with Prince Charnis, Paul's Governor of Police. Finally, however, the kiss is given; but it transpires that Utopos had stolen some of the elixir of life when Paul discovered it, and the poisonous drug does not take effect. The two kings fight a duel by choosing between two glasses, one of which contains water and the other a fluid that will make an immortal



Miss Daisy Le Hay
in "Two Merry
Monarchs"

"The Balkan Princess"

at the Prince of
Wales' Theatre



Some of the principals in
this charming musical play.
The "Balkan Princess" tells
a story of love and romance
in the pleasant land of
Balaria.



MISS ISABEL JAY
as the Princess Stephanie

MR. BERTRAM WALLIS
as the Grand Duke Sergius

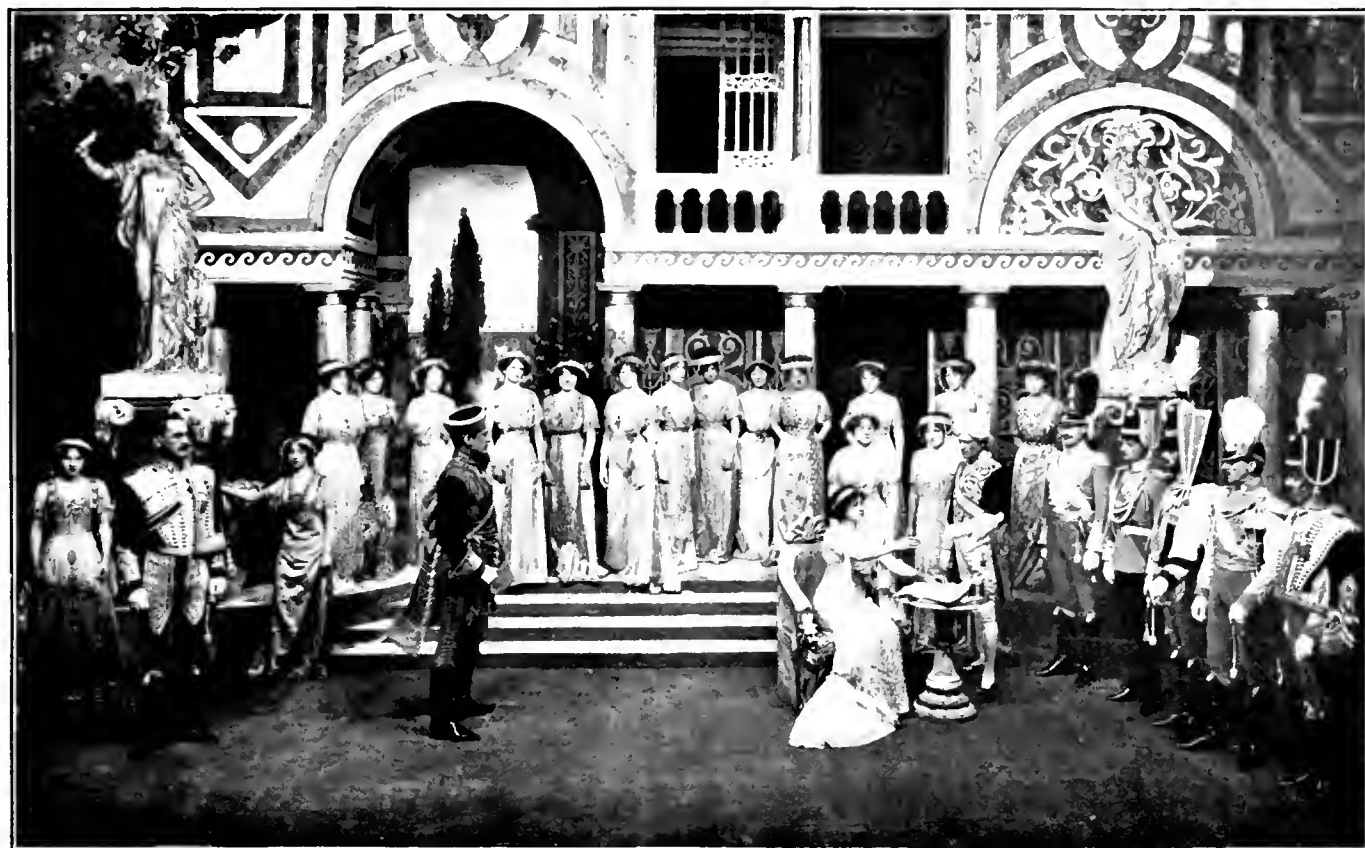


Photos

MISS MABEL SEALBY as Magda

Foulsham & Banfield

MR. LAURI DE FRECE as Blatz



The Balkan Princess (MISS ISABEL JAY) renounces the throne



The Grand Duke Sergius (MR. BERTRAM WALLIS) and his friends at the Bohemian Restaurant

Drama of the Month (continued)

mortal. Prince Charmis mixes the drinks, and they both become mortal, falling to the level of subjects. Charmis marries the Princess and rules throughout the world.

In an endeavour to remedy the usual lack of plot in a comic opera the authors have overshot the mark. The plot, or plots rather, are too complicated, and too much attention is devoted to detail. The music is pretty and tuneful. Miss Daisy Le Hay, as the Princess Cynthia, and Mr. Roland Cunningham, as Prince Charmis, make a handsome hero and heroine; while the irresistible humour of Mr. Lennox Pawle as King Utopus, Mr. Robert Whyte, junr., as King Paul, and Mr. C. H. Workman as Rolandyl, the Postmaster-General and Assessor of Taxes, add much to the enjoyment of the piece.

"Othello." Played by the Sicilians at the Lyric Theatre on 21st March, 1910.

Cav. Grasso, Signorina Bragaglia, Sig. A. Campagno, Sig. Spadaro, Sig. Arcidiacono, and others.

OF all the plays the Sicilians have presented to their English audiences, "Othello" has been the most discussed. At the conclusion of the performance Grasso received shouts of applause, but whether these were given him because of the novelty of the thing, or by reason of the sporting instincts of the Britisher, or

because the rendering was thought to be so much in advance of anything we have seen in our native tongue, it is impossible to say. The Sicilians' production of "Othello" was certainly worthy of a top place in the records of stagecraft, but surely it was not quite worthy of the tremendous fuss made about it. To compare the Othello of Grasso with that of, shall I say, Forbes Robertson, the former is left miles behind from any point of view. There was more brutality than nobility in Grasso's rendering.

It was handsome, fine, but lacking in quiet dignity. At times he seemed to rise to great heights, but he always descended. He presented a passionate, fierce, gigantic Moor, not the Moor of the student, the deep-digger into Shakespeare. The attitude of the audience seemed unfair to those fine actors who have shown us the part on our own stage. Iago was played by Signor Campagno. It was a strange mixture of the ideal and the ridiculous. In some parts he grasped the true meaning of Shakespeare's words; in others he descended to buffoonery. He was in earnest with himself, however, during the whole performance. Signorina Bragaglia took upon herself the portrayal of Desdemona. Whether she succeeded or not from a scholar's point of view is open to question. She looked the part, and apparently felt it. Pathos and simplicity marked her work throughout. Many of the other characters were carefully played.

"Othello" was altered considerably for the Sicilians' presentation. Scenes and characters were omitted. The Italian mind works differently; what the Southern actors left out, we of another clime would have enjoyed.

The Follies, at the Apollo Theatre.

Mr. H. G. Pellissier, Misses Effie Cook, Ethel Allandale, Gwennie Mars, Muriel George, Maud Evans, Messrs. Louis Laval, Douglas Maclaren, Dan Everard, Morris Harvey, and Lewis Sydney.

ON the 16th instant the Follies conclude their present season at the Apollo Theatre; 563 performances is not a bad record for this class of entertainment, is it? Pellissier's Potted Plays have become famous all the world over. They introduced a new form of amusement, and visitors to London have become accustomed to look upon them as one of the "sights" to be included in the programme that embraces the Tower of London, the National Gallery, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. With the revival of "The Whip" has come Mr. Pellissier's potted version of the drama. To call it amusing is much short of the mark; it is excruciatingly funny. Then there has been the potted pantomime, in two parts, running into seven scenes, including the land where children fool, the seashore with view of wreck, and finishing with a grand transformation and procession of all nations. The show called forth one long scream of delight from the audience.

The final performances are given over to a grand Shakesperian-Cecil-Ralcighian-Pellissian Festival including their famous beverage, quartettes, and a new reading of "Hamlet." So new is this reading of the bard's mournful drama that poor old Shakespeare would turn green if he could only see it.

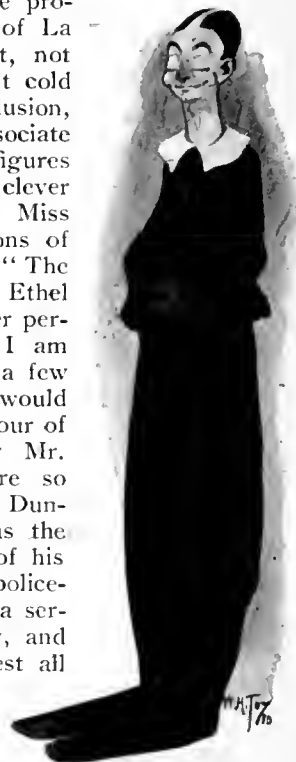
The Follies are, I believe, about to start on a long provincial tour, and they may look forward to a hearty welcome from everyone who goes to see them.

The London Pavilion.

IN a new repertoire of classical studies La Milo is drawing big houses at the Pavilion. The representations of famous sculptures are very beautiful. We are told on the programme that the whole trend of La Milo's exhibition is to suggest, not the woman, not the artiste, but cold marble. Wonderful as is the illusion, however, it is difficult to dissociate the mind from the fact that the figures are living flesh and blood. That clever young American impersonator, Miss Alice Pierce, is giving imitations of Miss Violet Vanbrugh in "The Woman in the Case" and Miss Ethel Irving in "Dame Nature." Her performance is so excellent that I am surprised she does not attempt a few creations. Many a manager would welcome her. Much of the humour of the evening is contributed by Mr. Dutch Daly, whose stories are so piquantly told, and Mr. T. E. Dunville, who is justly described as the Limit in Eccentricity. In one of his songs he tells us that he is a policeman who hasn't yet been made a sergeant. He tries to do his duty, and when his chief told him to arrest all suspicious characters the whole of his family were in jail before twelve o'clock the same day. He also arrested a man for breaking into a perspiration! The other principal items are contributed by Mr. Arthur Astill, the Brothers Horne, Miss Violet Loraine, the Gothams, and Miss May Henderson.



Cav. U. G. Grasso in "Othello"



T. E. Dunville



AMATEUR THEATRICALS



By CLILVERD YOUNG

Production of "Wat," a romantic play in three acts by Walter Savage Cooper. The story revolves around a visit of Queen Elizabeth, played with excellent effect by Miss Sydney Keith, to Lord Trevor's country mansion.



Mr. Walter Savage Cooper

The Queen's runaway horse is stopped by Wat the Forester, played in rugged, manly style by the author, for which she promises to grant any boon he may ask. Lord Trevor's daughter Alice (Miss Millicent Cooper) is in love with Sir Roland (Mr. Sydney Gowlett), who has plotted with others to release Mary, Queen of Scots, and who is disguised by Kitty (Miss Hilda Foster) when he comes to bid his lady-love farewell. Kitty and Wat are sweethearts, and in an excess of jealousy Wat reveals the fact that

one of the revellers is a stranger in disguise, whereupon the Queen in splendidly portrayed anger orders Sir Roland's arrest. In Act III. we find Wat in despair at the result of his impetuous action, for his young mistress, Alice, is broken-hearted, and Kitty bitterly incensed against him. Elizabeth is deaf to all pleading, but when Wat begs the release of Sir Roland as the promised boon she is in honour bound to grant his request, and retires, leaving two pairs of lovers reunited. The play was presented by a group of enthusiastic amateurs, who were, with the brilliant exceptions of Miss Sydney Keith and Miss Hilda Foster, who played Elizabeth and Kitty, obviously unpractised, but judged from this standpoint their work was extremely promising. Mr. Dashwood Carter was excellent as the aged but loyal Lord Trevor, his wife, Lady Trevor, being well presented by Miss Edith Ellsworth, who was responsible for the music of the solo and quartet, the Maypole song and dance, and the Jester's song, which formed not the least attractive portion of the programme. Miss Millicent Cooper and Mr. Sydney Gowlett gave good studies of the lovers so nearly separated. Mrs. Dashwood Carter, who was responsible for the venomous-tongued housekeeper who rouses Wat's jealousy, was at times inaudible. The part of Will the Jester appeared under-developed in the hands of Mr. H. Savage Cooper, who, however, sang the song allotted to him in fine style. Messrs. B. Bristow, J. Savage Cooper, Cyril Cheffins, Geo. Forbes, and W. Shipham played minor parts with varying success. Miss E. Fitzsimmons was too boisterous as Sue, one of the serving maids. The dancing was specially weak, probably due to the fact that a strange orchestra was entrusted with the music at the last moment in place of the Rosentower Trio announced to appear. Miss Patricia Plowman sang the tuneful "May Queen" song excellently. Mr. F. A. W. Docker was responsible for the music of the stately measure.

The Masqueraders in "The Mollusc" at the Royal Albert Hall Theatre, in aid of the poor of St. Andrew's, North Kensington. A clever quartet gave a finished performance of this amusing and altogether human comedy. Mr. Herbert Swears is exactly fitted in the part of Tom Kemp. Mr. Harold Veasey was excellent as the much-tried husband. Miss Betty Hardress made a living personage of the indolent Mrs. Baxter, who works so hard to escape doing anything, and Miss Irene Long gave a well-sustained and artistic reading of Miss Roberts, the conscientious governess and general prop of the establishment. The whole performance was an object lesson in finished amateur acting.

The Jackdaw D.C. in "The Magistrate" at the Cripplegate. This practised club gave a performance of all-round excellence. The play opened weakly, probably because Miss Ethel Shelton, who played Beattie, was almost inaudible, and Mr. Edward Clayton was concerned in reducing a resonant, manly voice to the limits of that of a boy presumably only fourteen years old. When, however, the play began to move more briskly Mr. Clayton proved that he was as well, if not better, able to sustain this difficult part than any one in the amateur world. Mr. Herbert Smith was excellent all through as Mr. Poskett, the much-tried magistrate, but specially so when he appears at his office to administer justice in a much damaged evening suit, and tells of his woes of the night before. Mr. George R. Boorer scored in the smaller part of Mr. Bullamy, as also did Mr. William Baker as Colonel Lukyn, a retired Indian officer, and Mr. Charles Nunn as the blighted lover, Captain Horace Vale. Clever character studies were given by Mr. Henry James as proprietor of the hotel, and Mr. Fred W. Fury as Isidore the waiter. Mr. Herbert W. Bang gave Mr. Wormington an air of appropriateness which evidenced the practised player. Of the three police officers, played by Messrs I. Tolman, T. R. Wyatt, and J. Tolman, the latter as Constable Harris was excellent. Mr. Munton Clayton played the manservant extremely well, Popham being equally well presented by Miss Grace Robinson. Miss Ellie Chester was quite equal to the demands of the part of Agatha Poskett; Miss Gladys Hamilton giving a really well-sustained presentment of the always hungry Charlotte.

The London O. and D.S. Bohemian concert proved to be one of the most successful of this energetic Society's entertainments this season, each item being excellently rendered and enthusiastically received. The Society announce "School" and "Leap Year" for April 9th, too late for this issue, and "The Rose of Persia" for May 23rd, with an exceptionally strong cast.

The Production of an Original Historical Play by R. Campbell Fletcher, preceded by the performance, for the first time, of "The Coward" by Chas. S. Adcock, at the King's Heath and Moseley Institute, Birmingham, roused a good deal of interest amongst local dramatic enthusiasts. The plays were rehearsed and produced by Mr. R. Campbell Fletcher, who also played the lead in "The Coward," and doubled the parts of Ludwine, a released Saxon prisoner who is blind, and Tyrrell, a Court favourite in "King William II." The latter play, the manuscript of which we have had the pleasure of reading, is written in blank verse, and may be regarded as a literary achievement of some distinction. The dramatic interest is vivid and human, relating as it does to the dying struggle between the Saxons and Normans. The characters, although numerous, are each necessary to the development of the plot as conceived, and each is well drawn and sustained. The cast included Messrs. J. Rose Tozer, R. Campbell Fletcher, C. Stanbury Madeley, Bert Mason, Harry Lawrence, Ernest W. Norton, F. S. Saunter, A. Wason Read, F. B. Graham, R. Spensley Clarkson, Gordon Frazier, R. Crompton Rhodes, Chas. S. Adcock, Chas. M. Harvey, and W. Horace Fletcher, Miss Trissie Waterson and Miss Marie Rice, all of whom assisted in a performance which met with the enthusiastic appreciation of a large audience.



Photo [Lane]

Mr. R. Campbell Fletcher

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

The North London O.S. in "The Runaway Girl" at the Marlborough Theatre. A spirited performance, showing careful rehearsal and skilful stage management. A few of the soloists appeared rather overpowered by the size of the theatre; the choruses, too, might have been heavier with good effect. Mr. Murray Short, who was also responsible for the stage management, scored a distinct success as Flipper. The Brother Tamarind of Mr. Rex Joseph was a capital presentment, as also was the Guy Stanley of Mr. Chas. G. Dickinson. The group of bloodthirsty villains, impersonated by Messrs. Harrison Palmer, Lionel Dickinson, and Harold Owen, led by Mr. Hector Reiser as Pistro, were better studies histrionically than vocally. Of the ladies, the Alice of Miss Nellie Craig and the Winifred Grey of Miss Katharine Craig stood as being well above the average, each dancing and singing with grace and skill. Miss Lillah Estelle's Carmenita was delightfully droll, and the Dorothy of Miss Anna MacDowall was a graceful presentment. The cast was completed by Messrs. Douglas Hale, Will J. Stamp, Junr., Edmund Waterman, Bert Hickman, Henry Green, John L. Noble, and Misses Ada King, Cecilia MacDowall, May Jennings, Lillian Sutcliffe, and Florence Hazell, each doing their share in making the production a pronounced success. The musical direction was in the capable hands of Mr. Robert S. Ker, who is to be congratulated on the sympathetic support accorded by the orchestra.

The Wyndham D.C. in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." A performance distinguished by the sound artistry we have been led to expect from this club. Mr. W. Ellis Reynolds was particularly successful in the rather exacting part of Sir Daniel Carteret, creating just the right amount of legal atmosphere without undue emphasis. A really well-balanced performance. Mr. Malcolm Child was less successful as his son Lionel, being a little stiff at times. The Rev. Canon Bonsey, D.D., is a noteworthy addition to the group of well-portrayed characters already placed to the credit of Mr. W. Harold Squire. Mr. Robert Baines gave a finished sketch of Fendick, the detective, presenting just that keenness and acumen this public benefactor possesses—in fiction. Mr. Hermann Erskine as Mr. Bulsom Porter and Mr. Godfrey Washington each played well, whilst Messrs. H. T. Bolingbroke and E. Bristowe were responsible for the two servants. Lady Eastney was excellently played by Miss Kate Harris, whose work is always above the average. Mrs. P. Brusson gave a clever sketch as the mischief-making Mrs. Bulsom Porter. Miss Dolores Jackson was responsible for the gentle Janet, lending that young lady a sweet attractiveness, which caused us to wonder at her lover's preference for the more mature charms of Mrs. Dane, a well-sustained and dramatic presentment by Mrs. J. E. McCulloch. The play was produced by Mr. Colley Salter, a group of clever instrumentalists performing the entr'acte music.



Photo

U.S.A. Studios

North London O.S. in "The Runaway Girl."

The Kit Marlow D.C. in "Walker London." The greatest enjoyment was the result of this club's very capable presentment of Barrie's first play. The cast was admirable without exception, and the production quite up to the record of the club. Mr. Alec Shorey was excellent in Toole's old part, Jasper Phipps, his universal love-making and quaint asides causing continued amusement. Mr. Shorey is making good his claim to be considered one of the best character exponents in the amateur world, for his humour conveys a touch of sincere feeling, which makes his impersonations in a measure lovable. The two lovers, Kit Upjohn and Andrew McPhail, were played in straightforward style by Royaltan Kisch and H. George Gafford, the latter's jubilation at the news of his success in passing an examination being specially well portrayed. W. G. gave Norman Galloway a good opportunity for exploiting his undoubted talent in presenting the mannerisms of irresponsible youth. The part of Ben, the Longshoreman, could not have been better played than it was by Mr. Godfrey Drayton. Curiously enough the young ladies of the piece, Bell Gollightly, B.A., played by Miss Beatrice Bentley, and Nanny O'Brien, played by Miss Lucy Burrows, simultaneously gained and lost in effect, for Miss Bentley opened weakly and was not at her best until late in the play, and Miss Burrows opened with a bright vivacity which was not sustained. Miss Rose Thomson represented the chaperon who is always knitting in quite good style; Mrs. Herbert Ford scored a distinct success in the all too brief part of Sarah Rigg; and Miss Elsie Pfister gave a neat study of Penny. As is usual in this club's shows, the front of the house was well managed, a pleasant evening being spent by all present.

"Facing the Music" and "Waterloo," presented and produced by Mr. Fredk. T. Harry, provided a first-rate evening's entertainment at the Cripplegate. In "Waterloo" Mr. Harry undertook the character of Corporal Brewster, so definitely associated with the name of the late Sir Henry Irving, and came through the ordeal surprisingly well, even if one was conscious of the lack of that indefinite something which only the genius of the more experienced actor could provide. Mr. Harry Vine as Sergeant McDonald and Mr. R. Malcolm Morley as Colonel James Midwinter were both adequate without being distinguished. Miss Kathleen Marriott gave a tenderly sympathetic reading of Norah, the veteran's grandniece, which was highly commendable. In "Facing the Music" Mr. Fredk. T. Harry presented the totally different character of John Smith, who gets entangled with a foggy lady in Leicester Square and passes through the usual train of farcical misunderstandings which result, and with which we are all so familiar—at least on the stage. His work was brisk and to the point, and would have shown to better advantage if he had received stronger support from the other members of the cast. The other successes of the piece were the Serjeant Duffell of Vine Street Police Station as played by Mr. R. Malcolm Morley, the Rev. John Smith as played by Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, a really capital study, and the Miss Fotheringay of Miss Florence Leicester. Miss Elsie Maynard was good as Mrs. Ponting, the housekeeper, but neither Miss Vera Grenville nor Miss Florence A. Wiggins are to be congratulated as the two young wives. Mr. Edward Smith seemed a little afraid to let himself go as Dick Desmond; Mr. A. Warwick Browne was good as Colonel Duncan Smith.

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

Old Tenisonians D.C. in "The Stronger Sex" at the Albert Hall Theatre. This club was very ably assisted in this production by the members of the Edward Terry D.C. Mr. Kendall Luxton gave a finished impersonation of the Hon. Warren Barrington, Miss Nora McDonnell playing his bride, Mary, in capital style. No points of characterization were missed by this capable pair. Mr. Frank Andrews was not so happily cast as usual as Oliver Thorpe, nor was Mr. Howard Martin more than moderately effective as Robert Forsythe. Miss



Three Clever Members of The Edward Terry D.C.

Muriel Palmer played Joan Forsythe too lightly, lending little depth of character to the part. Miss Ethel M. Jolley was excellent as Mrs. Van Garkerten. Misses Lilly Spencer, Ethel Yates and Mrs. Davies gave neat studies of Mrs. Davenport, Lady Frampton, and Mrs. Prescott-Lane. Messrs. H. J. Price, F. Davies—good as the moneylenders—J. Wood, and A. H. Luxton completed a satisfactory cast.

The Metropolitan Academy of Music in "The Gondoliers" at the Ilford Town Hall. A performance well up to the average, the chorus and orchestral work, under the baton of Mr. Wilfred Page, being exceptionally good. The quartet of lovers—Marco, Guiseppe, Gianetta, and Tessa—were brightly played by Messrs. T. Morgan and W. Slater and Misses Kitty Archer and Kate Priestley, the songs of the two ladies and the finale quartette of the first act being vociferously applauded. Mr. H. A. Bell's Duke of Plaza Toro was not the best amateur reading of the part we have seen, although a whimsical and tuneful performance. The Duchess and Casilda, played by Misses Lucy Dunmore and Christine Butt, were quite good. Mr. Sidney Slater was excellent as the Grand Inquisitor, as also was Miss Winifred Walters as Inez. Minor parts were capably played by Messrs. C. J. Bennett, G. H. Webber, H. Lyon, S. W. Pringle, and Percy Crabb; and Misses Dorothy True-love, Romola Bell, Winifred Walters, and Mrs. Albert Treby. The dances throughout were gracefully executed. Mr. Cyril S. Arch was responsible for the excellent stage management.

Shakespearean Society, St. Barnabas, Dulwich, in "The Winter's Tale," an extremely intelligent and painstaking production, carefully rehearsed and adequately staged. The elocution was good throughout the cast, and the acting, except in one or two instances, equal to it. Mr. A. Horsman was particularly well cast as Mamilius, giving a consistent and intelligent study. Leontes was portrayed with slightly less sense of character by Mr. E. H. Cobb. Of the Lords of Sicilia, impersonated by Messrs. J. D. W. Ball, E. F. Hill, J. H. Brabner, C. D. Elphick, H. K. Foster, and E. T. Foster, the Antigonus of Mr. E. F. Hill was conspicuously good. The King of Bohemia and his son Florizel were admirably played by M. Buxton Brown and W. A. Moss, the latter being excellent in his love scenes. The comedy was in safe hands, both the Clown played by S. Hunt and Autolycus by C. Horsman causing the greatest amusement. The sound work of Mrs. E. H. Cobb as Hermione was slightly marred by weak gesture and didactic manner. Her defence in the trial scene was, however, excellently delivered. Miss Maude Cooper made a spirited Paulina, Miss Gladys Watts playing Perdita with grace and intelligence. The cast was completed by Messrs. J. D. W. Ball as Camillo, C. J. Wann as a mariner, L. Harvey as an old shepherd, and J. H. Brabner as the latter's servant, Misses Dorothy Elphick and Edith Dean as attendants on Hermione, and Grace Elphick, May Richardson, and Mabel Cooper as the three dainty Shepherdesses. The production would have been improved by more natural gesture and movement, but reflected great credit on the producer, whose name did not appear. A well-chosen programme of entr'acte music was performed under the sympathetic direction of Mr. Aubyn Carrick, A.R.C.O.

Stock Exchange D. and O.S. in "Held by the Enemy." A fine realistic performance, excellently cast and played. Mr. Charles H. Dickinson gave a restrained but effective performance of Colonel Prescott, his rival for the love of Rachel and his military enemy, Lieutenant Gordon Hayne, being finely portrayed by Mr. Wilfred Stephenson, who made a splendid effect in the court-martial scene, and again when he attempted to escape during the bombardment and is shot like a dog; his fall after the deafening report of the pistol was painfully realistic. The part of the faithful black servant, Mack Rufus, is always a sympathetic one, and Mr. A. H. Phillips played it characteristically. Mr. Walter Leveaux was quite good as Thomas Henry Bean, the war correspondent. One of the best presentments was that of Brigade-Surgeon Fielding by Mr. J. G. Reade, who was well supported by Mr. E. J. Borrow as Assistant-Surgeon Hathaway. Of the three ladies in the cast Miss Mary Mackenzie took chief honours as Rachel McCreery, Miss O'Neill playing daintily as Susan, and Mrs. Jonathan Smith giving a finished sketch of a precise maiden lady. Messrs. E. J. Peach, Claude Evershed, W. F. Wurtzburg, H. S. Quekett, and G. Russell Ellerton made good in the minor parts. Mr. Leonard Graves was responsible for the very capable stage management.

The Croydon Stagers O.S. in "Dorothy" at the Stanley Hall, South Norwood. A well-staged and capable performance, only marred by slightly modern intonation and gesture on the part of the players generally. The chorus was brisk and tuneful, and the dances, arranged by Miss Lorna Rothney, who introduced a charming *pas seul* in the second act, were quite one of the best features of the play. The gallant pair of lovers, Geoffrey Wilder and Harry Sherwood, were excellently played and sung by Messrs. Harold Brogden and Alex. Spater, the favourite song, "Queen of my Heart," eliciting a storm of applause. Dorothy Bantam and Lydia Hawthorne were charmingly played by Misses Lena Fletcher and Millicent Thevenard, the latter especially scoring. Miss Kay Pelling was quaintly humorous as Lady Betty. Misses Jess Carrodus and Dorothy Mullett played Mrs. Privett and Phyllis Tuppiitt each in characteristic style. Mr. W. J. T. Halliwell gave a most amusing reading of Lurcher, scoring every point which fell to his share. Messrs. E. Arthur Besley, Percival M. Tod, M. Douglas Harrison, S. J. Prentice, and S. Galloway completed the speaking parts. Mr. E. Beck-Slinn was responsible for the musical direction, Mr. William Blake for the stage management.

The Hesperian D.C. in the production of a new comedy, "The Bounder," by W. J. Minnion. An extremely weak farce à la "Mr. Hopkinson" very indifferently played. The cast included Mr. Lawrence Abbott, who worked well as Joseph King; Mr. H. B. Harvey, a wearisome baronet; Mr. Harry Vine, the villain of the piece; Mr. S. V. Newton, as a young secretary, who loves Kate Towers (Miss Nina Morgan), who has promised to marry the Bounder to save her father; Mr. Reginak C. Barnes, and Miss Nellie Mignon, as Tom and Lucy Wilton, the most reasonable and sympathetic characters in the piece; Misses Winifred Allan and Miller, as maids, and Mr. Albert James, a tip-loving butler.

The Comedy Club in "The Passport" at Streatham. Whilst causing considerable amusement this production was the least artistic of any we have seen attempted by this Club. Such practised players as Mr. Frank Save, Mrs. Ernest Renton, and Ernest W. Peall were thrown away on such unconvincing parts as Ferdinand Sinclair, Mrs. Darcy, and Algy Grey. Miss Florence Liddle gave a neat, well-sustained sketch of Mildred, Miss Maude Beken doing well as her friend Violet. Miss Edna G. Conquest was excellent as the maid Markham; Mrs. W. E. George and Mr. W. R. Clarke, neither quite word perfect, played Mr. and Mrs. Colman with good sense of character. Mr. A. E. Wass was effective as the Russian officer. Messrs. Guy Galpine, E. T. Bond, K. C. McBean, and G. Leonard completed the cast. Mr. Frank Save and Mr. Ernest W. Peall were responsible for the production, which would have been improved by more brisk movement throughout.



Mrs. Ernest Renton

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

The Ilford Social Club in "Tom Jones" at the Town Hall, Ilford. One of the best shows given by this energetic club, only marred by the indifferent vocalisation of some of the cast. The dancing was exceptionally good, as also was the stage effects and chorus work. Mr. Reginald Good, whilst looking the part of the adventurous hero, might have borrowed a little emphasis and energy from Mr. Fred Slater, who rather overdid the explosive Squire Western. Mr. S. M. Stapley was quite good as the perfidious Blifite; Mr. J. Vernon Goodes lending sound support as Mr. Allworthy. Partridge, the village barber, was more than usually entertaining in the hands of Mr. H. M. Montefiore, who gave one of the finest impersonations in the cast. Miss Lily Shadrake did not appear in good voice, but gave a dainty and effective impersonation of Sophia. Miss Grace Malenior's Honour was replete with vivacity and gay humour; her singing was really excellent. Miss Elsie K. Savage made the most of the rather unthankful part of Lady Bellaston; Mrs. Noel Maudsley was good as Miss Western, and excellent as the Hostess of the Inn. Sophia's three friends were played by Mrs. H. Spooner, Miss Elsie Gibbey, and Mrs. C. F. Rose; the maids by Miss Lily Byerley and Miss Dora May. The friends and servants of Squire Western were presented in capable style by Messrs. C. A. Byerley, J. Dupuy, P. Clarke, Fred Buchanan, Fred Moore, and Gilbert Wright. Mr. Frederick S. Lloyd appeared in the small part of an officer. Messrs. Jones, J. Eveness, A. D. Braybrooke, J. Yardley, V. Harvey, and P. Taunton completing a capable cast.



Photo]

The Ilford Social Club in "Tom Jones."

[Boucas

Burnham-on-Crouch O.S.—An excellent performance of "Patience" was given by this society at Easter. The chorus singing and business reflected great credit on Mrs. Arch. Carter, L.R.A.M., and Mr. Arthur C. Chapman, the musical director and stage manager respectively. Miss Kathleen Kirwan in the title-rôle charmed everyone, while the rapturous maidens were admirably lead by Miss Mabel Rowe (Lady Jane), Miss Nellie Carder (Lady Saphir), and Mrs. Bouser (Lady Angela). The rival poets were well represented by Mr. W. A. Carter and Mr. A. C. Chapman, and Messrs. Potter, Booth, and Foster made the most of their opportunities as the three officers. Messrs. B. J. Simmons, of Covent Garden, sent down some very effective costumes, and special scenery was painted by Mr. Chas. Weedon.

The Customs Sports Club in "There and Back," and the production of an original one-act play, "Double Dummy," by B. Macdonald Hastings. If the audience enjoyed themselves as much as the players, and apparently they did, then everybody had a good time, for the performance of "There and Back" was one of the breeziest we have seen. Mr. Sydney Strong was excellent as the prevaricating husband, and a better friend and backer than the Henry Lewson of Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings it would be hard to find. The natural ease of these two players was most diverting. The fond wives of these erring men were capably played by Misses Marguerite Paxton and Clifton Crik, each missing none of the points of the parts. The Marie Antoinette Smith of Miss Lillian Grey was above praise. Mr.

Tim Cleary played Jack Macrae from Scotland; Mr. Robert Brown rather over-emphasized the grotesqueness of Guy Grinling from Australia. Messrs. Ernest W. Parrott and Lawrence Abraham received a howl of welcome as Robert and Jamie, and Miss Marie Webster played Jane. "Double Dummy" proved to be an interesting and dramatic one-act play, which would have been more convincing if played with surer touch and more definiteness of purpose. Mr. Sydney H. Strong gained sympathy for the blind husband, but it is difficult to believe that the author intended the wife to be as flippant and heartless as she appeared as played by Miss Eileen Savage. Miss Violet Cuddon appeared as the companion-secretary. Mr. Charles Davidson almost gained admiration for his sincerity and devotion to the wife of another man. The play, which we hope to see again, gives undoubted acting chances.

The North London D.S. in "Love in Idleness." A not very convincing performance, in spite of the fact that good, even excellent, individual work was done, the atmosphere being too modern and practical for the unworldly setting of the play. Mr. Murray Short was most successful as Pendlebury, giving a really skilful representation of an almost impossible character. Mr. Wm. Stamp, Junr., was rather too robust as Frank Pendlebury's nephew; Mr. Frank Hunter was excellent as the Frenchman, Eugene Gordinot; Mr. A. Douglas Hale gave an alert Jack Fenton, Mr. Bert Hickman being scarcely well suited to the part of Rushey Platt, Esq., M.P.; Miss Nellie Craig made a charming Maggie, catching the spirit of the play quite as well as any in the cast; Miss Ada King was natural and sympathetic as Abigail Bright; Misses Cecilia MacDowell—excellent as Louise Gordinot—Connie Reid, and May Jennings, capably completed the cast. Mr. Murray Short, assisted by Mr. Aubrey Nutt, was responsible for the stage management.

Notes for Amateurs

Criticism of Plays in Manuscript

An extremely satisfactory letter has reached us from a young author who recently submitted a play to be read and commented upon, and who has since had his play produced. He writes: "Your criticism proved of great value to me, for, although I have not acted directly upon your suggestions, they gave me the cue for the introduction of stronger love interest and comedy, etc., etc." Realising as we do that an author must, if he has the proper courage of his opinions, of necessity develop his play in his own way, we are delighted to have been of use and gratified by an expression of thanks for what is, as a rule, a most thankless task. We are always pleased to point out where weakness, in our opinion, exists in a play sent to us for criticism, and to advise as to placing if the work is in any way marketable. A small reading fee is charged varying with the length of work sent in.

Books for Amateurs

Half Hour Plays (Slead's Publishing House, 1s.). No. 1 of this series gives moderately trained amateur actors, and students who use a school platform for entertainment, an opportunity for performing such gems of Shakespearian humour as "The Baiting of Malvolio" ("Twelfth Night"), "Merry Wives" (of Windsor), "The Gadshill Robber" ("Henry IV."), "Pyramus and Thesby" ("A Midsummer Night's Dream"), and "A Mad Wedding" ("Taming of the Shrew"), instruction being given as to emphasis, and diagrams to show positions, etc. The book is edited by Mr. C. M. Tucker.

Answers to Correspondents

A Subscriber (Fife) wishes to know if the Miser (Gaspard) in "Les Cloches de Corneville" was ever played by Walter Bentley in London or provinces? We have posted such information as we have at hand on the matter. Perhaps some reader can answer this query.

"My Friend the Prince."—Would any club who has on hand, or who has hired, the "screen" necessary to the proper presentation of this play send particulars, which we will forward to a secretary who desires information on the subject?

Playwright.—One minute and a half a page of ordinary typed play M.S. is a fair gauge, about 25 to 30 pages an act for a three-act play. We shall be delighted to read your play.

Alfred Jones



The Comedy Theatre



Alias JIMMY VALENTINE


A PLAY IN THREE ACTS, BY PAUL ARMSTRONG

Suggested by O. Henry's Short Story, "A Retrieved Reformation."


Doyle (<i>a Detective</i>)	GUY STANDING
Miss Webster ... }	GRACE MURIELLE
Mrs. Moore ... } (<i>of the Gate of Hope Society</i>) ...	FLORENCE HARWOOD
Rose Lane (<i>Niece of Robert Fay</i>)	ALEXANDRA CARLISLE
Bill Avery (<i>an Old Offender</i>)	HARRY NICHOLLS
Red Joclyn (<i>Valentine's Pal</i>)	C. M. HALLARD
Blickendolfenbach (<i>a German Inventor</i>)	HERMAN DE LANGE
Handler (<i>Warden of Sing Sing Prison</i>)	LYSTON LYLE
Smith (<i>his Clerk</i>)	GISSING WALTERS
Robert Fay (<i>Lieutenant-Governor of New York</i>) ...	HERBERT BUNSTON
"Blinky" Davis (<i>a Forger</i>)	D. J. WILLIAMS
"Dick the Rat" (<i>a Sneak Thief</i>)	FRED CREMLIN
William Lane (<i>Rose's Father, an Illinois Banker</i>) ...	T. GIDEON WARREN
Bobby Lane (<i>Rose's Younger Brother</i>)	FRANK THORNDIKE
Kitty Lane (<i>a Younger Sister</i>)	MARJORIE DANE
AND	
Lee Randall (<i>doing 10 years for burglary under the name of "Jimmy Valentine"</i>)	GERALD DU MAIRIER

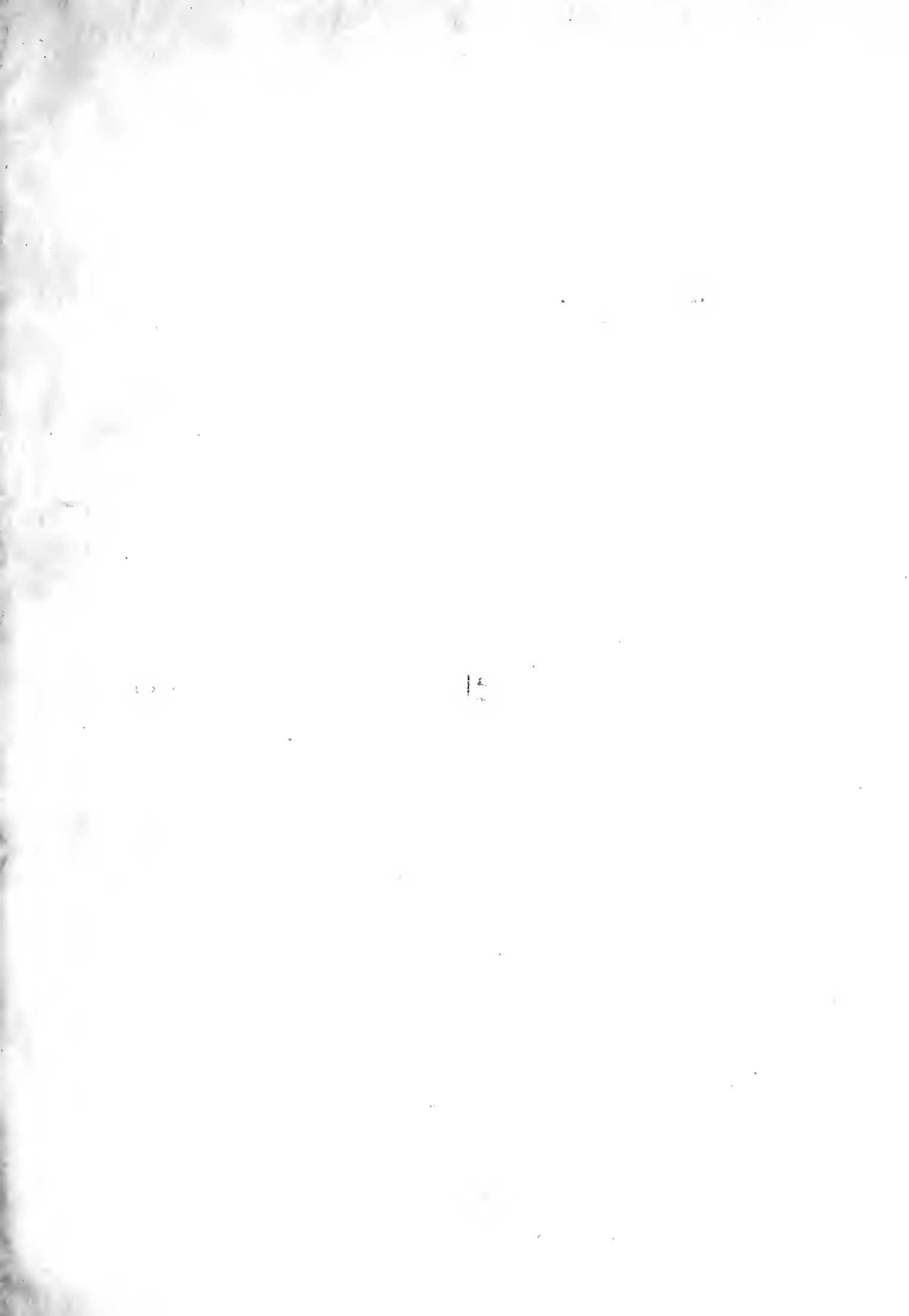
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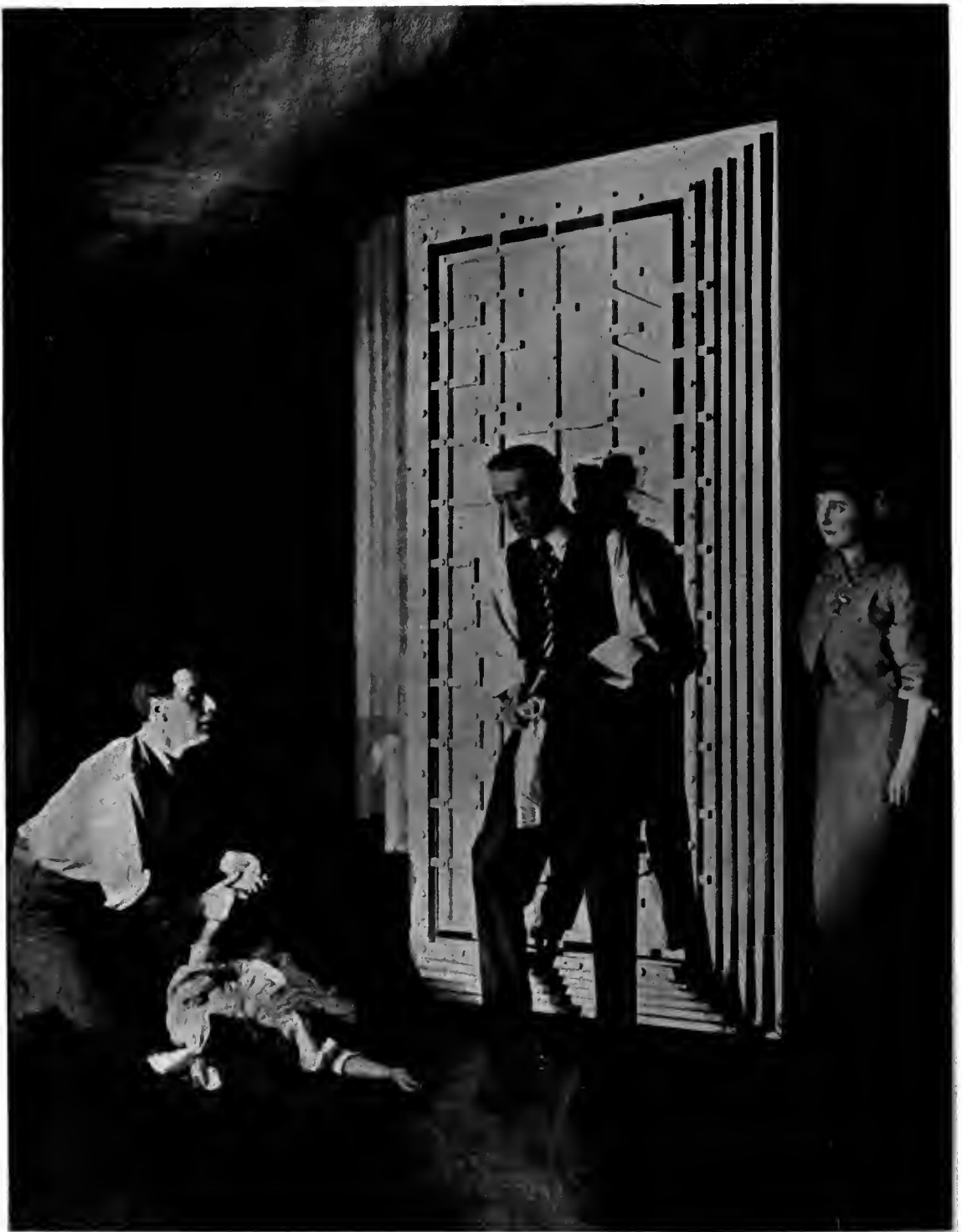
ACT. I.	Warden's Office, Sing Sing Prison, New York
ACT II.	Parlour in Hotel, Albany, New York. A month later
ACT III.	Scene 1	Assistant Cashier's Office, First National Bank, Springfield Illinois. About three years later
	Scene 2	Interior of Bank. Five minutes later



Business Manager (for Charles Frohman)	JAMES W. MATHEWS
Stage Manager... ..	CLIFFORD BROOKE
Business Manager (for Comedy Theatre)	LEONARD LILLIES







M.R. C. M. HALLARD &
MISS MARJORIE DANE

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER &
MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

IN "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

PRESENTED WITH No. 7 OF
"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"
SIXPENCE MONTHLY



“Alias JIMMY VALENTINE”

A Play in three acts by PAUL ARMSTRONG. Suggested by O. Henry's Short Story, “A Retrieved Reformation.”

Presented by CHARLES FROHMAN at the Comedy Theatre on 29th March, 1910.

The Play produced by GUSTAV VON SEYFFERTITZ, of the Empire Theatre, New York.



Photo

(Fontham & Banford)

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER as Lee Randall

"Alias Jimmy Valentine" at the Comedy Theatre

By EDWARD MORTON ("Mordred" of *The Referee*)

A PART from the mere fact that the author of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" has taken a member of the criminal classes for his hero, there is really no resemblance to speak of between Mr. Paul Armstrong's play and the other pieces in which Mr. Gerald du Maurier, who has been pursuing such a dazzling career of crime on the stage of late, has appeared always with signal success. For there is nothing here, as there is in "Raffles" and again in "Arsène Lupin," of the glorification of the thief; there is nothing here of the engaging scoundrel whose desperate exploits seem to be intended to invite admiration rather than execration, whose disgraceful conduct sometimes seems to be held up as an example rather than a warning. True, Lee Randall, "alias Jimmy Valentine," is a most expert thief and a most resourceful liar; perhaps it should be said that he had been a very bad lot in his time. But that time is now over, for the play has to deal with Randall, the reformed thief, whose old accomplishments, to be sure, stand him yet in good stead, as you shall see presently, and whose good luck does not desert him at the last.

The author of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" does not look at life in the same way as Mr. Galsworthy does in "Justice"; Mr. Armstrong, perhaps, does not look things so straight in the face, does not give us so much of the grim and bitter truth in the scenes of prison life at Sing Sing—the New York prison in which the first act of the play passes—where the prisoners are induced by the warden to give an exhibition of their skill in forgery, and what you may call the allied arts, for the entertainment of visitors. The elements of the romantic and the sentimental are entirely eliminated from Mr. Galsworthy's gloomy and impressive play at the Repertory Theatre at the Duke of York's, but these, on the other hand, are just the strong points of the American piece at the Comedy. There is room in the theatre, however, for all kinds of plays, always excepting the tiresome kind, and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is certainly one of the very best of its kind. The author tells his story well, and it is by the story, not by any subtle analysis of character or of conduct, that he proposes to arrest the attention of the audience. The play is written with a "snap" which is peculiarly American, and the author carries you along without giving you time to reflect upon certain sayings and doings which seem exaggerated only when you come to think them over. Add to this that the play is represented with the care and finish characteristic of all the productions with which Mr. Charles Frohman is associated—and Frohman is synonymous in the language of the theatre with thorough—and it needs no prophetic inspiration to predict a long run for "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Now Lee Randall, when the play begins, is a convict

"doing 10 years for burglary," as the programme puts it explicitly, "under the name of 'Jimmy Valentine,'" and he is said to possess a peculiar gift—a touch so extremely delicate and sensitive that he can open the locks of big bank safes simply with his fingers. (How he does it locksmiths and burglars no doubt can tell better than I, who know nothing, I confess, of the secrets of either.) Valentine, however, denies that he is this extraordinarily light-fingered gentleman; he protests that he has been imprisoned on a false charge, declares that he is an innocent man, and Rose, the niece of Robert Fay, the Lieutenant-Governor of New York, with whom she is making a visit to the prison, believes he is

speaking the truth. So does the Lieutenant-Governor. And so, for that matter, does the audience; and it is not till later that we are permitted to know that the unhappy man, who has enlisted all our sympathies, and the sympathy of the Lieutenant-Governor and of the susceptible Rose into the bargain, is the very man he so very cunningly pretends not to be. Upon Rose's good nature he has another claim, for she recognises in him the brave man who had once protected her from a ruffian. It is not the business of the author, we may safely take it, to direct attention to the question of prison discipline or administration of justice, or the methods of banking, in America, but simply to interest us in the fortunes of the persons of the play, and that, when all is said and done, is the chief business of the dramatist. Valentine, then, is lucky enough to obtain his release, and, what is more, to find employment in the banking firm of which Rose's father is president; and we see him presently in a good position in the bank, enjoying the respect and confidence and trust of his employer, and the love and devotion of his employer's beautiful daughter, Rose. Randall has turned over a new leaf. He is not only "armed so strong in honesty" himself, but has become a vessel for bringing other thieves to repentance—and regular employment. Although he has cut himself apart from his old, wicked ways he has not dissociated himself entirely from his former friends, and an old "pal" of his, another penitent thief, is

appointed watchman at the bank in which Randall holds a position of greater responsibility. All this, the intelligent reader may think, portends further mischief and trouble; but it is not from the direction in which you might be inclined to look for it that trouble and mischief come. There is no backsliding. "Everything has a moral," as Alice says in Wonderland, and if we must find a lesson in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" let us take it that the play shows how a man's natural talents may be misdirected when we see the reformed burglar's cleverness turned to such good account. A great criminal, one might almost say, is only a genius gone the wrong way, instead of the right.

"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"



Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER
as Jimmy Valentine

Rejected Overtures



Detective Doyle (Mr. GUY STANDING) suggests to Bill Avery (Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS) on the day of his release from gaol that he should obtain employment with the police. Avery discovers this is a ruse to induce him to inform against his pal, "Jimmy Valentine."

The Gate of Hope Society Visits Sing Sing Prison.



"Blinkey" Davis—a forger—(Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS) gives the deputation an exhibition of his prowess by altering a cheque of the Lieutenant-Governor of New York (Mr. HERBERT BUNSTON)

The Play of the Month (continued)

As a great criminal Jimmy Valentine is recognised by no less an authority than Doyle, the detective; he is big game, and Doyle is very keen upon hunting him down. He means to "nab" him, and he finds him out, sure enough, at the bank. There is a sharp duel of wits between the crafty detective and his no less wily opponent. But Jimmy Valentine, who is ready for him, parries every thrust. His faculty of invention—or, to put it plainly, his capacity for lying—has not deserted him, and the detective is finally disarmed by the other's readiness, his resourcefulness and coolness. The contest between them is kept up gamely, and the detective is persuaded at last that he has mistaken his man, and is just about to retire, vanquished, when the watchman rushes in in a state of great excitement and terror to announce that a child, no other than Rose's little sister, has got locked in the great

bank safe, and that there is nobody on the premises who knows the secret combination of the lock. It is the crucial moment of the play. It is a scene of breathless excitement, and the excitement is admirably prepared and extremely well maintained. What is to be done? Either the child must be left to perish, or the hero must go at once to the rescue and by the exercise of his most wonderful gift of touch release the child from the safe, and stand confessed Jimmy Valentine, delivered into the hands of his enemy, and, worse than all, discredited in the eyes of his sweetheart. But Jimmy Valentine is not a hero for nothing, and he decides to sacrifice himself and save the child. The scene changes then to the strong room of the bank. Jimmy is blindfolded, in order to sharpen his sense of touch, and he sets to work. His hand has not lost its cunning; and,

watched by Rose and the detective, he soon shows them what he can do. Locks, however, are not the only things which yield to his touch. The detective himself is touched by Valentine's heroic deed, and magnanimously refuses to avail himself of a professional advantage. Instead of marching him off to the lock-up he offers him comfort, for Jimmy Valentine, as he reminds him, has an "engagement" elsewhere—a delicate reference to the tender relations existing between the hero and heroine of the play.

There is not an actor on the stage to-day who has more markedly than Mr. Gerald du Maurier that curious fascination for which I can find no other word than personality. That is the real sensitive touch—the touch to which an audience responds; and the actor who plays the part of Jimmy Valentine moves his audience as easily and as surely as the ex-burglar in the play picks a lock. Without effort—without apparent effort, that is to say—Mr. du Maurier produces his effects, and a more finished piece of acting than his performance of the chief part in

"Alias Jimmy Valentine" does not stand to his credit. In other plays in which he has represented heroes with criminal propensities we may perhaps have given him our sympathy with something of that reluctance with which we extend it to the sentimental impostor who is the hero of "The Lady of Lyons." The dramatist, to be sure, allows us to believe, from the very outset, that Valentine is an injured innocent; and I hold it a mistake to practise such a deception upon an audience. Indeed, I think the actor might improve upon the author's design by a suggestion of insincerity in Jimmy Valentine's professions of innocence in the first act; just enough, let us say, to convey to the audience the idea that he is imposing upon the visitors to the prison without betraying the honest truth to them. We ought to know that, in order to get the full value out of the situation in the scenes with Rose.

Mr. du Maurier acts with a great deal of discretion; and the courtship of the young couple calls particularly for the exercise of that quality, in which Miss Alexandra Carlisle also is not at all deficient. For Rose is a young lady of what Hamlet calls "a coming-on disposition," and in making advances to her humble lover she also plays with a sense of graciousness and kindness which is very feelingly expressed. The visitors to the prison include a couple of zealous ladies of the Gate of Hope Society, and the bank thief and the forger are allowed to perform their tricks for the edification of the visitors—clever little sketches, very vividly represented; and Mr. Lyston Lyle does good sound work as the warden of Sing Sing. All the auxiliary characters are well and truly acted, and Mr. Herbert de Lange makes quite a study of the character of the small part of the German

inventor, of the name of Blickendolfenbach. Mr. T. Gideon Warren, as Rose's father, and Mr. Herbert Hudson, as the Lieutenant-Governor of New York, act their formal parts with ability; and Mr. Guy Standing plays the detective Doyle with a great deal of skill. Mr. Standing is a young actor of uncommon promise, and his performance of the detective who does not mean to be baffled should enhance his reputation. The part of Red Joelyn, Valentine's "pal," for whom a place as watchman is found in the bank, is excellently handled by Mr. C. M. Hallard; and Mr. Harry Nicholls, who has long been absent from the stage, comes back with his sense of humour somewhat chastened, perhaps, since the old days, and makes a hit in the character of Bill Avery, "an old offender." It is a capital bit of acting.



MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE
as Rose Lane

Edward Horton

"Dick the Rat"
—a sneak thief
(Mr. FRED
CREMLIN)
opens with a pad-
lock that has
taken its inven-
tor, Blickendoff-
enbach (Mr.
HERMAN DE
LANGE) four-
teen years to
complete



"Rose Lane"
recognises in
"Jimmy Valen-
tine" the man
who came to her
protection when
she was as-
saulted by a
desperado in a
railway carriage

The Dawn of Love.



The Lieutenant-Governor and his niece have an interview with "Jimmy Valentine," who convinces them of his innocence

The Prison Warden's Sarcasm



After the departure of the distinguished visitors the Warden offers "Jimmy Valentine" a cigar

In the Parlour of the Hotel Albany, New York

(a month later)



Through influence exercised by Rose Lane "Jimmy Valentine" is released from Sing Sing Prison. Detective Doyle then promises to "forget" an incident in Valentine's career if he will inform against his old pal, Bill Avery, but he declines to do so. Avery, who has listened in concealment to the conversation, threatens to shoot Doyle as he descends the stairs



The Gate of Hope Society, in their endeavours to reclaim Jimmy Valentine, offer him various positions, such as Assistant Lighthouse Keeper, Checker at a Scrap Iron Yard, etc., but he declines their good offices

The Call of the Blood



Valentine announces his decision to run straight in future, to the consternation of his associates, Bill Avery and Red Joclyn (Mr. C. M. HALLARD). He almost succumbs to their entreaties to "do just one more job," but his love for Rose Lane strengthens him, and he resists them. He then succeeds in obtaining the promise of their co-operation

Father and Daughter



Rose has difficulty in persuading her father (Mr. T. GIDEON WARREN) to give "Jimmy Valentine"—now Lee Randall—an appointment in his bank

PW

Playing at "Banks"



Bobby Lane (Master FRANK THORNDIKE) and Kitty Lane (Miss MARJORIE DANE) make use of the assistant cashier's office as a play room



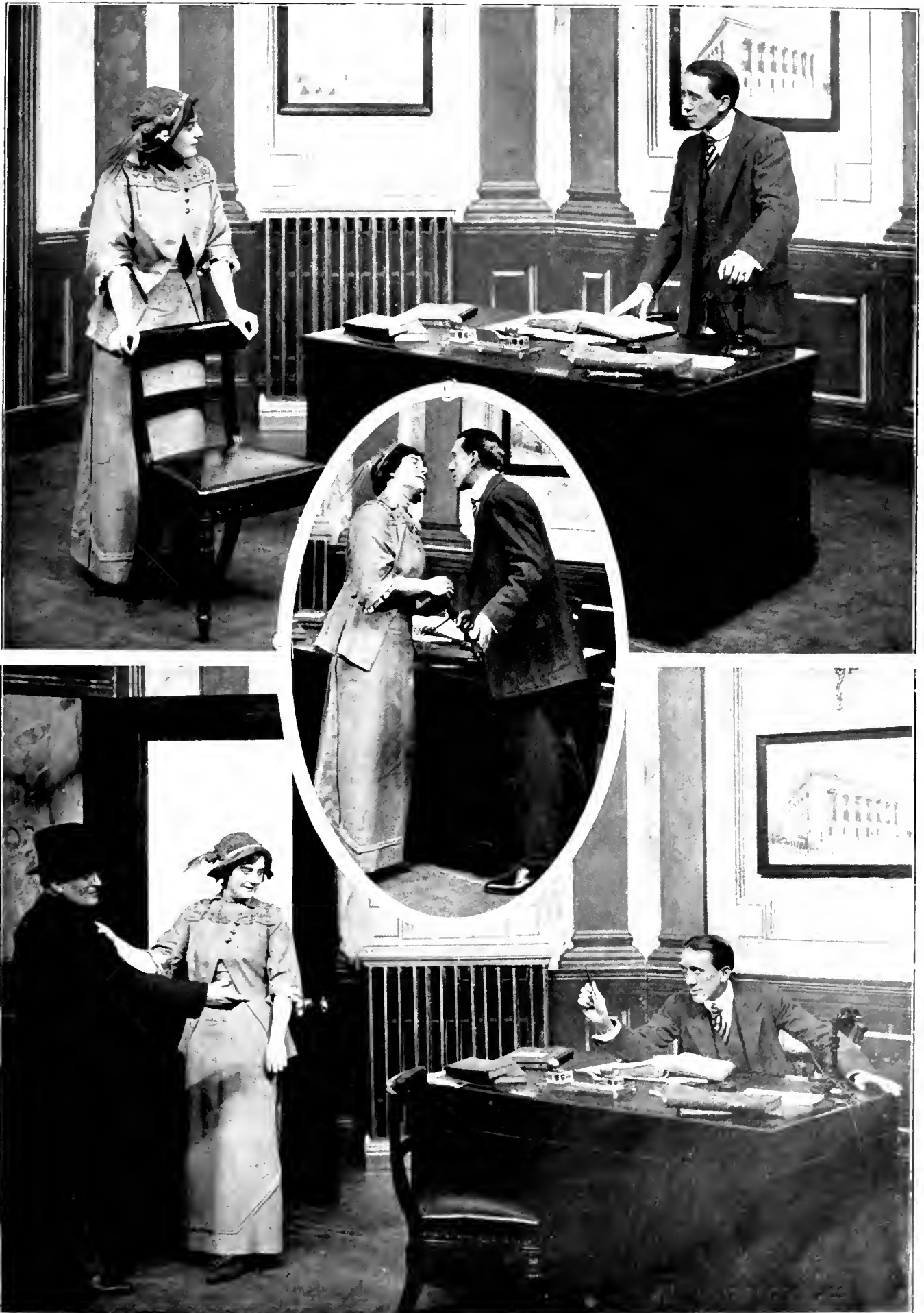
Photos]

[Foulsham & Banfield

Lec Randall, the assistant cashier (Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER), takes the children to see the new strong room that is nearing completion

In the Assistant Cashier's Office

Rose Lane and Lee Randall talk of love, and other things



William Lane promises to refer an expected visitor (Detective Doyle) to Lee Randall

A Vigilant Detective



Mr. GUY STANDING as Det. C. J. Doyle

A Master "Crook"



Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER as Lee Randall,
alias Jimmy Valentine

A Banker's Daughter



Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE as Rose Lane

Jimmy Valentine's Pal



Mr. C. M. HALLARD as Red Joelyn



Photos Fox Sham & Banfield.

Lee Randall awaits the entrance of his visitor, Detective Doyle

Randall "proves" to Doyle that he is no



PATTEN WILSON.

my Valentine by means of a faked photograph

[Border design by Patten Wilson.]
Randall further astounds the detective by showing him a book of press cuttings (they really refer to his deceased brother)

Duping the Detective



Having obliterated a scar on his wrist, Randall succeeds in convincing the detective that he is not Jimmy Valentine

"For the Last Time"



Preparing to open the strong room



[Photos]

[Foulsham & Banfield]

Little Kitty Lane is accidentally shut in the air-tight strong room, and as the "combination" of the lock is unknown, Lee Randall resorts to his old speciality of opening it by his sense of touch

The Rescue of Kitty Lane



Photo by J. H. H. H.

Photo by J. H. H. H.

Detective Doyle enters the room unknown to Randall and Jocelyn and is a silent watcher of Randall's feat. Rose Lane also enters unobserved by the two men in their excitement and witnesses the rescue of her little sister

The End of the Play



Photo]

[Foulsham & Banfield

Detective Doyle tells Lee Randall that he will forget a certain incident in "Jimmy Valentine's" career and leaves the lovers together ,

Mr. Gerald du Maurier

WHAT constitutes the real actor? 'Tis indeed a debatable question. I am afraid the majority of the theatre-going public are quite satisfied with a pleasant appearance, good voice production, or a clever make-up. The thoughtful student, however, of the Drama is well aware that all those are simply "tricks of the trade" easily acquired under skilful tuition, provided the pupil is in the slightest degree receptive. To him the true artiste must possess the creative temperament which has the power to gradually paint on the stage canvas a biting impressionist portrait of the character he is impersonating. The play may be improbable, the situations far-fetched, the dialogue futile and shallow, yet through it all the real actor moves, human and natural. Such a gift has Mr. Gerald du Maurier, now playing in his third "thief thrill." Entering his cosy dressing-room the other evening I received a cheery welcome from a merry and bright picture by Frank Richardson. Within a solemn black frame a gaunt funeral mute wept as follows: "May all your undertakings prosper." On either side were several exquisite drawings by the late George du Maurier, whose humour flung laughing



As Raffles

defiance at his son's Mascot of Solemnity, for strange to say, it has brought the young actor luck.

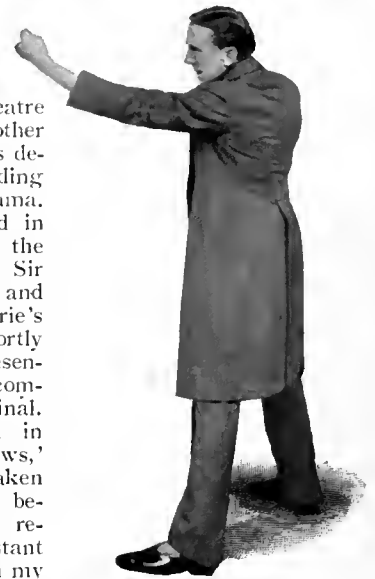
Suddenly the door opens, in steps Gerald du Maurier, alias Jimmy Valentine, straight from his triumph over Doyle the sleuth-hound.

Now that the curtain has fallen it is interesting to watch the complete metamorphosis of Jimmy, chokingly virile, a regular bundle of galvanized steel wires, into a rather loosely-built, well-groomed Englishman with an easy-going smile. "You'll notice I'm gradually reforming," he observed, as we settled down to a friendly chat. Raffles, the gentlemanly crook sportsman who took advantage of his unique position in Society, developed into Arsene Lupin, who was not nearly such a hypocrite until the cleansing fires of fate produced Jimmy Valentine, the reformed burglar. "What made me go on the stage? I think it must have been the call of the blood; at any rate, when I got an engagement with Sir John Hare at the Garrick, where I appeared in 'An Old Jew,' by Sydney Grundy; followed by small parts in 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith,' 'A Pair of Spectacles,' etc. About this time I became dissatisfied with the financial prospects of a theatrical career, so with the boldness of despair when I was offered my next engagement demanded £8 a week, fully expecting to be informed that my services were not required. To my astonishment I was engaged, and never again have I experienced the slightest inclination to leave the profession I'm so fond of. Tours with Mr. Forbes Robertson and Sir Herbert Tree in a range of plays

as diversified as 'Henry IV.,' 'The Profligate,' 'The Dancing Girl,' etc., etc., all helped to give me a thorough grounding in stage technique. I call it now 'the manufacturing process.' Undoubtedly one of the parts I enjoyed most was Dodor in the adaptation of my father's novel, 'Trilby.' Early in 1903 commenced my association with Mr. Charles Frohman, the Napoleonic manager whose latest repertory theatre scheme has gone far to show other countries that Great Britain is determined not to be left standing in the furtherance of the Drama. Under his banner I appeared in 'The Admirable Crichton' at the Duke of York's, supported Sir John Hare in 'Little Mary,' and created the Pirate in Barrie's wonderful masterpiece. Shortly afterwards 'Raffles' was presented at the Comedy, and I commenced my career as a criminal. Why, even as John Shand in 'What Every Woman Knows,' you will remember I was taken for a burglar. In fact, I'm becoming quite concerned with regard to the effect this constant dabbling in crime is having on my nature, for only yesterday I received a letter from a lady saying, 'that in order to portray a thief on the stage I must not only have studied their habits and methods, but constantly associated with them, which was bound in time to lead to my complete demoralisation.' This was the unkindest cut of all, for I've never met one in my life. Quaintly enough, to these unsophisticated females such plays as 'Alias Jimmy Valentine' appeal tremendously. Yes, I believe Mr. Frohman intends me to go into management towards autumn, but nothing has yet been definitely settled."

When this takes place I feel sure the public hope Mr. Gerald du Maurier will have an opportunity of displaying his unique gifts in a piece dealing with some subtle psychological problem instead of crime.

A well-known critic, in describing Mr. du Maurier's performance as Jimmy Valentine, said that he had "added one more distinguished performance to his gallery of crime. It was delightful to watch the ease with which he made the most of every scene. His love passages were very pleasing, and, as of old in the part of Mr. Darling, he was consummate with the children." Under the heading, "Superlative Acting," another writer suggests that Mr. Gerald du Maurier "is worthy of much finer work than the thief once more, but he gives it character and individuality."



As Brewster



As John Shand



As the Duc de Charmarace

that my services were not required. To my astonishment I was engaged, and never again have I experienced the slightest inclination to leave the profession I'm so fond of. Tours with Mr. Forbes Robertson and Sir Herbert Tree in a range of plays

Photos, Foulsham & Banfield

John Wigham

[Photos, Ellis & Walery and Dover St. Studios

About the Players

MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

Miss Alexandra Carlisle made her first appearance on the stage when she was only seventeen, playing a small part in "Whitewashing Julia" on tour, under Dauncey and Leveaux' management. Since then this charming young actress has had many successes, appearing in plays of widely different character. After the runs of "Joseph Entangled," "Love's Magnet," and "The New Clown," she appeared in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville. An important step in her career occurred when she was engaged as leading lady to Nat Goodwin, and caused something of a sensation as Beatrice Carew in "An American Citizen." One of Miss Carlisle's finest performances was that of Carlotta in "The Morals of Marcus." In this part she created an unprecedented success. From "The Catch of the Season" to Shakespeare is indeed a long stride, but Miss Carlisle showed a wonderful versatility in her treatment of the parts of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," and Olivia in "Twelfth Night"—two notable revivals at His Majesty's in 1908. A short tour in America followed, during which she played Mrs. Baxter in "The Mollusc." On her return to England "Arsène Lupin" owed much of its success to her work, and as Rose Lane in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" she is now admirably suited.

Miss Alexandra Carlisle is a young actress with an open, frank disposition. She is extremely fond of dogs and dolls—"Two D's," as she laughingly expresses it. It is, no doubt, due to her love of riding, hunting, golfing and the pursuits of a country life that she owes the merry, happy atmosphere that surrounds her.

MR. GUY STANDING

It would be impossible to give anything like an exhaustive list of parts played by Mr. Guy Standing during his busy and interesting life. As the eldest son of Herbert Standing he doubtless felt that he had a reputation to keep up, and no one can say he has not succeeded. Acting is his study. He has played almost every pronounced type of mankind known. His present part of Doyle appeals to him strongly. This type of detective is one of which he has made a special study in America; the methods employed over there for the discovery of criminals being very different from those in operation in England. Mr. Guy Standing made his first professional appearance at the Criterion Theatre in 1889 in Wyndham's revival of "Wild Oats." His more notable work has been in such plays as "The Little Minister," "Lord and Lady Algy," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "The Second in Command," "Liberty Hall," "Wheels Within Wheels," etc., in America. During one American tour with his own company he travelled over 24,000 miles in thirty-eight weeks, visiting 147 towns and playing in every State in the Union. The company also went into Canada. This tour was a great success. Some idea as to the responsibility it threw upon Mr. Standing's shoulders may be gathered from the fact that over 27,000 dollars were paid to the railways as travelling expenses during the tour. Mr. Guy Standing is an enthusiastic yachtsman. In America he amassed a collection of "pots," numbering well over three figures. He has recently purchased a pretty little motor launch, and is hoping very shortly to take up "one-design" racing in England. He is a most interesting conversationalist, a thorough sportsman and a fine actor.

MR. C. M. HALLARD

Mr. C. M. Hallard is one of the many actors who maintain that playgoers should concern themselves only with the acting of their favourites, not with their private lives. The feelings of an actor in this respect must always be considered. One reads so much nonsense and what can only be described as "drivel" in the Press nowadays concerning actors and actresses that it is to be wondered how the consent to its appearance was ever obtained. There is something to be said on the other side of the question, of course. It is hardly fair to blame the papers for catering for the public taste, and so long as that public regards the actor as a god and the actress as a goddess it will continue to take an interest in the size of boots worn, the brand of cigarette smoked, the name of the hairpins used, or the particular shade of braces, gloves, or stockings affected by those who walk the magic boards of the stage. The professional life of Mr. C. M. Hallard has been gilded with many successes. He made his first appearance as Joseph Surface's servant in Benson's revival of "The School for Scandal" in 1889. His name is associated with Sir (then Mr.) Herbert Tree's productions of "Captain Swift," "The Red Lamp," "Trilby," "Hamlet," and many others. He played in the "Little Minister," "The Manœuvres of Jane," "The Gay Lord Quex," and during an engagement with Fred Terry and Julia Nilson he played in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." He played Dr. Wake in "Dr. Wake's Patient," and Harry Chesterton in "Irene Wycherley," in 1907. He has also played John Shand, Mr. Du Maurier's part in "What Every Woman Knows." In "Alias Jimmy Valentine" Mr. Hallard is now working hard as Red Joelyn.

MR. HARRY NICHOLLS

Mr. Harry Nicholls himself states that he started his professional life by visiting "No. 3" towns and places "off the map," on one occasion playing to an audience of two! In 1880 he was engaged by Augustus Harris for the Drury Lane pantomime, and so successful was he that he played in these historic annual productions for fourteen years. He also had parts in the autumn dramas. He spent four years at the Adelphi, playing in "One of the Best," "With Flying Colours," and similar plays. Mr. Nicholls is a playwright of some repute, sharing the honours of the authorship of "A Runaway Girl" with Mr. Seymour Hicks. He was part author of "The Toreador," and his name is associated with many other famous productions. Mr. Nicholls is fond of telling a story even when the point of the joke is directed against himself. He is married to the sister of Henry Pettitt, and one night before his marriage he was playing the Artful Dodger in "Oliver Twist." "My fiancée's mother," he said, "brought a cousin down to the theatre to see me act. As I made my first entrance I was pointed out as 'Lucy's young man' by my future mother-in-law. 'What, that beast!' exclaimed the cousin, with the greatest indignation; 'it's disgraceful!'"

MR. LYSTON LYLE

Seven years manager for Charles Hawtrey and six for Lewis Waller is in itself no little experience, but during the fifty-four years of his life Mr. Lyston Lyle has also put in a great deal of work on the acting side of his profession. In 1894 he played Dr. Gilbert in "The Cotton King" at the Adelphi. This was his first appearance. "The Two Orphans," "Tommy Atkins," "Two Little Vagabonds," "One Summer's Day," "Lord and Lady Algy," "A Message from Mars," "The Man from Blankley's," "Becky Sharpe," and a number of other well-known productions have been fortunate in having his name in the cast. Mr. Lyle is thorough; he makes a careful study of each character he portrays. His work is polished and shows a knowledge of technique that many actors of the younger school would do well to emulate.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH

A recent portrait of this well-known actress in her remarkably clever impersonation of "Claire Forster"





“Robert Herrick”

By JAMES DOUGLAS

HERRICK is the arch-master of the little lyric, the sovereign of the dainty song. His airy fragility of phrase and rhyme and rhythm has never been surpassed by any English poet. He is “the crowning star” of Caroline courtliness and grace and gallantry. There is no passion in his poetry, but there is sentiment that blooms like a wild rose, there is fancy as fairylike as thistledown, and there is learning that seldom hardens into pedantry. Herrick was a worldling, but he sang without a false note in his voice. His cynical gaiety is a perfect expression of perfect hedonism. He is the radiant butterfly of the senses, with faint music falling from his vagrant wings. His charm is the charm of ephemeral things, and he delights us because he flits and wavers and flutters and hovers over the petals of the emotions. His flights are exquisitely brief, but we would not have them prolonged. Any intrusion of real pain or real passion would spoil their natural insincerity. The artlessness of his artifice is irresistible, and we are fascinated by his skill in evading the rude touch of life. Herrick is never serious, never solemn, never in earnest, not even when he apes these aptitudes. Insincerity is the perfume of his genius. Other lyric poets live by virtue of their sincerity; Herrick lives by virtue of his insincerity.

The flawless beauty of his art is due to its debonair lifelessness. His poetry is the supreme expression of fancy without imagination, of sentiment without passion, of grace without soul. There is no sorrow in Herrick, no mystery, no sense of tragedy, no hint of mortal regret. The only pathos that pricks him is the pathos of evanescence. That is the mood of the butterfly as it beats its powdered wings over fading blossoms. It is a gracious mood, and when we desire to escape from the harshness of life into an artificial Paradise we can have no better guide than Robin Herrick. In his company nothing can possibly mean anything, and the whole tumult of existence turns into a chime of tears and a carol of laughter. There is no sourness in the polished frivolity of Herrick. He is simply an artist who turns life into a pretty tune and a lovely phrase. It is strange that we have had to wait so long for a biography of this delicious butterfly, but “Robert Herrick” (John Lane), by F. W. Moorman, Assistant Professor of English Literature in the University of Leeds, is all the more welcome. Here we have the full and final story of the butterfly’s life, told with careful scholarship and laborious love. Mr. Moorman has steeped himself in Caroline literature, and he has put before us a vivid picture of Herrick and his fellow-butterflies. Herrick stands midway between the early school of English lyrists, represented by Peele (1558), Lodge (1558), Greene (1560), Shakespeare (1564), Campion (1567), Jonson (1573), Donne (1573), Barnfield (1574) and John Fletcher (1579); and the later school of Caroline lyrists, of which Carew (1598), Crashaw (1613), Lovelace (1618), and Vaughan (1622), are the most distinguished members. He was born in 1591 in Goldsmiths’ Row, Cheapside, close to the house in Bread Street where, seventeen years later, Milton first saw the light. Nearest

to him stand Quarles (1592), George Herbert (1593), and Shirley (1596). The chronology is significant.

Herrick’s boyhood was passed at Hampton, and he may have seen Queen Elizabeth riding in state over Kingston Bridge. “At Her Majesty’s returning from Hampton Court, the day being passing foul, she would go on horseback, although she is scarce able to sit upright, and my Lord Hunsdon said, ‘It is not meet for one of Her Majesty’s years to ride in such a storm.’ She answered in great anger, ‘My years! Maids, to your horses quickly!’ and so rode all the way, not vouchsafing any gracious countenance to him for two days.”

Herrick was apprenticed to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, a City goldsmith, and it is pleasant to think of the lad practising the delicate art of the lapidary or engraving posies on the rings which courtiers gave to their “fresh and fragrant mistresses.” His poems are full of allusions to the goldsmith’s wares. He sends Julia a carcanet or necklace of jet to “enthral” the ivory of her neck, and she bestows upon him a bracelet of beads filled with sweet-scented pomander balls. Some of his epigrams read like posies.

But Herrick was born to polish words rather than jewels, and at the age of twenty-two he went to Cambridge. His life in London after he graduated is a “veiled period” of ten years. Of it we know nothing, except what Herrick tells us in his poems. His poetry “sealed” him “of the tribe of Ben,” and he drank in the taverns with all the poets and wits of the time. The “lyric feasts” in the Apollo Chamber, the Sun, the Dog, and the Triple Tun inspired many of his bacchanalian and anacreontic verses. It is tantalising to feel that we know nothing of Herrick’s pranks in the brave days when he drank oceans of sack with Ben Jonson. It is a pity, too, that there is no means of identifying any of his fourteen mistresses. Mr. Moorman thinks they were all poetic fictions. Whatever his amours may have been, we can find no flesh and blood in those cold phantoms—Julia, Perilla, Anthea, Corinna, Phillis, Silvia, Lucia, Dianeme, Biancha, Myrrha, Sappho, Electra, Perenna, and Oenone. These lovely names are no more than lovely names.

After the altar of Saint Ben, the Devonshire vicarage was a sad come-down. The “essenced cavalier” was sentenced to live among “rude savages” at Dean Prior. I like to believe the story that he “kept a pet pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard,” and that “one day he threw his sermon at the congregation with a curse for their inattention.” But his long exile at Dean Prior (1629-1647) was not barren. To it we owe his lyrical pastorals, his poems on maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, and wakes. Probably to those placid lustres of rural leisure we also owe the lapidary graces of his style. The beautiful title, “Hesperides,” is a hint that his poems belong to the West Country. Poverty and chance made him a country parson, and gave him time and peace and patience to polish his verses into a consummate perfection.

James Douglas

From the Bookshelves (continued)

The Woman Who Forgot. By LADY TROUBRIDGE.
(Mills & Boon, Ltd., 6s.)

WHAT happened to Jack Sartorys and the Woman Who Forgot is hardly likely to happen to you or me, but, still, one never knows. Sartorys met a glorious girl in a Continental train, and got talking to her in the most natural, though unconventional, way possible. Suddenly, thanks to the vagaries of the Vienna express, there occurred what he afterwards described to her husband—with that originality of phrase that makes the average man's conversation so entertaining—as “a hell of a smash.” At the time, however, he was unaware the Woman had a husband, and he was very much smitten with her; so when he found the shock had destroyed her memory he chivalrously took charge of her, and in due course married her. Then her lawful owner, from whom she had been living apart, turned up with a marriage certificate and a love that in its renewed state was almost as deep as that of Sartorys himself. Like the good fellow that he was, Sartorys bravely prepared to accept the inevitable; but the Woman's heart was still with him, and what would have happened had not her first husband had the tact to commit suicide we don't know. In fact, we don't know how any novelist nowadays would manage without suicide!

The Woman Who Forgot is as easy a book “to get through” as you can reasonably require.

Piano and I. By GEORGE GROSSMITH. (J. W. Arrowsmith, 1s.)

BETWEEN his piano and himself “Gee-Gee” has got together the material for excellent reading, and for the most part it reads excellently. Nor is it any the worse for the slight fairy element, admittedly sprinkled throughout the pages. To quote the author: “Without a little fairy imagination how could one write books of African travels or Arctic explorations? how could one write books of theosophy and spiritualism? and, lastly, how could one write one's own personal reminiscences?”

Mr. Grossmith follows no particular plan, but yarns away just as the whimsical recollections occur to him. His fun is invariably well-intentioned, but here and there, we think, he misses the mark. It certainly seems to us that if we had been so foolish as to address a total stranger as our “old friend Watson” and then, after trying to make him believe he *was* our “old friend Watson,” leave him with an uncalled-for remark on his taste in dress we shouldn't in after years include it among our reminiscences. We should be more inclined to seek out the stranger and offer him hush-money!

The most interesting passage—to us—in the book is Sir Arthur Sullivan's pronouncement on parodies: “Parodies are most damaging to the sale of a song George du Maurier's cartoon in *Punch*, where a tenor was singing ‘Me-e-e-e-e-et me once again,’ with a picture of a cat trying to get out of a room, had a most damaging effect on the sale of my song.”

Maurin the Illustrious. By JEAN AICARD. Translated by Alfred Allinson, M.A. (John Lane, 6s.)

HOW tastes differ! From the Press notices prefixed to *Maurin the Illustrious* we gathered that its predecessor, *The Diverting Adventures of Maurin*, was “indubitably laughable”—nay, “a novel calculated to enliven the dullest of our pessimists.” We gleated. Jean Aicard was apparently the very author we had been seeking for years! Alas! so far from being enlivened, to get through his narrative at all we had to skip like—like grasshoppers!

As a study of Provençal rusticity *Maurin the Illustrious* doubtless leaves nothing to be desired, and there are certainly several things in it which you wouldn't dream of reading to a lady. Even so, we cannot enthuse over it. The shade of George Washington would rise in indignation if we did!

According to Maria. By MRS. JOHN LANE. (John Lane, 6s.)

MARIA was a magnificent snob—the most magnificent surely that ever tuft-hunted!—and her one aim in life was to climb. Up she climbed doggedly, relentlessly, without the ghost of a sigh for the old friends she cut, the ghost of a blush for the new friends who cut her, or the ghost of a smile at her own absurdity. Her guiding maxim was: “One should ask people to call who don't want to, and one should always call on the people who don't care whether one comes or not. That's the way to make real friends.”

Maria flourished by cringing, thrived on snubbing, and, where she dared, did as she was done by. In the end she more or less “got there,” but, strangely enough, it was through the combined agency of two people whom she had always sternly condemned—Dickie Hicks, whom she styled “a draper in Brixton,” and her own daughter, Diana, who annoyed her by being so “middle-class”!

Maria had always despised the Hicks's and everything

else connected with Brixton—ever since she left it—and yet when the firm Hockin and Hicks became a second Whiteley's, and the proprietor became Sir Joseph Hicks, Bart, M.P., who dined with the Chancellor one week and the Prime Minister the next—well, it was with unconcealed ecstasy that Maria read in the *Morning Post* of Diana's engagement to Sir Joseph's son and heir.

In spite of her entire lack of a sense of humour, Maria shines as an epigrammatist. Her dictum on etiquette is quite a triumph: “The lowest class don't know and don't care, the middle class don't know and does care, and the upper class knows, but doesn't care.” On the question of rudeness, too, she is very sound: “Have you ever noticed how much more elegant the rudeness of the nobility is than the rudeness of the middle-classes? They inherit it. I've tried to be rude that way myself, but I can't quite do it.”



[Photo]

Mr. George Grossmith

[Haines]

From the Bookshelves (continued)

The Social Calendar for 1910. Edited by MRS. HUGH ADAMS and MISS EDITH A. BROWNE. (Adam and Charles Black, 2s. 6d.)

MANY a diffident member of society will bless the names of Mrs. Hugh Adams and Miss Edith A. Browne, or we are Mr. Ure. Now that *The Social Calendar* is brought out, and, as we see from the preface, is to be an annual publication, one naturally wonders why it was never thought of before; its usefulness is so obvious. Take a typical case. You are suddenly consumed with a burning desire to go to Punchestown races, but have never been there before, and have no friend handy who knows the ropes. You look up Punchestown in the *Calendar*, and learn exactly how, when, where, and under what auspices the meeting is held; in what order the events are run; how to get to the course; particulars of admission, etc., etc. Above all—we think we may safely say “above all”—there is the following invaluable information:

“It is the invariable rule that, on the first day at least, ladies appear in their smartest costumes and gentlemen wear tall hats and frock or morning coats. On the second day, however, full dress is not so generally worn.”

Now if you go you can breathe freely!

The Exiles of Faloo. By BARRY PAIN. (Methuen and Co., 6s.)

WHAT an idyllic spot the island of Faloo must have been! Every white man there was a member of the Exiles' Club, and every member was a gentleman—except the waiter—and a criminal—not excepting the waiter. Only a few privileged people knew of the existence of Faloo. Scotland Yard didn't for years, nor did Wilberforce Lechworthy, the great manufacturer, or you may be quite sure he wouldn't have landed there with his charming niece on his yachting trip to the South Seas. They *did* cause complications between them. There was a certain native King of Faloo called—if not named—“Smith,” and, being a shrewd individual with lots of ambition, he was just looking for a man like Lechworthy, who had any amount of money and owned a Radical newspaper, and whose heart was set on regenerating the natives of the South Seas *en masse*. King Smith thought that by the aid and influence of such a man he might free himself from the financial fetters whereby the Exiles

bound him, clear them all out, and have the island to himself. Just then, however, Lechworthy's niece fell ill, and the only man who could cure her was the one “decent” member of the Exiles' Club, who happened to be a first-class doctor. He, of course, fell violently in love with her. Then followed the sudden burning down of the Club by infuriated natives, and the slaughter of the Exiles, which, together with the betrothal of the doctor to the niece,



Mr. Barry Pain

From the Portrait by Miss Barbara Leighton

makes a highly satisfactory ending.

You'll like *The Exiles of Faloo*! It is original, whimsical, and exciting. When you read the description of Messrs. Lechworthy & Co., in chapter three, you may—if you choose—murmur to yourself, “Absolutely pure, therefore best”!

Kami-No-Michi. The Way of the Gods in Japan. By MRS. HOPE HUNTLY. (Rebman, Ltd., 6s.)

IT has long been a principle with us not only to refuse to support Foreign Missions ourselves, but to aim at dissuading other people from doing so. Now that we have read *The Way of the Gods in Japan* we shall redouble our efforts. Mrs. Hope Huntly has put the finishing touch to our conviction that, whatever may be the truth about religion, people like the Japanese have nothing to learn from us.

Mrs. Huntly depicts a sincere and devout Christian girl, Pauline Erskine, as receiving what she considers a “call” to go and Christianise the Japanese, and going at the expense of a broken engagement. Her first convert is an ambitious young Progressionist, Ito San, who becomes a Christian for the simple reason that if he doesn't he must forego a certain lucrative appointment on which he has set his heart. Thus is another engagement ruptured, for Ito's sweet *fiancée* is as staunch a Shintoist as Pauline is a Christian, and naturally declines to have anything to do with a renegade. This is the beginning of a series of unhappy incidents. When Miss Erskine ultimately returns to England, a sadder and wiser woman—and, fortunately for herself, finds her old lover still “willin’”—she has been the means whereby Ito's happiness and the happiness of all around him have been ruined, and the grey hairs of his parents brought down in sorrow to the grave. With what result? That from a Christian point of view she has become hopelessly unorthodox. The wisdom of the East has at last opened her eyes, and for the first time in her life she has got a glimpse of the true meaning of religion. So far from our all being miserable sinners, born in original sin, she realises that—

“The meanest thing is on its upward way.”

The Magada. By W. M. ARDAGH. (John Lane, 6s.)

THE Magadas were the nuns of the Canario religion.” It was with satisfaction we swallowed this crumb of information, for we had been wondering what a “Magada” was for some fifty-eight pages. Having consulted two popular dictionaries without effect, we had half a mind to dismiss it as one of those words Tom Sawyer cherished so tenderly—words which “lay over” most other words, but don't mean anything in particular!

The story opens in the year 1482, and the author gives us to understand that young men, then as now, were often in need of kicking. Even when, like Juan de Betancour, they were the best of good fellows at heart, their outward behaviour occasionally warranted such bursts of eloquence as the following:

“Dost thou call thyself a protector?” interrupted the girl, her eyes blazing. “Thou braggart! Thou liar! Thou deceiver of women! Thou companion of butchers! Thou!”

Curiously enough, even in those days, a girl showed a tendency to reserve remarks like these for the one man she really liked!

If a well-written, historical romance, with the Canary Islands for the scene of action, and haughty Spaniards and gallant Canarios for actors, appeals to you, you will like *The Magada*. If the historical element is insufficiently



[Photo]

[Whiteley]

Mrs. Hope Huntly

From the Bookshelves (continued)

to your taste, the love-interest may well pilot you through the story.

The Bolster Book. By HARRY GRAHAM. (Mills and Boon, Ltd., 6s.)

"HE rattles away, hit or miss, and succeeds the better for it," said Hazlitt in his essay *On the Conversation of Lords*. This is just what Captain Graham does in the three hundred odd pages of bubbling nonsense with which he has filled *The Bolster Book*. The nonsense is of three kinds—good, bad and indifferent—but the result is a single, indubitable success. When you put down the book you have forgotten everything you were inclined to call "cheap," and remember only such passages as:

"There is nothing more luxurious than the simple pallet-bed of the seaside lodging-house. 'Damp sheets and a flowing sea,' cries the poet, and that cry still re-echoes in the heart of every Englishman."

There are lots of other things we should like to quote, if we had room; and still more do we long to repeat a certain *bon mot* contained in a letter sent us by the author; but the latter—bad 'cess to him!—marked it "private"! Wherefore we must be content with mentioning that we read most of *The Bolster Book* on a long railway-journey back to town, when we were feeling very sad and sentimental—O that dance the previous night!—and that long before we reached Paddington everybody in the carriage had looked up to see what it was that was making us gurggle so! Which we hope was a good advertisement for *The Bolster Book*!

A Newmarket Squire. By EDWARD H. COOPER. (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.)

THIS is such a nice book, and it reaches the heart every time. A story of the Turf, we defy anyone to read it without thinking very, very kindly of the author. Which is something of a compliment from an anti-racing fanatic!

Frank Vaughan was one of those placid, "feckless" folk who are sent into the world for apparently no other purpose than to make the rest of humanity love them. (Why is it, by the way, that the most adorable people

are usually those who are of no material use to anybody?) It came as natural for him to live for horses as it did to lose money over them. Had he only been "practical" he would have married Mrs. Landon at the beginning of the story, which would then, to use an Irishism, never have been written. She would have taken care of him, and kept his affairs straight. But he dallied, and things went from bad to worse, until he had to give up all thought of Mrs. Landon entirely. As he said himself, "One can hardly alter the Marriage Service and

propose to marry a woman 'till debt us do part.'" Besides, if the truth must be told, he was gradually realising that he didn't love Mrs. Landon nearly so much as a certain little maiden less than half her age. Matters ended more or less satisfactorily, thanks chiefly to Mrs.

Landon, but—well, we share to the full the "awe and wondering admiration" with which the author reflects on the noble women "who are moving up and down the world with heartaches which no one shall ever guess at."

The Works of Sir John Suckling. Edited by A. HAMILTON THOMPSON. (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., 6s.)

"Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together!"

THAT'S the worst of Sir John Suckling. He starts off with a couple of superb lines like these, that set you a-glow with anticipation, and then fizzles out feebly in doggerel that doesn't even scan!

Sir John was a lyrical triller, not a poet, and he is an awful warning to the whole genus of dilettanti. If he had only studied the technical side of his art! If he had only learnt the first principles of self-criticism! If he had only known when to stop! We might have had a peerless little poem like this:

"I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from thine thou wilt not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?"

"Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again."

Just this and nothing more! None of the superfluous jingle that makes the complete poem a veritable "ear-sore"!

Mr. Thompson's book will be especially welcome to serious students of English literature, for, in addition to Suckling's Lyrics, it contains his Dramatic Writings and Letters, as well as an introduction and numerous notes. In the first drama, *Aglaure*, may be found one of Suckling's two masterpieces—the famous poem beginning, "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" This is the best thing of its kind ever written. No man should be allowed to fall in love until he has learnt it by heart! If, after that, he still makes a fool of himself, he deserves all he gets.

The Book of British Ships. By FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. (Henry Frowde, and Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

A FRIEND of ours, who loves the sea, suggested as a criticism of this book, "If you press the covers together you can almost squeeze the salt out of it!" We gladly avail ourselves of the suggestion. Mr. Frank H. Mason, as an American would say, is just great! He has given us a most interesting account of the history of the British ship from the pre-historic tree-trunk to the twentieth-century yacht—from the warship built by Alfred to the latest thing in Dreadnoughts—and has illustrated it beautifully, both in colour and black-and-white, and crammed it with expert gossip about practically everything connected with the sea. Many congratulations to him.

E. W. M.



[Photo] [Langflier]
Captain Harry Graham



[Photo] [Dover Street Studios]
Mr. E. H. Cooper



[Photo] [Hare]
Mr. Frank H. Mason



A CONNOISSEUR'S NOTE BOOK



By WALLACE L. CROWDY

It has been well said that if two men ride on one horse one of them must ride in front. He may not be the more comfortable, but he hath pride of place and the fairer outlook. Thus we find two artists riding the one horse towards the goal of the beautiful, and yet the one is riding before the other. The etcher and the impressionist are ill-assorted company, yet they are both progressing in the one direction, and are indubitably steering to the one end in different ways. Which shall be said to ride in front is not for me to decide, but to return, by request, to a more full consideration of the meaning and being of impressionism than was possible on a former occasion.

And I may perhaps pause here for the legitimate purpose of paraphrase and recall the retort of one of the wittiest men and greatly daring painters of modern times, at least in this country. An American lady pupil of the late James McNeil Whistler upon her return from a voyage on a Thames steamer was asked by "the master" what "she thought of it?" "Oh," exclaimed this impressionable pupil, "the Thames! it was perfectly lovely; beautiful colour, delicious tone and atmosphere! It was one long succession of Whistlers!" "Yees," replied the painter of Nocturnes, "Nature's creeping up!"

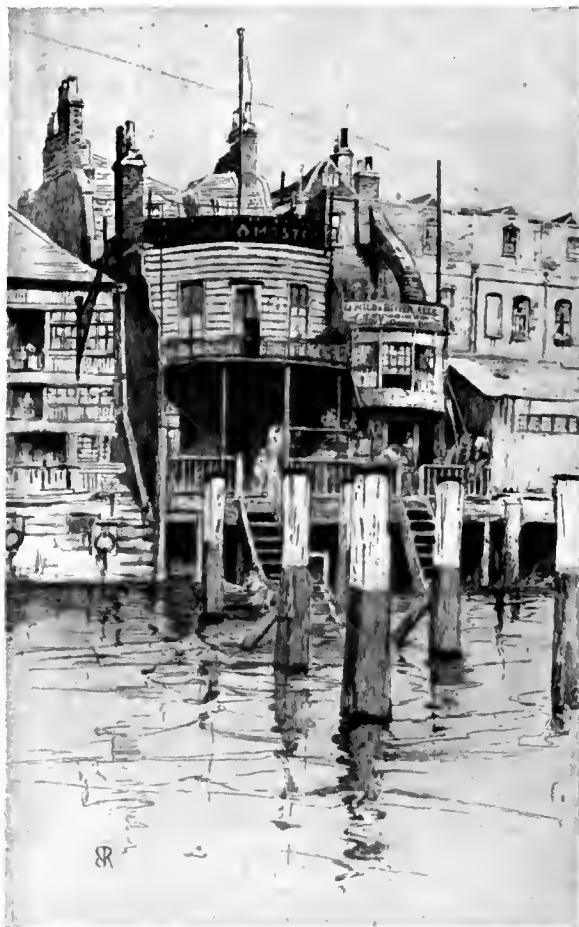
Now, as the use of an anecdote is in direct ratio to its relevancy, it may be remarked with regard to matters of art that human nature—that good, solid, middle-class thinking portion of it which is the backbone of this nation—is creeping up towards an appreciation of what is labelled in modern art as impressionism.

As England in art matters is more conservative than France, and the bulk, at least of our more popular or more famous painters, is far from being identified with the newer movements—which, in the Academy itself, only a few bold, recently-elected spirits more or less represent—it follows that the most interesting work of the impressionists has come from the masters of Paris. And the masters of Paris, painters and sculptors, whose work

is avowedly impressionistic, are Manet, *par excellence*, with Carrière and Dalou, comparatively recently dead, and yet amongst the living Rodin, Renoir, Claude Monet, Cottet, Le Sidaner, Degas, Legrand—quite a remarkable array.

In France, where the word impressionism was first

used, it has a much more limited range than in England, and is there applied mainly to the interpretation of light and colour and their effect on form in the work of Monet and his followers. The curious thing is that this battle, or something like it, was fought over here by Ruskin in the matter of Turner's painting; but many who say their "eyes have been opened" by Ruskin never employ that illumination on painters unmentioned by the master critic of our time. It is difficult to say to what uses the word will finally settle; but what it is of good purpose to discuss, under the title of Impressionism, is the procedure in modern painting against which the brunt of the battle has been directed, namely, *blurred definition*. Complaints of mistiness, smudging, want of finish, resolve themselves into this, and the defender of modern painting must make out a reasonable case for the procedures that give rise to these complaints. This obliterating, attenuating, swamping of details will be found to arise from two sources, the first being their actual aspect to the disinterested eye from a chosen point—the effect of distance, focus, and so on; the second being the degree of importance given to them by the interested eye, regarding things in an *order of attention*.



"The Harbourmaster," Limehouse
By Mabel Catherine Robinson

being the degree of importance given to them by the interested eye, regarding things in an *order of attention*.

I shall gain respectable authority for this enquiry by quoting some words of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He is attempting to unfold the logic of what the painter, Velasquez, had exhibited in practice. Not the practice, it may be said in passing, of the Rokeby "Venus," which, although undoubtedly by his son-in-law Mazo, still remains a monument to our National Gallery tolerance.

"When one examines," Sir Joshua said, "with a

A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

critical eye the manner of those painters whom we consider as patterns we shall find that their great fame does not proceed from their works being more highly finished than those of other artists, or from a more minute attention to details, but from that enlarged comprehension *which sees the whole object at once*, and that energy of art which gives its characteristic effect by adequate expression."

But, it may be objected, a sum in addition of details will give the total. "No," says Sir Joshua, "the detail of particulars which does not assist the expression of the main characteristic is worse than useless; it is mischievous, *as it dissipates the attention*, and withdraws it from the principal point. It may be remarked that *the impression* which is left on our mind, even of things that are familiar to us, is seldom more than their general effect, beyond which we do not look in recognising such objects. . . . I do not mean to prescribe what degree of attention ought to be paid to the minute parts; this it is hard to settle. We are sure that it is expressing the general effect of the whole, which can alone give to objects their true and touching character, and wherever this is observed, whatever else may be neglected, we acknowledge the hand of a master. We may even go further and observe that when the general effect only is presented to us by a skilful hand it appears to express the object represented in a more lively manner than the minutest resemblance would do. . . . Excellence in any one of those parts of art will never be acquired by an artist unless he has *the habit of looking upon objects at large, and observing the effect which they have on the eye when it is dilated and employed upon the whole, without seeing any one of the parts distinctly*. It is by this that we obtain the ruling characteristic, and that we learn to imitate it by short and dexterous methods."

It will be seen that in speaking of an "impression" Sir Joshua Reynolds was not thinking of the fugitiveness of impressions, which would appear to be what most people associate with the word, but of the degree of *impressiveness* allotted by a painter to different parts of his picture. He is thinking of totality of impression, not fleetingness; not of the whole being effaced, but of that sense of a whole which requires the sacrifice of some parts to the advantage of others. By impression he means a subject seen according to the painter's interest in it; by "impressionism," if he had used the word, he would have meant conveying this interest to canvas, in other words, painting things *in the order of attention*. This idea does not cover every case of blurring, but it raises the impressionistic question in its acutest form.

We quote this in reply to those critics who seem to think that impressionism means winking at Nature, and painting no more than can be seen in that wink's time. People who do not press the meaning quite so far still

think of hasty, dashing sketching as characteristic of Impressionism. They discover in the past career of the word associations that prove him a flirt and shallow trifler.

But this one is not the only critic. There remain the many people whom it is worth while to reason with, because they have merely been puzzled by a long course of bad pictures, and tricked into believing that they see things after these foolish fashions. Art, always the same in its disdain of the tiresome and irrelevant, offers to them, as its latest gift, an absorbed interest in the cunningly defined image of colour and tone, just as formerly an absorbed interest in the image of firm outline; the impressionistic is the classic method applied in a new manner. Impressionism is the completed theory of interested vision.



"La Rue de Cordeliers, Falaise"

By Adeline S. Illingworth

(Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers)

Let me return to Whistler's propositions: "Industry in art" he says, "is a necessity—not a virtue—and any evidence of the same in the production is a blemish, not a quality; a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work."

"The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning."

"The completed task of perseverance only has never been begun, and will remain unfinished to eternity—a monument of goodwill and foolishness."

"There is one that laboureth, and taketh pains, and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind."

"The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter—perfect in its bud as in its bloom—with no reason to explain its presence, no mission to fulfil, a joy to the artist, a delusion to the philanthropist, a puzzle to the botanist, an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man."

"Why should I not call my works 'symphonies,' 'arrangements,' 'harmonies,' and 'nocturnes'?" asks Whistler on another occasion. "I know that many good people think my nomenclature funny and myself 'eccentric.' Yes, 'eccentric' is the adjective they find for me."

"The vast majority of English folk cannot and will not consider a picture as a picture, apart from any story which it may be supposed to tell."

"My picture of a 'Harmony in Grey and Gold' is an illustration of my meaning—a snow scene with a single black figure and a lighted tavern. I care nothing for the past, present, or future of the black figure, placed there because the black was wanted at that spot. All that I know is that my combination of grey and gold is the basis of the picture. Now, this is precisely what my friends cannot grasp."

"They say, 'Why not call it "Trotty Veek," and sell it for a round harmony of golden guineas?'—naïvely

A Connoisseur's Note Book (*continued*)

acknowledging that without baptism there is no market!

"But even commercially this stocking of your shop

own merit, and not depend upon dramatic, or legendary, or local interest.

"As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the



"Caravan Through Beyrout." By Henry Simpson

with the goods of another would be indecent—custom alone has made it dignified. Not even the popularity of Dickens should be invoked to lend an adventitious aid

poetry of sight, and the subject-matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or of colour.

"The great musicians knew this. Beethoven and the



"On the Blackwater: Coming Rain." By Tom Simpson

to art of another kind from his. I should hold it a vulgar and meretricious trick to excite people about 'Trotty Veck' when, if they really could care for pictorial art at all, they would know that the picture should have its

rest wrote music—simply music; symphony in this key, concerto or sonata in that.

"On F or G they constructed celestial harmonies—as harmonies—as combinations, evolved from the chords of

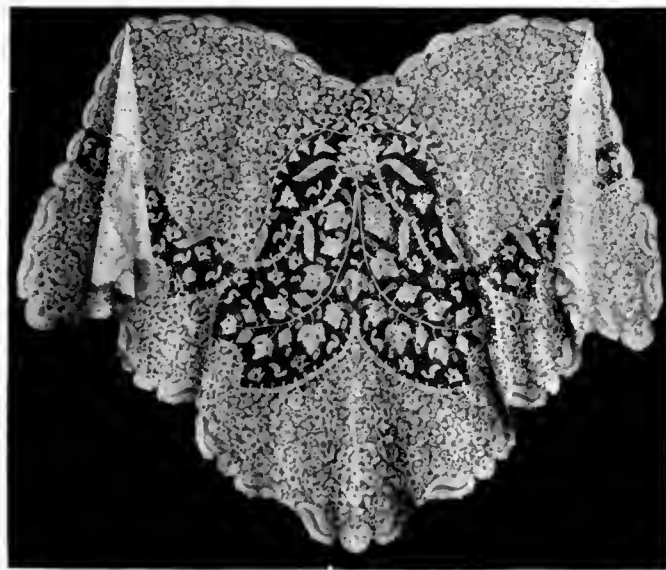
A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

F or G and their minor correlatives. This is pure music as distinguished from airs, commonplace and vulgar in themselves, but interesting from their associations, as, for instance, 'Yankee Doodle' or 'We Don't Want to Fight.'

"Art should be independent of all clap-trap—should stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, such as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like. All these have no kind of concern with it, and that is why I insist on calling my works 'arrangements' and 'harmonies.'"

Take the picture of Whistler's mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an "Arrangement in Grey and Black." Now, that is what it is. To him it was interesting as a picture of his mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?

"The imitator is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him were an artist the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this; in portrait painting to put on canvas some-



Honiton Lace. 1840

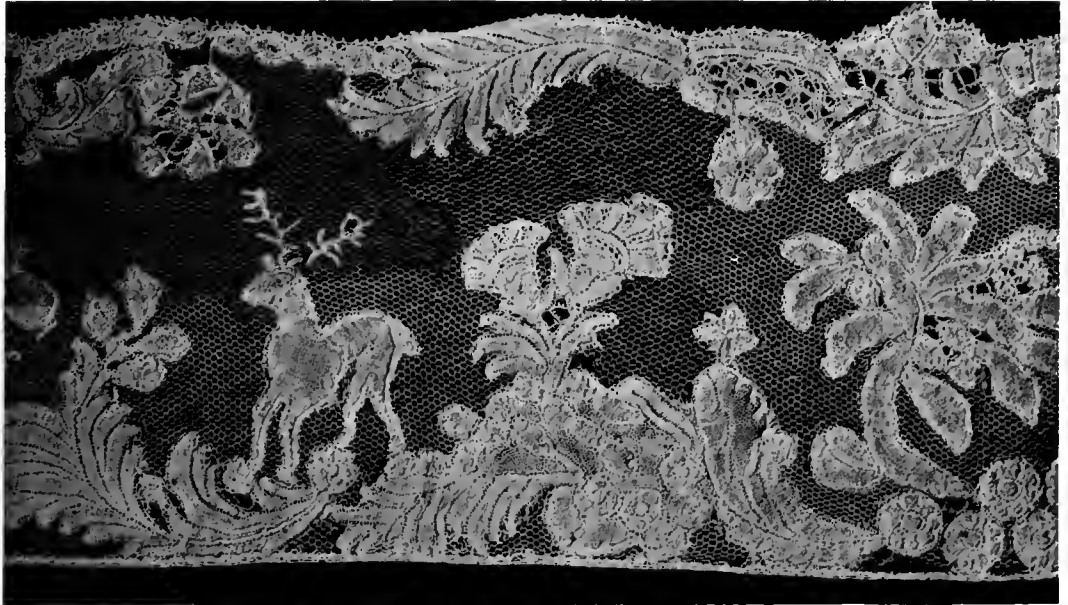
thing more than the face the model wears for that one day; to paint the man, in short, as well as his features; in arrangement of colours to treat a flower as his key, not as his model.

"This is now understood indifferently well—at least by dressmakers. In every costume you see attention is paid to the keynote of colour, which runs through the composition as the chant of the Anabaptists through the 'Prophète,' or the Huguenots' hymn in the opera of that name.

"Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music.

"But the artist is born to pick and choose and group with science these elements, that the result may be beautiful, as the musician gathers his notes and forms his chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony.

"To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as



Mechlin 18th Century Lace

she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano."

I have been tempted into this train of thought not only "by request," but by a study of the pictures by Henry Simpson, which form the chief attraction at the moment at the always enterprising and interesting Leicester Galleries. Mr. Simpson is a painter of Eastern subjects, who sees his subjects always as impressions, as colour and atmosphere and character, and is as true as Carl Haag, for example, was false. As the painted work is even more difficult than the written word this truly remarkable series of pictures by an artist hitherto unused to a one-man show will more clearly demonstrate our meaning than any further labouring the subject. For such a purpose also we reproduce the two etchings. They show within their margins how far the art of the etchers—as I have already said—is in most ways the handmaiden of the impressionistic painter. Which rides in front may be left to others to decide, but the qualities and the charm of these etchings by Miss Robinson and Miss Illingworth, recently exhibited at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, needs no demonstration.

Much, too, may be said in praise of Mr. Tom Simpson's water-colours, which form the chief attraction at the Victoria Gallery. They are fresh, breezy, pure water-colours, well worthy to possess.

It is hard in such fugitive notes as these to find room for more than a passing commentary upon so beautiful a craft as that of lace-making. None the less, it is ever to the fore, and at no time was held in higher esteem than at the present. It is difficult indeed to resist the temptation to reproduce two examples of so much interest and individual character as have come to me from Mr. Roach's Brighton collection, a collection which is singularly rich in rare things of price and beauty.

Wallace F. Crowdy.

* Concerning Society *

LADY Alice Egerton is one of a family of talented sisters, daughters of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, who have both similar tastes—a love of literature and the more serious side of life. Lady Alice, who is their second daughter, is an accomplished artist with a studio in town, and also a writer of considerable literary ability. She writes both poetry and prose. A small play, or, rather, interlude, of hers was produced some years ago at, we believe, Stafford House, and she has published a book of pithy verses. Lady Alice Egerton has lately published an edition of Milton's "Comus," which was first acted at Ludlow Castle under the patronage of the first Earl of Bridgwater, the Lord Warden of the Welch Marches.

~ ~ ~

Emma Lady Ravensworth, who has been spending a few weeks at San Salvador, in the Var, and just returned to her country home in the North, is the widow of the second and last Earl of Ravensworth, who died in 1903. She, however, married the following year Mr. James Wadsworth, and the event created no little sensation at the time, owing to the great disparity in their ages and the social position of the bridegroom, who had been in Lady Ravensworth's service as coachman. Lady Ravensworth is a grand-daughter of the first Lord Denman and an aunt of the present peer, and as a girl she was very much admired. She has been thrice married, her first husband having been Major Baker-Cresswell, of Cresswell, Northumberland, six years after whose death, in 1886, she became the second wife of Lord Ravensworth.

~ ~ ~

Another instance of a countess marrying a servant occurred about the middle of the eighteenth century. The sixth Earl of Strathmore, who was accidentally killed in a scuffle three years after his marriage to a daughter of the fourth Lord Dundonald, left a beautiful young widow, who, though wooed by several eligible men in her own station of life, elected, after seventeen years of widowhood, to marry her groom, a handsome young fellow named Forbes. The union, however, turned out badly. Forbes spent his wife's fortune, and then established himself as a livery-stable keeper at Leith. The Countess went to live at Paris, where she died in a poor lodging house, leaving an only daughter, whose death occurred many years later in extreme poverty, despite her relationship to the Cochrans, Earls of Dundonald.

~ ~ ~

That fine old-time sportsman, Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard, who will be eighty-four in December, has recently had an exceptionally fine portrait painted by Mr. Harris Brown. For his age, Sir Thomas enjoys really wonderful health, and about the end of next month he will be leaving his Brighton residence to spend the summer at Belhus, the ancient seat of his family, in Essex, a few miles north of Grays. Here for many years there was a great sale of hunters at the end of the summer, but these sales were discontinued a long time ago. The veteran baronet is a keen judge of a horse, and the hunting man who purchased an animal at Belhus might be certain of getting a

mount to carry him well throughout the season. Belhus, which is a huge square building, and was visited by Elizabeth on her famous journey to Tilbury at the time of the Armada scare, contains a fine collection of family portraits.

~ ~ ~

The first baronet, Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard's grandfather, was a grandson of Anne Baroness Dacre by her marriage with Richard Barrett-Lennard. This baronet, who was also Sir Thomas, lived to be nearly ninety-six, being born in January, 1762, and dying in June, 1857. When well over ninety he used to say to his son, who would be getting on for seventy: "Really, Tom, it is too bad of me to live so long," and to this remark the dutiful son invariably replied: "I beg, sir, you will not mention it." The father survived the son by one year, and was succeeded as second baronet by his grandson—the Sir Thomas of to-day. The lives of Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard and his grandfather thus range over a period of nearly a century and a half.

~ ~ ~



Photo]

Lady Alice Egerton

[Craigie-Halkett

The Dublin season, which usually takes place during February, is in full swing this month, and it says much for the Lord Lieutenant's and Lady Aberdeen's thoughtful consideration for the tradesmen of the Irish capital that they are taking the duties of a season. They are still in deep mourning for their favourite son and Lady Aberdeen's brother, Lord Tweedmouth; but both Lord and Lady Aberdeen have ever been solicitous of Irish interests, and they are the most kind and hospitable of hosts who have ever dispensed Viceregal hospitality at Dublin Castle. They have a real welfare in all Irish home industries, many of which owe a great deal to their encouragement and forethought. Though they only possess in a modified degree the traditional Irish interest in the horse, they do all that is expected from Irish Viceroyalty in this respect.

~ ~ ~

Much semi-royal state is maintained at Dublin Castle, and the Viceregal procession, headed by the Lord Lieutenant and his wife, through the long suite of rooms on the occasion of a Drawing-Room or ball, is a most impressive sight. Following the Sovereign's representative come the members of the Household, which is semi-royal in its composition, with a Master of the Horse, State Steward, and other officials of a Court; then the house party at the Castle, and a few distinguished people. The women are dressed as for a Court at Buckingham Palace, except that their gowns have no trains, and the men are either in uniform or a Court dress. It was Thomas Lord Wentworth, afterwards the famous Earl of Strafford, who gave to Dublin Castle the splendour of a Court. He found the castle falling to ruin and restored it to a condition befitting a royal residence, and the records of Ulster King of Arms abound in programmes of State processions and State ceremonies during his Viceroyalty.

~ ~ ~

The Viceregal Court has, however, had its vicissitudes. During the Civil Wars it had to yield to the exigencies of the times, but with the Restoration, with cavaliers and beauties fresh from Versailles, "the Castle" became once again, under

Concerning Society (continued)

the Duke of Ormonde, the gayest of Courts, and such, more or less, it has remained since, though there was a bit of a relapse in the early days of the Georges. Then there was a combination of regal pomp with frugal homeliness—rather amusing in the light of the state at present maintained. At one time there was a famous bodyguard at Dublin Castle, the Battleaxe Guards, but these are now gone.

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Lord Windsor's majority was celebrated at St. Fagan's Castle, Cardiff, this month, though he actually came of age in February. Lord Windsor's ancestor, William FitzWalter, was castellan of Windsor and warden of the forests of Berkshire in the time of Henry I., and the latter's daughter, the Empress Maud, confirmed to him at Oxford all the grants made to his family as to the custody of the castle. FitzWalter then assumed the designation of de Windsor, and his descendants retained, we believe, some association with Windsor Castle until Henry VIII. forced Sir Andrew Windsor, the first Lord Windsor, to take the estates of Bordesley Abbey, Worcestershire, in exchange for the Windsor ancestral home at Stanwell, near Staines.

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Henry carried out this exchange in a manner characteristic of the Royal Bluebeard. He sent word to Lord Windsor to say that he was coming to dine with him at Stanwell in

at Hewell Grange in Worcestershire, and the beautiful domain of Oakly Park, close to Ludlow.

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Another attempt is to be made when the weather is warmer to recover the treasures lying at the bottom of Tobermory Bay, Mull, where it has been since the days of the Armada. Cingalese divers from the pearl fisheries of Ceylon are to be brought over to save the treasure. This is estimated to be worth two and a half millions, and the sole right of pursuing the search belongs to the Duke of Argyll by a grant of Charles I. The recovery of the treasure would be of great moment to the Duke, who for his position is very poor, and is obliged to let Inverary, the big family seat, in Argyllshire. Several attempts have been made through the centuries to save the Spanish treasure ship, but all that has been recovered have been a few cannon, some odds and ends of ships' fittings, a gold chalice, and several coins. That there is great treasure awaiting the syndicate which is shortly starting operations is certain, and many people are of opinion that the ambition of these treasure seekers will be realised during the coming summer.

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The Duke and Duchess of Manchester, who went to America on business concerning the property of the late Dowager Duchess, are travelling in the United States, but they are expected during the season at the house in Grosvenor Square left them by the Duke's mother, and after staying there for a time they go to Kylemore Castle, Connemara, for the



[Photo]

Kylemore Castle, Connemara

[Lawrence

Middlesex, where His Majesty was entertained right royally. After the banquet, however, Henry informed his host he liked Stanwell so much that he had decided to possess it himself. In vain Lord Windsor begged hard to be allowed to keep the ancestral home his family had owned for centuries. The King was obdurate, and Stanwell became royal property. It is now the seat of Sir Alexander Gibbons. The present Lord Plymouth is descended from the old owners of Stanwell in the female line, the male line becoming extinct on the death of the eighth Earl of Plymouth of a former creation in 1843.

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Lord Windsor is Lord and Lady Plymouth's second son, and he owes his present position to the sad death on December, 1908, of his elder brother, who died very suddenly of enteric at Agra, India, where he was an aide-de-camp on the staff of Lord Minto. Lord Plymouth is a man of parts and has very artistic tastes, as also has Lady Plymouth. His chief hobby is painting and collecting pictures, and the fine town house in Mount Street—a triumph of decorative art, and which Lord and Lady Plymouth often kindly lend for charitable functions—was built from his own designs after a careful study of ancient Italian palaces. In the last Unionist Government Lord Plymouth was First Commissioner of Works, and in that capacity was responsible for the maintenance of Windsor Castle and the other royal palaces. Lord Plymouth's wealth is drawn chiefly from his valuable Cardiff property, which includes coal mines, docks, and a suburb of the city, but he has also a fine estate

summer. Kylemore, which was the creation of the late Mr. Mitchell Henry, is without exaggeration one of the most beautiful places in the whole of Ireland.

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Delightfully situated on the shores of a lake, the castle is built of white limestone and granite, and it stands out most effectively against the deep green of the encircling woods. Even in winter the climate is remarkably mild, and there are some enchanting fuchsia hedges of great height. From a sporting point of view the estate is very desirable, there being excellent salmon and trout fishing and fair shooting, whilst the roads are good for motoring; so that, though Kylemore is miles from everywhere except from rivers, lakes, moors and mountains, it is accessible. Kylemore has been the principal residence of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester for some years.

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Lady Helen Forbes, who has been writing since she was a girl, has had another success with her last novel. Her first book was "Notes of a Music Lover," and since then she has published half a dozen or so very readable novels, one of which was, "It's a Way they have in the Army." This sold well, though critics were severe on it, and if report were reliable the military authorities were anything but pleased with the book. Lady Helen Forbes is the only sister of Lord Craven, and though she has made a name as a writer of considerable ability, she has many other interests and is particularly fond of sport. Nine years ago she married Captain Ian Forbes.

Concerning Society (continued)

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

NOT for a long time have so many notable engagements quickly followed one another as during the past few weeks. Among the latest are those of Lord Wolmer, the promising eldest son of Lord Selborne, and Miss Grace Ridley, a sister of Lord Ridley; and of Lady Chelsea and Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton, one of Lord Durham's numerous brothers. Yet another interesting engagement is announced between Captain Nigel Gathorne-Hardy, youngest son of Lord and Lady Cranbrook, and Miss Doris Johnston, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, of Wellington, New Zealand. Captain Gathorne-Hardy, who is in the Rifle Brigade, is on the staff of Lord Plunkett, Governor of New Zealand, and he met his future wife there.

Lord Wolmer, whose marriage is expected to take place in London in June, is just twenty-three, and only left Oxford last summer. Like his distinguished father, the retiring High Commissioner of South Africa, Lord Wolmer, after leaving Winchester, went to University College, Oxford, where he worthily followed Lord Selborne's brilliant career, and was among the leaders of the Unionist interests at the Union. He was noted for his true Imperialism, which led him to go out of his way to cultivate the acquaintance of Rhodes Scholars, and for his enthusiasm for politics, upon which in "Hall" he would talk until the other occupants of the table threw things at him. At University College, where also were most of his uncles, sons of the late Lord Salisbury, Lord Wolmer impressed his contemporaries as being one of the most promising members of a notable group of able young men then at Oxford.

Miss Grace Ridley, and her cousin, Lady Beatrice Cecil, have recently been spending some months together in Paris studying music and art, and Miss Ridley is again abroad. She made her debut in Dublin under the chaperonage of her aunt, Lady Aberdeen, with whom she has spent a good deal of time at Dublin Castle and the Viceregal Lodge. Lady Aberdeen and the late Lady Ridley were sisters, and since the latter's death the former has been practically a mother to Lord Wolmer's future bride, whose other sister is Mrs. Rupert Gwynne. Miss Grace Ridley is nearly two years younger than Lord Wolmer.



Photo] (Hills & Saunders)
Viscount Wolmer

also at St. George's, Miss Phyllis Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green and youngest sister of Mrs. Adrian Rose, who was left a widow three months after marriage. The wedding reception afterwards takes place at 17 Grosvenor Place, the handsome town residence of the bride-elect's grandmother, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. On the 21st, also, Mr. George Warner, of the Foreign Office, elder son of the late Sir Joseph Warner, and of Lady Warner of Eaton Square, is to be married at Holy Trinity (Brompton Parish Church), to Miss Margery Nicol, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicol, of Balogie, Aberdeenshire, and 37 Queen's Gate; whilst at Boscombe, Bournemouth, there is a country wedding, that of



Photos]
**The Viscountess
Chelsea**



[Pragnell & Russell]
**Admiral Sir Hedworth
Lambton**

Mr. Charles Hore-Ruthven, a member of Lord Ruthven's family, and Miss Elyn Wood, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Tom Wood, of Ramley, in the New Forest. Colonel Wood owns Gwernylfod Park, Breconshire, but he lets the place.

Major John Hope, nephew and heir of Sir Alexander Hope of Pinkie, Edinburgh, marries, on April 26th at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Miss Mary Bruce, the handsome eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh. This will be essentially a Scots wedding, the Hopes of Pinkie being the head of the family of which the young Marquess of Linlithgow represents a branch, whilst the bride's family is one of the oldest in the peerage—a remote ancestor having been Ambassador to the Duke of Tuscany and Lorraine at the end of the sixteenth century. Miss Mary Bruce is a handsome girl with ruddy hair, and, like her sisters, devoted to an outdoor life. On the same day, Mr. Felix Schuster and Miss Lucy Skene are being married in Oxford Cathedral. Miss Skene is the daughter of the Treasurer of Christ Church, Oxford, and a grand-daughter of the late Dean Liddell, of Christ Church—"the College of Statesmen." Mr. Schuster is the only son of Sir Felix, the distinguished banker and authority on finance. On his special subjects Sir Felix Schuster has written many books, and his literary tastes have been inherited by his son, who has also a great love of music.

The day following, April 27th, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, is the marriage of Mr. North Dalrymple-Hamilton and Lady Marjorie Coke, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Leicester. Originally it had been intended to hold the wedding at Holkham, Norfolk, but, doubtless owing to the difficulty that would have been experienced in putting up, even at the huge family mansion of the Cokes, the numerous relatives of the bride, the venue was changed to London. The wedding reception will be held at Minnie Lady Hindlip's house in Hill Street, though Lord and Lady Leicester have a town residence in Grosvenor Street. Lady Marjorie Coke is one of the many grandchildren of the late Lord Leicester, whose large family will be well represented at her wedding. Mr. North Dalrymple-Hamilton and his future wife will make their home at Bargany, the fine property in Ayrshire which belonged to the former's grandmother, the late Lady Stair, at whose death, in 1896, it passed to her second son, the late Colonel North Dalrymple-Hamilton, of the Scots Guards.

Lady Chelsea, whose engagement to Sir Hedworth came as a surprise except to a very few people, is a pretty blue-eyed woman, slight and graceful, with a lot of fair hair. She is a Sturt, and, like all Lord Alington's family, *persona grata* with Royalty. Her son, little Lord Chelsea, who is just seven, had for sponsors at his christening the King and Prince of Wales, and the latter, who attended the ceremony in person and signed the register, gave his godchild a handsome silver-gilt mug. Lady Chelsea has also five daughters, all pretty girls, the eldest of whom, Miss Sibyl Cadogan, is a debutante this season. Sir Hedworth Lambton is best known as the distinguished naval officer who took the Naval Brigade and the guns of the cruiser *Powerful*, which he then commanded, to Ladysmith. He served with distinction in the Egyptian war, has commanded the *Victoria and Albert*, and lately he has been in command of the China Squadron.



Photo] [Val L'Estrange]
The Hon. Grace Ridley

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By Mrs. HUMPHRY ("Madge," of *Truth*)

NEVER before has any London season offered so many occasions for the display of smart gowns and fashionable hats—to say nothing of evening dress and up-to-date coiffures—than the one that will recommence with brilliancy immediately after Whitsuntide. To name a few of the forthcoming opportunities, there is the International Horse Show at Olympia from June 6th to 16th; the Japan-British Exhibition, which will be very much the fashion this year; the Pageant of Empire at the Crystal Palace; the English Pageant, and our old friends, Ranelagh and Hurlingham. Dressmakers may well be busy, and they will be busier still when the May Courts come on.

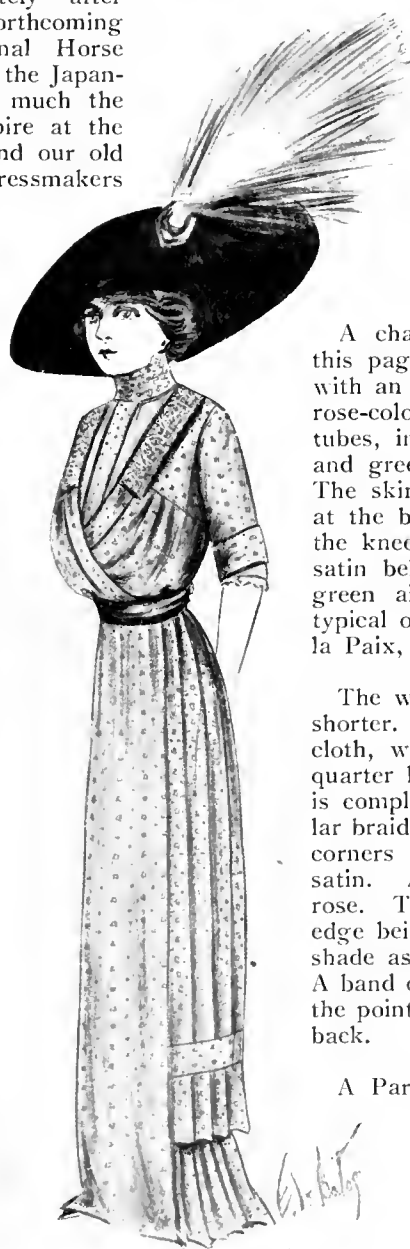
The general question is: What is to be worn? And more particularly in the afternoon? Well, to begin with, there is the rage for Paisley silks, some of which are quite lovely, while others are less pleasing. The prettiest are in faint jewel colours on a creamy ground, with a touch of soft green in it—a tint that shows up the lovely cashmere shades of turquoise, jade, pale coral, amber, sapphire-blue as with the light full on it, ruby, emerald, topaz, and opal, all shoaling together in a way that permits none to predominate. Whole gowns will be made of these, but for the most part they are used for trimmings, or applied to a plain silk or cashmere or fine summer cloth in a ratio of about 50 per cent. A cream silk cashmere made in this way is draped with the newest version of the pinafore tunic in a Paisley silk such as I have described above, leaving the cashmere uncovered at the sides and everywhere below the tunic.

Another gown of the sort is pale green cloth, with the bodice and sleeves in Paisley, and the short, narrow skirt drawn into two bands of it, one at the back of the knees, the other behind the ankles. It is probable that this rage for Paisley patterns will quickly burn itself out. At the moment, the colourings are very subdued and soft, but directly they become more emphatic there will be the beginning of the end. A whole gown in a Paisley silk, the shades of which are all pale-toned, has a gathered skirt, the gathers repeated below the knees, and the whole drawn into a band of gold lace. The sleeves, reaching to the elbows, have gold lace cuffs, and the turn-down collar matches these.

Foulards will be made in much the same style as these.

Flowing draperies are not permitted, and all soft fabrics will be confined by bands or trimming to keep the silhouette as close and trim as the proportions of the wearer will permit. A foulard patterned in green and grey is

made in the all-in-one with a belt style, the skirt quite short and gathered into a deep band of plain green cloth. This band begins at the knees and is short enough to clear the ankles, after the fashionable short skirt of the moment. A short coat in the green cloth is a useful adjunct. These deep bands have the effect of considerably shortening the apparent height, and should be avoided by those who are not tall.



Foulard Walking Dress

A charming outdoor gown is illustrated on this page, a white and cherry-coloured foulard, with an embroidered collar inset and worked on rose-coloured chiffon, in "rubber" beadlike tubes, in shades blended with rose, tabac, blue and green, a really beautiful mingling of tints. The skirt is quite plain in front, but is double at the back and caught in with a band behind the knees. The bodice crosses under a black satin belt. The hat is fine straw, with a full green aigrette. The style of this costume is typical of what may be seen daily in the rue de la Paix, where all the world goes shopping.

The walking skirt grows narrower as well as shorter. Another typical costume is in white cloth, with a perfectly-plain skirt and a three-quarter length coat, the bodice portion of which is completely covered with fine braiding. Similar braiding, though in a larger design, trims the corners of the coat, which is lined with white satin. Another cloth walking skirt is in old rose. The coat is made with a tunic effect, the edge being very richly embroidered in the same shade as the cloth. Revers and cuffs to match. A band of the embroidery catches in the skirt at the point midway between knee and ankle at the back.

A Parisian novelty is a tailor-made muslin—quite a novelty this year. The muslin, however, is but one of three different materials of which the gown is composed. The first is in glacé silk, in a shade of mauve with a greyish bloom upon it. This forms a corselet skirt, very closely gathered at the waist, and the corselet portion not more than two

inches high. The gathers are kept very fine and flat, and the fulness from them is set into a deep band of silk cashmere, in exactly the same colour as the silk. The two materials are joined together by tabs rising from

In the Boudoir (continued)

the cashmere and depending from the silk alternately, each fastened down by a small embroidered button. The bodice is in silk muslin, matching the cashmere and silk, and there is a short coat, tight-fitting and entirely covered with embroidery.

So, though tailors call it a muslin gown, the proportion of the thin material is not very great.

Old-fashioned Swiss muslin is to be the only wear when August brings hot weather. This will be a quaint revival after our diaphanous silk muslins and chiffons, but we shall see it in a new and *chic* development. Think of a pure white muslin tailor-cut gown all-in-one, with a short coat turned back with black satin, and three rows of black satin ribbon round the hem!

The blouse must still be veiled with net or chiffon in the colour of the gown, and there are many clever ways of carrying the latter up in front, so as to give continuity to the dress. One of these is to bring it up in a point at the back, carrying it round the sides in corselet fashion, and in front folding the material in upward pleats that button high on the chemisette part of the blouse. Another way is to have a plastron of the blouse or gown carried up in front from under the now indispensable belt; this plastron hides the fastenings in front, so that one has not the inconvenience of hooks or buttons at the back, and yet enjoys the advantage of a plain piece in front, so indispensably becoming. Also very becoming is the wide band of braiding, embroidery or insertion carried straight across the chest on some of the new blouses, with a similar band round the sleeves, exactly at the same height. With a sand-coloured voile gown this band is repeated on the skirt just above the knees, the voile being gathered into it above and below.

It is not the *très grande dame* nor our aristocratic women who favour this exaggerated style, but it is considered extremely smart by the ultra-fashionable sets in London and Paris. The high-born dress very simply out of doors.

The sleeve of the moment is two-fold, consisting of a short one in the material of the gown or blouse, supplemented by white or cream silk muslin. These may stop short just below the elbows or may be carried down to the wrists, but short sleeves are going to be victorious again this season. The short upper part has no fullness whatever and is sometimes no more than a mere flat band round the arm, though more

frequently it is rather like a tube through which the arm passes comfortably, the closeness of fit being confined to the sleeve supplementary.



We are to see the revival of the Louis XVI. hat this season, the brim shading the brow, but caught up at the back, showing waves of undulated hair. Meanwhile, we have every kind of hat, large and small, worn straight or at any angle that may be preferred. There is a tendency to crowd flowers or other trimming to the back, leaving the front rather plain and not so high as it has been. Some of the newest hats are covered with black Chantilly, stretched tightly over gold or silver tissue, and finished with a band of gold or silver lace round the crown. A bunch of feathers is the only further trimming. Crin is the favourite straw for hats and turbans, and it is made so pliable this season that it can be manipulated like canvas. A new shape is narrow at the sides and projecting over the eyes. A hat of this kind is made of black crin, trimmed with grey roses, veiled in black tulle, and with grey silk braid sewn closely over with small black beads. The flowers are kept well to the back, so that, though the hat has the fashionable height, it does not disturb the proportion of the face to the whole, as a 12-inch height above the brow must do.

It is to be a feather season again, but flowers will reign side by side with ostrich plumes. They are not often seen on the same hat, though sometimes one large bloom is set over the spot where the feather-stem begins. A very wide Tégat hat in black has no other trimming than three exquisite feathers in Saxe-blue, two rising high before they begin to foam over upon themselves, and one placed lower in its rich profusion of wide, soft fronds. One of the new ways of applying flowers is to place one end of a long garland flat against the sharply-upturned brim and carry it right across the crown and on the flat brim on the other side. The old-fashioned *cache-peigne* is now replaced by a small band of flowers that crosses the hair under the hat at the back.

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A copy of one of the many thousands of appreciatory letters in the possession of Madame Rubinstein is reproduced on this page. It was written by that brilliant young actress, Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who has also kindly permitted the reproduction of one of her favourite photographs.

The following are some of the names and prices of some of Madame Rubinstein's Complexion Specialities: Valaze Skin Food, 4/6, 8/6 and 21/- a jar; Valaze Complexion Soap, 2/6 and 4/6 a cake; Valaze Complexion Powder, for greasy and normal skins, or Novena Powder, for dry skins, at 3/-, 5/6 and 10/6 a box; Valaze Lip Lustre, for chapped and pale lips, 2/- and 3/6; Dr. Lykuski's Blackhead and Open Pore Cure, 3/6 a box; No. 2 of same, for obstinate cases, 6/-; Valaze Snow Lotion, a superb Viennese liquid powder, 4/-, 7/- and 10/6; the same, Special, for greasy skins, 7/6 and 21/- a bottle; Valaze Liquidine, overcomes redness of the nose and cheeks, and adds tone to the skin, 10/6 a bottle. Orders by post receive prompt attention.

All correspondence should be addressed to Madame Rubinstein, Dept. PG, 24 Grafton Street, Mayfair, London.

In the Boudoir (continued)

The turban in tulle or the new Tuscan net will be worn in the same colour and shade as the gown when summer comes. Starch-blue is a great favourite, the quantity of grey in this tint modifying the blue and making it much more becoming than it is in its brighter tones, very pretty in themselves, but trying to all but the most perfect complexions.

Most of the new tea-gowns have the coat effect in lace-embroidered net, crêpe de Chine, *mousseline de soie*,



Satin Opera Coat



Marquisette Evening Dress



ninon, or any other very delicate and transparent material, such as English gauze, Liberty crêpe, silk voile, and so on. Some of these coats fall straight and loose over a trailing skirt, others are draped to the figure, as, for instance, a black Chantilly over orange silk. French and English modistes delight in copying antique models for these tea-gowns. Egypt is not neglected, and even triumphs over classic Greece for the moment. Our own portrait-painters are in great favour, and well-born women hunt out old family pictures with a view to having their tea-gowns designed after the dress in which an ancestress was painted.

Brocade is in favour for tea-gowns, but it must be of the soft kind which clings in to the figure. Shot moire is another suitable material,

In the Boudoir (continued)

also soft and supple. One of the latter, in pink and mauve, has a long coat of cream-tinted net, bordered with a frill of lace to match, and making graceful folds over the sides and back, as only fine lace can. The tea-gown has but a short train, and sleeves appear to be a negligible quantity. The bare arms emerge from the wide kimono sleeves, and these are cut so as to leave the elbows quite uncovered. Even then the sleeve is sometimes turned back showing the lining edged with gold or silver or oxidised galon, matching that with which the "coat" is bordered down the front. The word "coat" seems unsuitable in its suggestion of masculinity to the ethereal garment in question. One of them is in spotted black net over a pale green charmeuse, which it entirely veils, with the exception of the front.

A lovely tea-gown is in rose-petal pink ninon, veiled with pale gold tissue, enriched with motifs of thick gold embroidery. From each of these fall a couple of gold tassels. The sleeves, fitting the arms closely from shoulders to wrists, are in the gold tissue, the ornaments arranged at the top of each arm and a tassel falling back and front. The touch of black which gives so much value to pale colours is found in a few flat folds of black tulle that are carried round the edges of the ninon, caught down with small gilt buckles. Larger ones hold the folds on the shoulders, and a very large one clasps them tightly at the back of the waist.

It seems as though there would be no long gowns left, except for the tea or rest variety, with its abbreviated train. In Paris it is quite exceptional to see even a visiting gown with a skirt that lies on the ground, and most of the evening frocks are short, as they are in London. The garden-party gowns that Paris modistes have prepared for the coming

season are as often short as long, and many of them are of the tailor-made kind. These grow more elaborate with every year.

As to evening dresses, only dowagers wear them trained to any extent. Our illustration on page 47 shows a pretty example in olive-green marquissette and soft black satin, embroidered in jewellery and bugles worked in steel, oxidised and gold, intermingled with stitchery in green, gold and black silk. The under-bodice is in gold lace, this being veiled with black chiffon. Folds of the marquissette cross the shoulders and upper arms, and



Coiffure, with Jewelled Cap

are held in front by a shaped band of jewelled embroidery. The sleeves end above the elbows, and are finished with dainty little jewelled tassels. The skirt is held in at the knees by a wide band of the embroidery, thus conforming to the imperious rule of the hour.

Our illustration on page 46 shows a lovely evening gown carried out in gold net, embroidered with gold and pearl cabochons. The design is filled in with very minute milk-white beads, the general effect being gold and white. It is made over gold-coloured soft Liberty satin; and the skirt is so cut as to suggest a yoke coming up in a point in front, the two side points meeting at the back of the waist.

Coiffures A and B are for evening, the first much waved about the face and the ears quite covered; while the second shows the jewelled Juliet cap in its latest development.

Evening mantles are no longer velvet and fur, but, though the weather is cold enough, they are made of transparent nets and muslins, lined with chiffon and bordered with gold lace. A rather more protective one is made of ivory Liberty silk, very soft and clinging, much gathered on the shoulders and lined with green and blue shot silk. Another is in cashmere pine-patterned silk in curious tones of purple, indigo and deep red, all rather angry-looking, threatening colours, very long and full, and charmingly relieved by a band of Cluny lace carried down the front, and a deep hood and collar of the same, finished by crochet ornaments in ivory silk.



Evening Coiffure

An illustration on page 47 shows an opera coat in soft black satin, shot with green, a band of the green showing at the foot. The green satin, too, faces the collar and cuffs, both of which are edged with a leaf design in black and gold. Tassels in dull gold ornament the coat, which is caught up under dull gold embroidery and fastens over on the left. The back is rigorously plain and straight, and the sleeves are also simply made, with the exception of the satin facing.

Peacock-blues and greens are among the new favourites in colour, and a very handsome coat is in rather a pale shade of peacock-green satin, lined with pale gold satin and edged with an Empire embroidery in gold and night-blue, a new shade much liked in Paris, and one which tones in with the pale peacock-blue in a very æsthetic way.

Another exquisite coat is in cream-white Chantilly over black silk net, through which gleams a jewelled sub-lining of white *mousseline de soie*, this, again, being lined with royal blue. This last very aggressive shade is subdued to a mysterious beauty by the super-posed veilings. The whole is finished with a small black velvet collar, now the very height of fashion.

C. S. Humphrey

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[Photo]

[Dover Street Studios]

STARS OF THE OPERA: MME. KIRKBY LUNN AS DALILAH

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JUST as we were closing for press the melancholy news of the death of our beloved King reached us. Edward the Peace-maker is to-day mourned, not only by his own people, but by the whole of the civilised world. He was a man before he was a monarch, and mankind realised the fact and loved him for it. Our sympathy lies with those he leaves to mourn his loss—the loss of the most popular Sovereign in our history.

Notes and Impressions

Our Competition The standard attained by competitors this month showed, on the whole, a gratifying improvement. Our remarks of last issue presumably bore fruit!

The winners are:—

FIRST PRIZE:

Mr. E. G. Coombe,
105 Vassall Road,
N. Brixton,

for the alternative title to "Alias Jimmy Valentine,"
"THE SAFE MAN."

SECOND PRIZE:

Miss Sylvia Simon,
170 Hagley Road,
Birmingham,

for the title "THE BEST POLICY."

Other ingenious solutions, besides the winning ones, were sent in by

Mr. H. B. Wyn Evans, R.N. College, Greenwich; Miss Louise Trounbridge, 66 Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, W.; Miss Airth Richardson, Longbridge Manor, Warwick; Miss Jean Lawson Russell, West Lodge, Todmorden, Yorks; Miss C. M. Hobson, 75 Boundary Road, South Hampstead; Mr. Victor Roberts, 30 Nicosia Road, Wandsworth Common,

S.W.; Miss Awdry Morgan, Nanhoran, Claremont Lane, Esher; Miss Gladys Morgan, Nanhoran, Claremont Lane, Esher; Mrs. L. Creswicke Morris, 51 Sinclair Road, Addison Road, W.; Miss Selgarde Fraser, Withdeane, Patcham, Sussex; Miss D. Search, Manor Close, Chislehurst; Miss Mabel Thompson, Woodville, Grassendale Park, Liverpool; Miss E. Baretti, 49 Royal York Crescent, Clifton; Anonymous, 28 Kinsale Road, Peckham Rye; Miss D. Parker, Milford Hall, South Milford, Yorkshire; Mr. Maurice A. McDermott, "Watford," Herbert Road, Hornchurch, Essex; Miss K. Samuels, 44 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; Mr. T. S. Boadle, jun., Robinites, Charterhouse, Godalming; Mr. Valentine M. Perceval, 17 Duke's Avenue, Muswell Hill; Miss Meek, 70 Nelson Street, Manchester; Mr. Charles M. Tucker, 4 The Terrace, South Benfleet, Essex; A. K. S., Whitburgh, Northwood, Middlesex; Miss J. Hathorn Hall, 8 Gledstanes Road, West Kensington; Mr. A. McMillan, 64 Gloucester Place, W.; Mr. W. A. Linford, 43 Finchley Road; Miss Florence A. Nurse, The Lodge, Cambridge Road, Teddington; Mrs. Wood, Rosemont, Rickmansworth; Miss B. Pinder, Hopkinson House, Vincent Square, S.W.; Miss Kate E. Mackenzie, 5 Grosvenor Terrace, Linthoyse Road, Middlesbrough; Miss Nancy Pain, 8 Langford Place, N.W.; Miss Marion Carr, 29 Seafeld Road, Hove, Sussex; Miss Marjorie Edwards, 4 Portland Terrace, Richmond; Mr. Cyril J. T. Cooke, 39 Bernard Street, Russell Square, W.C.; Miss E. F. Warcup, 209 Melford Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Miss D. F. Grandage, Far Burrs, Ogden, Halifax; Mr. V. Harris, 76 High Street, Sittingbourne; Miss E. W. Lord, 25 Talbot Square, Hyde Park, W.; Mr. W. A. Linford, Peterborough Lodge, 143 Finchley Road, N.W.; Miss Mary Condy, 71 West Hill, Putney; Mr. A. C. Chidley, 6 Ashchurch Park Villas, Ravenscourt Park, W.; Mr. James L. Proctor, 20 Thornton Road, Barnet; Mr. B. Wardle, Brooklands, Ashbourne Road, Leek, Staffs; Mr. G. Sutherland Morris, 17 Kensington Hall Gardens, W.; Mr. B. Rayner, 79 Norroy Road, Putney; Mrs. Kate Garnett, Hill Cliffe Road, Lower Walton, Warrington; Mr. J. B. Rankin, 6 Harold Road, Leytonstone; Miss Eulalie Greenwood, 16 Highbury Crescent, N.; Mr. Sydney E. Tidy, Holmhurst, Half Moon Lane, Herne Hill; Miss M. Maw, 18 Addison Road, Kensington, W.; Rev. Chas. Hy. Hodgson, Stanley Cottage, Wells, Norfolk; etc., etc.

The Best Photograph

A beautiful photograph of a scene in Switzerland has been adjudged the best received during the month, and a cheque for one guinea has been forwarded to the sender, Miss D. Conway Pool, Hotel de l'Europe, Montreux, Switzerland. A photograph of Meary's ancient Clapper Bridge, Dartmoor, sent in by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, of Hareston, Paignton, is worthy of mention. It ran the winning photograph very close, and nearly secured the prize.

The Rehearsal Company

We had pleasure in witnessing the Rehearsal Company's performance of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," at the Rehearsal Theatre, on April 25th. Mr. Clive Currie, who played Charles Surface with delightful ease, was ably supported by Mr. Vivian Gilbert as Sir Benjamin Backbite (by permission of the Lyceum Management), and Mr. Keith J. Shepherd as Moses, and Mr. Henry Baynton as Toby (both of whom were permitted to appear by Mr. Gilbert Porteus). Sir Peter Teazle was in the care of Mr. Montague Mazeran, Sir Oliver Surface being entrusted to Mr. W. R. Staveley. Joseph Surface was portrayed with proper emphasis by Mr. Osborn Adair. The Mrs. Candour of Miss Edith Carter left nothing to be desired, and only praise is due to Miss Maud Bowyer for her rendering of Lady Sneerwell. Other characters were played by Miss May Saker, Miss Ursula Keene, Miss Clarice Lawrence, Miss Marjorie Hodges, Miss Letty Paxton, Mr. Victor Wiltshire, Mr. G. Lewis-Carlton, and others. During the performance two cleverly rendered recitations were given by Miss Mary Forbes, and Miss Irene Delisse—a pretty and charming young artiste—sang "L'été" with refined taste.

Notes and Impressions—continued.

The
Ibsen
Club

A studious air of sincere earnestness pervaded the Rehearsal Theatre what time the Ibsen Club played their Master's "The Master Builder."

In the title rôle, as handled by Mr. Rathmel Wilson, we met a square-jawed man, conscious of the weakness of his position and tormented by the fact that the price to his professional glory had been the lives of his twin sons and the resultant death of the best in his wife. And what a woman his wife appeared, as played by Miss Catherine Lewis! Whining, suspicious, jealous, who holds her husband's soul in the hollow of her flabby hands, and who casually confesses that it is the small things of life that matter. The death of her two little boys she looks upon as the dispensation of Providence; it was the burning of her set of dolls, beloved in secret, which broke her heart. Ugh! Small wonder that her husband, in a spirit of bravado or exultation, climbed to the top of the tower he had erected, and was not over-particular how he made the descent.



Some of the principals in "The Master Builder"

The Hilda of Miss Pax Robertson was a revelation. A mere slip of a girl, in commonplace costume, in drab surroundings, stood before us, and yet the fire of her youth burned so brightly that, absurd as were her story and demands, one was able to *understand* the workings of her soul. The whole position was incredible and preposterous, but Hilda Wangel lived and, whilst she stood before us, we believed in her because she willed it so.

The less prominent parts were equally well played. Mr. Stanley Roberts showed us a quiet professional man of medicine; Mr. Alfred Toose, as Knut Brovik, was excellent in his short scene and exit in the first act; Mr. J. Cassels Cobb appeared with good effect as Ragnar Brovik, Miss Catherine Robertson presenting a moving picture of Kaia. "The Master Builder" is the third Ibsen play given by this club this spring, "Ghosts" and "Hedda Gabler" having preceded it. "Rosmersholm" is promised as we go to press, and "When We Dead Awaken" on May 29th.

Mark
Twain

It was with a heavy heart that the world heard of the death of its leading and best-beloved jester, Samuel Langhorne Clemens. "Dear old Mark!" was the way one had learnt to think of him, and for thoughtful readers it was "the only way." The man in the street might regard the famous *nom de plume* merely as an emblem of whatever was waggish—a convenient peg on which to hang the latest funny story! The judicious knew better. They knew that "Mark Twain" stood for a splendid character, a

great-hearted humorist, whose humour as often as not glistened through tears. Three of his creations will probably live as long as the American Continent. These three are Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, and, perhaps his masterpiece, Aunt Polly. The first two were largely compounded of himself; the third, we are fain to surmise, was his mother.

Amateur Theatricals—continued from page 60

The Utopian Operatic Society gave three performances of "Iolanthe" in April last at the Blackheath Concert Hall. The performance was successful in every way. The principal parts were played by Messrs. Hay-Plumb, Gordon Clifford, Frank Hubert, Bishop Gill, and Thomas Edgar. Also by Mrs. J. W. Palmer, and the Misses Margaret Russell, Millicent Howard, Annie Smith, Kate Forgan, and Blanche Askew. The chorus of dukes and barons and fairies was composed of Messrs. J. Murray Abraham, E. C. Curnow, H. E. Dear, F. Eliot, A. E. Eve Leigh, C. Forgan, G. Gilbert, E. S. Howland, D. C. Lewis, G. E. A. Parish, A. Quiney, C. S. Roberts, E. S. B. Russell, A. Smith, T. H. Smith, E. E. Stringer, C. Wakefield, P. J. Wellings, M. West and H. H. Wicks. Chorus of fairies: Mrs. Bromley, Mrs. Eve Leigh, Mrs. West, Mrs. Woodward, Misses E. A. Abbott, D. Douglas, W. Fosker, E. Foster, M. Foster, E. E. Grieves, F. Heron, E. Johnstone, M. Keys, M. A. Lipscomb, E. Lisle, M. McMurdie, E. Pratt, E. Quiney, G. A. Roberts, B. E. M. Simmons and L. A. Soppit. The Orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Alfred H. Skinner.

The Nondescript Players in "The Cingalee" at Stanley Hall, South Norwood.—Another addition to the long list of successful performances of this Society. Great credit is due to both orchestra and chorus, as they were excellent, and the principals acted with a good appreciation of what was expected of them. Mr. W. A. Spain, as Harry Vereker, was rather inclined at times to overdo his part, but otherwise was excellent. Mr. Molyneux Bax gave a good performance as Boobhambha, and was much appreciated, while the Sir Peter Loftus of Mr. C. Herbert Strudwick was one of the best performances of the evening. Mr. Phil Taylor in the part of Chambuddy Ram was really splendid, missing none of his opportunities, and giving no indication that he had undertaken the part at short notice. Mr. Walter K. Fletcher and Mr. F. C. Ballard successfully undertook the parts of Myangah and the Captain of the Guard. Of the ladies the best part undoubtedly was the Nanoya of Miss Olive Turner, who was quite a success, both her singing and acting being decidedly of superior quality. Miss Irene Ellam, as Lady Patricia Vereker, sang with considerable charm. The Peggy Sabine of Miss Jessie Collingwood was worthily impersonated, and Miss Angy Loftus was adequately represented by Miss Ruth Marston. The parts of Angy's governesses were well taken by Miss Dorothy Carter and Miss Ada Collingwood. The solo dances of the latter, as well as of Miss Gladys Groom, were finished performances, and won great approbation. Mr. Hugh B. Hutchins was responsible for the production, and Mr. Geo. J. Hall, F.R.C.O., for the musical direction.

A.A. Players in "Arctia." As is very often the case in plays of this description, the music was better than the book, which could have borne a great many more pointed phrases and more satire than was given it by Mr. Gervase Bailey, but it was in parts very clever. The Count Ripolin of Mr. A. W. Bentham was too restless and too strained to be convincing. It was a striking contrast to the want of force in Mr. H. M. Whitehead's Sapolio. Mr. G. B. Carvill as the Architect-in-Chief and Mrs. G. B. Carvill as the Queen, and Mr. F. Dare Clapham as the King were excellent, and the company was fortunate in their selection of Miss Winifred Davis as the Princess Hilda—she was charming. Other parts were taken by Mr. C. Wontner-Smith—rather a mild Viking Chief, but with an admirable restraint—Mr. W. O. Langbein, Mr. Alec Smithers, Miss May Farnell, and Miss D. Foster.

FAIR OF FASHIONS.—Mrs. Elinor Temple, the corset scientist, of Sloane Street, S.W., whose lectures upon "Dress" and kindred topics have roused so much interest, is again corsetting the mannikins selected to display the latest triumphs of some of the most renowned dress artists upon the stage of the "Costumes" Theatre. Mrs. Elinor Temple holds that the ideal corset is a practically boneless one—a type of corset she herself has long worn, and which will form a feature of her exhibit at the Fair of Fashions. The "fair" opens on the 23rd inst. at the new Holland Park Rink.

"Louis XI."

Revived at the Queen's Theatre on 30th April, 1910.

Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Dorothea Baird, Messrs. Tom Reynolds, Frank Lyars, Arthur Curtis, Eille Norwood, Misses Dora Barton, and Rosina Filippi.

IS it a good thing for an actor to be the son of a famous father? There are two answers to the question—"Yes" and "No"! In Mr. H. B. Irving's case, however, the emphasis must be on the "No." Whatever Mr. Irving puts on the stage, whatever character he chooses to portray, no criticism is complete without a comparison to the work of Sir Henry. There can be no doubt that in some of the great parts played by Sir Henry Irving, the rendering of the son is the finer piece of work. It is, of course, very bad form in high play-going circles to admit it, but Mr. Irving's portrayal of Louis XI. thrilled me (and it undoubtedly thrilled hundreds of others in the huge audience) as the Louis XI. of his father never did. This is the only comparison I submit. I will defend Mr. H. B. Irving against those who accuse him of unnaturally playing the part. Every student of French history knows that the character was unnatural in its love of cruelty. Louis lived for the crimes he could commit; he found pleasure in his devilment; vice was his hobby. He realised the magnitude of his wickedness. It was wilful, as evidenced in his abject fear of death and the hereafter.

All this was seen in Mr. Irving's Louis.

Miss Dorothea Baird gave a pathetic rendering of Marie, and a word of praise is due to Miss Dora Barton for her work as the Dauphin. Miss Rosina Filippi was well-suited to the rôle of the peasant woman. Altogether a fine performance.

"Orpheus." English Translation.

Produced at the Savoy Theatre on 12th April, 1910.

Miss Marie Brema, Miss Viola Tree, Miss Pearl Ladd, and others.

THE aim of Miss Marie Brema to put as much of the Greek atmosphere as possible into Gluck's classic work proved an entire success. The production was noteworthy from more points of view than one. It was a triumph for Miss Viola Tree. She gave a rendering of the beautiful music that was full of artistic grace. Miss Marie Brema's work met with a reception on the first performance that has seldom been accorded to an

artiste on the London stage. The chorus showed the effect of Miss Florence von Ettlinger's special training. The utmost care was devoted to the whole production which was undoubtedly one of the most interesting of our time.

"The Prince and the Beggar Maid," by Walter Howard.

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre on 30th April, 1910.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle, Miss Annie Saker, Messrs. Eric Mayne, Halliwell Hobbes, Fredk. Ross, Hastings Lynn, Cowley Wright, Arthur Poole, Misses Maxine Hinton, Ethel Patrick, and others.



Mr. H. B. Irving in "Louis XI."

THE huge house was packed when this romantic drama was revived on the last evening of last month. Many of the members of the original cast were seen in their old parts. A new Prince Olaf was seen in Mr. Godfrey Tearle, and a very fine, dashing one at that. The play has not been changed in story or setting. Illyria is under the iron heel of Prince Olaf of Sylvania, a callous, brutal monarch, who leaves the actual fighting to his youngest brother, Olaf, while he stays at home sneering at his deformed other brother, Michael. The two countries are at war because the Princess Monica, the "little Queen" of Illyria, refuses to marry Hildred, whom she has never seen. Touched by the sufferings of her people, however, the Princess resolves to go and see Hildred, with the object of sacrificing herself for the good of her country. Disguised as a beggar-maid we see her in the castle of Wel-

lenberg, where Hildred recognises and insults her. At this she refuses to marry him and returns under the protection of Olaf, who has fallen in love with her. Hildred's liking turns to hate and he goes to the Palace at Illyria. "Marry me!" he says. "Never," says she, "I would marry any man to-day but you." "On your oath?" asks Hildred. "Yes." "Then you shall marry hunchbacked Michael!" Sensation, agony, distress, etc. But Olaf appeals to the guard of soldiers who have been called in by Hildred to arrest him for treason, when he protests against his brother's action. If they would rather serve Hildred let them do as he desires, but if they would rather serve under him, Olaf, let them take Michael into custody. Without hesitation, the soldiers, who love him, take Michael into custody, and carry him a pri-

Drama of the Month (continued)

soner to the Red Schloss. Hildred follows and a stirring fight takes place. Michael goes back to find the Princess waiting in the cathedral, hating him, but resolved to abide by her oath. Poor Olaf is distracted. But when the wedding is about to take place Michael's better nature asserts itself, and instead of saying "I will" when the Bishop asks him if he will "take this woman to wife," he cries aloud, "I will not!" The audience shouts itself hoarse. Then there is nothing but happiness for Olaf and the Princess Monica. Two or three little love stories are introduced, all of which have some connection with the main theme.

"The Prince and the Beggar-Maid" is very stirring, excellently acted and well worth a visit.

"The Naked Truth," by George Paston and W. B. Maxwell.

Produced at Wyndham's Theatre on 14th April, 1910.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Phyllis Embury, Messrs. Arthur Playfair, Eric Lewis, Ernest Thesiger, Lyle, George Bellamy, Holliday Attlay, Lionel Williams, Misses Frances Wetherall, Maud Cressall, Nera Maitland, Clare Greet, and Gwynne Herbert.

BERNARD DARRELL—otherwise and familiarly known to his loving mother, relations and friends as "Bunny"—is a young man of the world when the play starts. By this I mean, of course, that he can and does

make himself agreeable to those he comes across and if an occasional lie would help him along still more agreeably he would not hesitate to tell it. Bunny's mamma is a woman of the world—quite harmless, but not averse to false hair and other conventional attributes. She has devoted her life, since her husband's death, to the proper upbringing of her son, and she has managed to get him engaged to a charming young lady, Norah Creighton by name. In spite of his having got himself mixed up with a certain Mrs. Hayter, Bunny casts his easy flatteries and pretty lies at the feet of Norah, who greedily accepts them. All seems to jog along smoothly until a hot-tempered uncle from India gives Bunny a magic ring that has the power of compelling its wearer to speak the whole truth at all times. Then things happen. Bunny puts on the ring. His first truthful statement is to tell the directors of a company of which he is the secretary that the

Mr. Charles Hawtrey
in
"The Naked Truth."

concern is a fraud. Mrs. Hayter threatens trouble and he lectures her upon her immoral life. He finds fault with his mother's false hair, he truthfully criticises his fiancé's appearance, and he tells his servants truthfully what he thinks about them. This terrible truth-speaking of "Bunny's" is likely to cause trouble, and things are getting into an almost hopeless mess, when Mrs. Hayter's husband, who is an Oriental scholar, reads the secret of the ring. Norah, who loves truth for its own sake—like most of us, I hope—has apparently some scruples about the matter when it is brought into her daily life, so she carefully takes the ring and drops it into a well in the garden. What happens to the well we do not hear.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey is admirably suited to the part of Bernard Darrell. His acting is so perfectly natural that he seems to live the part. Miss Phyllis Embury, too, is charming as Norah Creighton. The other parts are in good hands.

"Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" by Arthur Pinero.

Revived at the Repertory Theatre (Duke of York's) on 7th April 1910.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Messrs. Sydney Valentine, Edmund Gwenn, Gerald Lawrence, Dennis Eadie, Whitford Kane, C. C. Vernon, Lewis Casson, R. O. Riche, Dion Boucicault, Charles Maude, O. P. Heggie, E. W. Garden, Aubrey Fitzgerald, Misses Marie Saker, Hilda Trevelyan, Fay Davis, Eva Killick, Mair Vaughan, May Whitty, Nell Carter, Florence Haydon, and Mary Jerrold.

TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS' is one of those simple little plays that win success through the heart of its audience. The plot is based on an almost every-day occurrence. A young actress is engaged to the grandson of an aristocratic bully. She is invited to stay at the old aristocrat's house, and while there some of her friends from the stage arrive to spend an evening with her, her fiancé, and two other guests, after the old tyrant has gone to bed. Silence gradually gives place to violent noise and hilarity, which rouses the old man, and the party is stopped. The young actress returns to her former life, but she longs for the respectability she has enjoyed at the tyrant's house. During a visit from the latter, she manages to interest him in some relics of Edmund Kean, which remind the old sinner of past days. The upshot of the affair is that he finances the production of a play written by a penniless actor, and finally consents to his grandson's marriage with the young actress.



Miss Irene Vanbrugh in
"Trelawny of the 'Wells'"

Rose Trelawny, the actress, was played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh with as much fascinating liveliness as she put into the part some twelve years ago. The tyrant, Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower, Bart., was in the care of Mr. Dion Boucicault. That fine actor's rendering of the same part in the original production was repeated with equal success. The other characters were in capable hands.

It was a pleasure to see "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" at the Repertory Theatre. We have been accustomed to the sombre fare of "Justice" and the brain-racking, nerve-destroying dialogue of "Misalliance" too long. We wanted something lighter, something to push away the heavy clouds that seemed to gather over the little playhouse in St. Martin's Lane. Whether Mr. Frohman has found his repertory scheme a success or otherwise is, of course, his own affair. I hope he has, and he could "bet his bottom dollar" on continued success if he gave his patrons a little more of the Trelawny atmosphere.

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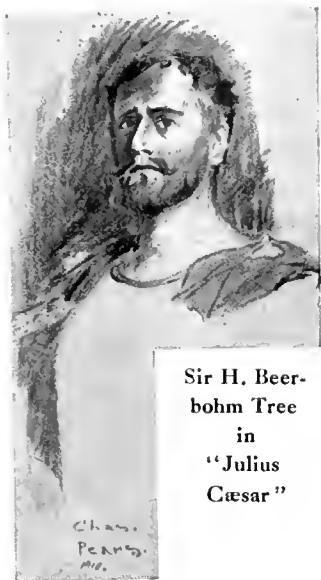
"Prunella," a Pierrot play, in three acts, by Lawrence Housman and Granville Barker, with music by Joseph Moorat, was revived at the Repertory Theatre on April 13th. The story is woven around a peculiar minded Pierrot, played by Mr. Charles Maude, who entices Prunella—Miss Dorothy Minto—an innocent young girl, to elope with him for a time. After some years Pierrot, who has lost sight of Prunella, returns to the old garden in which he first saw her. All the world is dark to him now, when she suddenly appears. He takes her in his

Drama of the Month (continued)

arms and realises that she is his own true love, and not the ghost he conjured up. It is a simple little play, and there is really not too much in it to make it particularly attractive. A feature of the performance was the excellent music.

London Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's Theatre, 28th March to 30th April, 1910.

WANT of space will not permit of a detailed description of the many interesting productions that have graced the boards of His Majesty's during the past Shakespearean Festival. To Sir Herbert Beerbohm



Sir H. Beer-
bohm Tree
in
"Julius
Cæsar"

Tree is due the thanks of the nation for his splendid efforts to keep the memory of Shakespeare green. Playgoers have had an opportunity of comparing the Hamlets of Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. H. B. Irving; the Ophelias of Miss Evelyn D'Alroy and Miss Dorothea Baird. Different renderings of these two strange characters were given by experienced actors and actresses, each so conscientious as to disarm criticism. The ingenious "business" of Sir Herbert Tree's Hamlet was as interesting as the reserve and deep subtlety of Mr. Irving's; Miss D'Alroy's honest treatment of Ophelia appealed to the

heart as much as the sweet sadness lent to the part by Miss Dorothea Baird. On April 2nd, when "Julius Cæsar" was produced, Sir Herbert Tree repeated his splendid performance as Marcus Antonius. The rendering of that character was certainly one of the finest ever given by Sir Herbert. He was grandly eloquent, strong and convincing. April 7th was conspicuous for the clever impersonation of Viola by Miss Phillida Terson, in "Twelfth Night." This young actress, who, as everybody knows, is the daughter of Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, showed considerable insight and aptitude. The hearty welcome given her by the crowded house was well deserved.

On April 13th Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Company, including Miss Dorothea Baird as Portia, presented "The Merchant of Venice." I think I like Mr. Bouchier's Shylock less than anything else I have seen him play. Shylock was not a heavy villain, but one who went cunningly, craftily, *quietly* about his villainy. Only on one or two occasions does he burst into loud passion. Mr. Bouchier's physique, too, is not fitted for the part. His make-up was clever in the extreme, but, where it is not difficult to add imaginary flesh to suit a certain character, it is quite another thing to lessen it by illusion. There were moments when Mr. Bouchier rose to great heights, but the performances were not well sustained. Miss Dorothea Baird, who played Portia to the great delight of the audience, was quite successful. An apparent nervousness in the earlier scenes entirely disappeared as the play progressed.

The other plays performed during the Festival included "Coriolanus" and "The Taming of the Shrew," by Mr. F. R. Benson and Company; "Two Gentlemen of Verona," by the Elizabethan Stage Society Company, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Poel; "Henry V.," by Mr. Lewis Waller and the Lyric Theatre Company; and

a "Special Bill," comprising acts from "Othello," "Macbeth," "The Clandestine Marriage" (in which Sir H. B. Tree, Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and Mr. Cyril Maude took part), and a recitation by Mrs. Kendal.

Yes, they have had a strenuous five weeks' season at His Majesty's during the festival, and no one has worked harder than Sir Herbert Tree. One would have thought that a week or two of rest would have been well deserved, but this man of wonderful staying power was off to the provinces, one might almost say, before the audience had left the theatre on the Saturday night!

THE VARIETY THEATRES

The Coliseum. — One of the chief attractions at the Coliseum during the month has been the great Lafayette. His turn is described as "a gigantic and sensational performance of mystery, melody, and spectacular splendour." I can only chip in here with the humble remark that he gave an excellent show. I can't go one better than the "spectacular splendour." "Cook's Man," by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terris, is a clever little musical sketch that delights the Coliseum audiences.

The Alhambra. — "Our Flag," the patriotic ballet with Mlle. Britta as *première danseuse*, is still the principal attraction at the Alhambra. Gaby Deslys, the favourite Parisienne, and her supporters, M. Edgar Chatel and M. Carvey in "Les Caprices de Suzette" are well worth seeing. Jury's Imperial bioscope pictures give interesting pictorial reproductions of the great £10,000 prize flight from London to Manchester. Many other turns combine to make the Alhambra programme a very strong one.

The Tivoli. — As usual at the Tivoli, one star follows another throughout the performance. Phil Ray, Ernest Shand, Chirgwin, the white-eyed Kaffir, and a host of others bow their acknowledgments to the applauding audience. Miss Victoria Monks, in her song, "The Judgment Day," is causing something of a sensation. Wilkie Bard is still waiting patiently for Kate, but, to do him justice, I wish Kate would turn up and let him give us a new song or two. A clever little farcical comedy sketch by Sir A. W. Pinero, entitled "Hester's Mystery," is worth seeing.

The Pavilion. — On the next page will be found the reproduction of a photograph of Mr. Bert Coote, who aroused so much enthusiasm by his impersonation of Framingham in "A Lamb on Wall Street." This little sketch is a gem and Mr. Bert Coote's acting is remarkably good. He lends the character plenty of innocent fun, with a touch of the dramatic thrown in. Those weird people, the Gothams, are singing their inimitable quartettes and glees, and among the other well-known turns must be mentioned James Fawn, Madge Temple and Charles Coborn as providing merriment and entertainment.



Mr. George Robey



Photo

Hall's Studio

MR. BERT COOTE

as Harold Tapsley Framingham, in his successful sketch, "A LAMB ON WALL STREET"



AMATEUR THEATRICALS



By CLILVERD YOUNG

The London O. and D.S. in "Leap Year" and "School" at the Cripplegate. A capital show, extremely well stage-managed. Miss May Haysack lent a sweet and dainty personality to the part of Bella.



Mr. Theo Ager as Beau Farintosh

Miss Rhoda Whitley spoiled a really excellent performance of "Nummy" by affecting a childish voice and manner, which suggested a girl of ten in an old-fashioned Board school rather than a well-developed young woman of eighteen who has had the benefit of a "young ladies' seminary" education. The school-girls generally were played naturally. The lovers Lord Beaufoy and Jack Poyntz were not too well played by Messrs. John Porter and Vernon Leftwich. Mr. Fred Gill was moderately successful as Krux, but missed some of the "oiliness" of this contemptible person. Mr. Theo Ager was rather indistinct as Beau Farintosh in the opening scenes, but played with fine effect in the last act. Mr. Frank W. Harris gave one of the best readings in the cast as Dr. Sutcliffe, Miss A. Barnes ably seconding him as Mrs. Sutcliffe. "Leap Year" was adequately played by Mr. Cuthbert Sledmere and Miss Esmé Proudfoot.

Ingoldsby Club in the "Peacemaker" and "Mr. Hopkinson." An exceptionally well mounted and artistic performance. Mr. Lock Darby gave an excellent rendering of the Duke of Braceborough, equalled by the Earl of Addleton of Mr. J. A. C. Harrison. Mr. Gerald Saffery was quite the man about town as the Hon. Otho Dursingham. Mr. S. O. Sanderson, too, was well cast as Lord Gawthorpe. The Ingoldsby D.C. is to be congratulated on the success achieved in these by no means easy parts for amateur players. Mr. Frow scored with every line as "Mr. Hopkinson." Miss Cecily Dale opened weakly, and was indifferently made up in the first act. Her elocution afterwards was capital. Miss Grace Darby was one of the best Thyra Egglesbys we have seen; Miss Coombs made the most of her chances as Eliza Dibb. In "The Peacemaker" Mr. F. C. Walshe was rather stiff as Dr. Burton. Miss Ethel Dickens appeared ill at ease as Elizabeth Lavender, and was at times inaudible. Miss Lymbery was charming as Joyce, her husband being played a little brusquely by Mr. McKay. Miss Alice Forbes was an excellent Parsons.

Old Strandians' D.C. in "Dr. Wake's Patient" at the Cripplegate. A capable performance of this popular play. For sound well-sustained acting we must give first place to the sturdy yeoman, Andrew Wake, as played by Mr. Phil Dhonau, and his motherly wife as played by Miss Betty Adams. It is easy to make these characters grotesque and unconvincing, and these two players are to be complimented on their unstrained, but effective work. Mr. Fred P. Davis was quite good as Dr. Wake, displaying the sturdy independence which lies beneath the polish of his education and calling, and which alone makes the character reasonable. Miss Maud Robertson played Lady Gerania charmingly, but without great insight. Miss Marie Goldie had hardly the physique for the part of the haughty Countess, and her "haw haw" style of speech was a trifle tedious. Miss Marion

Chilley made a pleasant Harriet Bronson. The character parts were exceptionally good, notably Mr. and Mrs. Murdock, played by Mr. C. S. Averill and Miss Ethel Bolus; Janifer, by Miss M. Willcocks; the Rev. J. Brown, by Mr. E. Twentyman; and the Bishop, by Mr. S. T. Ellacott. Messrs. Shanly and Dwyer were good as the Earl and Duff Wynterden.

Briton Musical and Debating Society in "Barry Doyle's Rest Cure." It was a kindly thought which prompted the use of, and reference to, "The Playgoer and Society" at this performance. We bow our acknowledgments. The acting, on the whole, was good, though it was obvious that one or two members of the cast were more experienced than their fellows. Mr. Arthur O. Keen as Barry Doyle and Mr. W. J. Jaquiss as Jack Harverson made a breezy pair, who carried the audience along with them whether they would or not. Perhaps the best work was done by Mr. E. L. Baker as Cotter, for this part proved a gem in his hands. Mr. H. J. Edmonds was also good as Angus, Mr. W. S. Balchin making an effective Lord Strathesk. The trio of ladies were admirably cast, Miss Gertrude Cooper making a hit as Lady Strathesk, Miss Marie Boyd giving a sincere Lady Jean, and Miss Gertrude Churchill providing a finished sketch of Lady Hazel. Mr. Arthur O. Keen was responsible for the stage management.

Players A.D.C. in "A Snug Little Kingdom" at the Cripplegate. This performance conveyed the idea that the "Players" would do well in a stronger, more dramatic, play. The best parts were the character studies, Ben Kershaw, of Kershaw Sauce fame, played excellently by Mr. J. W. Middlemas, and Mrs. Blower and Amelia, played on conventional lines by Misses Dorothy Baker and Phyllis Jacobs. Bernard and Hubert Gray were adequately played by Messrs. W. H. Parry and Herbert Langley. Miss Dorothy Sturgess played prettily as Dolly, and Mrs. W. D. Biddle was responsible for the small part of Sister Hope. "The Peacemaker," which formed the front piece, was well played by Misses V. Garrard, V. Michael, and K. White, and Messrs. L. Garrard and G. F. Pulman.

The Methil A.D.S. in "Les Cloches de Corneville." A most successful short run of this rather ambitious opera was given by this Society. Mr. R. J. Asbury, who is the founder and manager of the club, undertook the part of Gaspard and gave a realistic and fine performance. Serpolette was admirably played by Miss M. Shand; Germaine was played by Miss Brown, who sang delightfully. Mr. James Anderson was well cast as the Marquis, Mr. John Ovenstone also appearing to advantage as Grenicheux. The Bailie and his shadow were humorously portrayed by Mr. W. T. Dawson and Mr. Archie Dryburgh. We are glad to hear that this Northern club welcomes THE PLAYGOER as a link with their Southern fellow artistes.



Mr. R. J. Asbury as Gaspard

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

The **Old Askean Club** is to be heartily congratulated upon the success of their production of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The piece was capitally played from start to finish, all the characters being extremely well sustained. We must, however, specially mention Mr. W. R. Bingham, whose portrayal of the young Englishman and Rudolf the Fifth was splendid. As the King he was grandly "Royal," and might have been to "the manner born." Miss Marion Morell cannot be too highly praised for her interpretation of Antoinette. The Princess Flavia was delightfully played by Miss Mina Taylor, and of the less important parts—which were all creditably dealt with—the Mayor of Mr. J. H. Forbes was quite conspicuous. Last, but not least, the arduous character of Colonel Sapt was most ably performed by Mr. E. H. Robinson. The whole production reflects great credit on Mr. Arthur H. Phillips, and is another triumph to be placed to his account.

The Southend Operatic Society. When an operatic society has sufficient confidence in itself to lease a theatre of the capacity of the Empire for a whole week and, what is more to the point, to fill it at each performance, it should not be wanting in support. The Southend Operatic Society did this in April, and the society is certainly to be congratulated upon its excellent performance of "Veronique." Many a London production is staged less sumptuously and acted with less intelligence. We cannot speak too highly of the work of Miss Gertrude Ponton as Hélène. She combined a naturally pretty voice with bright, vivacious acting, and her duet with Florestan (Mr. Reginald Sharland) in the swing scene made as pretty a picture as one could wish to see on the stage. Mr. Sharland thoroughly deserved the fine reception given him by the enthusiastic audience. Miss Jean Taylor as the Countess De Champ Azur displayed exceptional talent as an actress, and this, combined with a charming voice, made her performance extremely interesting. In her, Southend has gained



Miss Annie Hine. Miss Jean Taylor. Mrs. Gerald Wray
Mr. T. J. Cook. Mr. Reg. Sharland Mr. Fred Whisstock
and
Miss Gertrude Ponton

what London has lost. As Madame Coquenard, Mrs. Gerald Wray was well suited. There is a distinctiveness about her work that is charming. Mr. T. J. Cook as Mons. Coquenard lacked restraint. It was on the whole an amusing performance, but twentieth century gags are out of place in "Veronique." The other principal characters were ably played by Misses Ethel Jones, Annie Hine, Lily Jarvis, Ruby Jarvis, Maude Gordon, Josephine Franklin, Nellie Heath, Florrie Heath, Ada Davis, Mrs. Violet Rowe, Messrs. Whisstock Fred J. Klein, Bertram F. Belcham, Bert Jennings, Jack Brewer, Arthur Pipe, and R. McColla. The well-trained chorus of soldiers, guests, etc., was formed by Mesdames McAndrew, Rowe and M. Widdowson; Misses Bulmer, A. Davis,

G. Franklin, J. Franklin, M. Gordon, I. Hicks Gowar, D. Haines F. Heath, N. Heath, L. Hine, L. Howard, L. Jarvis, R. Jarvis, D. Matthias, Taylor; Messrs. J. Brewer, L. Fraser, C. Lumb, W. Madren, R. McColla, A. Pipe, G. Smerdon, F. Twallin, J. Wadden, M. Widdowson. The Orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Bonnett.

The Wayfarers in "A Snug Little Kingdom," at the Rehearsal Theatre. The little kingdom this young club set out to exploit for us was up a very long flight of stairs, but possessed considerable attraction in this snuggest of all snug theatres. Mr. C. L. Milligan gave a natural reading of Bernard Gray, missing none of the not very generous points of the part. Mr. Geoffrey R. Dupree rather overplayed Hubert Gray. Mr. W. H. Saunders was excellent in the popular part of Ben Kershaw, Miss Ada Besford and Miss Dorothy Sharwood causing much amusement as Mrs. Blower and Amelia. Sister Hope appeared stiff and self-conscious as portrayed by Miss Louise Scott. Miss Ethel Larnier has made great strides in her art, but her work still lacks life and sincere appeal. Her impersonation of Dolly was pretty.

One and All D.S. in "Jane" at the Royal Albert Hall Theatre. The play was produced by Mr. Harry Nicholls, of Drury Lane fame. Mr. Charles Butterfant, as Charley Shackleton, gave a most pleasing rendering of the part originally played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. Miss Dorothy Falck as Jane well deserved the applause her charming acting won from a critical audience. Few professionals, probably, would have given a more delightful rendering of William than that of Mr. Leslie Henson. Mr. James Perry gave an excellent representation of Mr. Kershaw, whilst Miss Amey Abercrombie's Mrs. Chadwick was beyond praise. Miss Mabel Roberts as Lucy, Miss Florence Clark as Mrs. Pixton, Mr. James Abercrombie as Mr. Pixton, and Mr. Guy Griffinhoof as Claude were all equally good in their respective parts. Great credit is due to Mr. Harry Nicholls for his excellent coaching, and also to Mr. H. Victor Barrett as stage manager.

"The Deal Boatman," produced by the St. Andrew's Amateur Dramatic Society, Leytonstone, was purely made a success by the untiring energy and perfect acting of Mr. Albert H. Lupton as Jacob Vance, the Deal boatman. Mr. F. E. Linley, as George Prescott, made an excellent villain. Miss Marjorie Brown as Mary Vance was a little too harsh in a tender rôle. Mr. Colin Harrison was good in the unthankful part of Mat Bramber. Mr. Dudley Pryke made a very poor hero, besides on one or two occasions forgetting the words of his part. Mrs. Garrard made a homely Mrs. Bridgitt, and Mr. H. Maughfling was good as Sir John Haughton, but he too forgot his words on several occasions. The play was preceded by that dramatic playlet "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler," in which Mr. Harold Dwyer as Hirst, and Mr. Colin Harrison as George the waiter, especially distinguished themselves.

The Golder's Green Vagabonds in "His Excellency the Governor" at the Hampstead Conservatoire. A very creditable performance, on the whole, marred only by an occasional stumbling over "lines," and the lack of that smartness and snap which one expects in military surroundings. Mr. W. Sydnie Dakers admirably acted the part of His Excellency, while Mr. C. C. Carter was natural and quite at home as the Rt. Hon. Henry Carlton, M.P. Arthur Stanley creditably filled the part of Captain Carew. Dr. Ulysses Williams gave the best and most amusing performances in the cast as Baverstock. The butler of Mr. J. Malcolm Lickfold was a good little character study. Dr. John West and C. J. Raymond as Captain Rivers and Major Kildare were hardly convincing. Miss Dora Burne gave a sweet representation as Ethel, and the proposals that fell to her share seemed a natural tribute to her grace and charm. The Stella of Miss E. Goldsmith shone brilliantly, and Mrs. C. C. Carter successfully portrayed the character of Mrs. Wentworth Bolingbroke. The performance was preceded by "The Man in the Street," in which Mr. G. H. Cook, who also stage managed, gave a very fine piece of character acting as Jabez Gover. Mr. J. Malcolm Lickfold and Miss N. Addison took the parts of Philip and Minnie Adare.

Hesperian D.C. in "Tom Cobb" at the Court Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Minnion as the impecunious Colonel and his daughter Matilda were new to the cast, whose work we criticised a few numbers back, and were a distinct acquisition. Messrs. J. T. F. Mason and Mr. Harry Vine made the most of

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

the not very generous chances allowed them in the parts of Tom Cobb and Whipple. The play appeared out of date and not very convincing at this performance.

The Finchley A.D.S. in "Dr. Wake's Patient" at Woodside Hall. The piece was exceptionally well cast and staged, the scene in Act III. being specially good. Mrs. Russell James was excellent as Lady Gerania, vivacious, natural, and sympathetic. Hers was one of the best amateur readings of the part we have seen. Mrs. John Dore made a character-



The Finchley A.D.S. in "Dr. Wake's Patient"

istic Countess, Miss Dora Burnage playing Harriet Bronson in just the right key. Miss A. M. Odgers did well as Mrs. Wake, and Miss Theresa Slocombe caused roars of laughter as the persistent Mrs. Murdock. Mr. Harold Sutton was quite good all through as Dr. Wake, but specially so in the love scenes. Mr. Frank Orr was well made up as the Earl of St. Olbyn, but his acting generally was stiff and forced. Mr. R. P. Jenkins made "the hit" of the evening as Duff Wynterden. Mr. H. R. Stirling and Mr. Sydney W. Coomber were responsible for the Bishop and Andrew Wake, both good impersonations.

The Idlers D.C. in "Captain Drew on Leave." Richmond and its vicinity may be congratulated on the amount of talent it possesses, for we seldom attend an indifferent show at the Castle Theatre. The slight weaknesses which were evident in this performance were due to indifferent make-up and lack of spirit. Individually the work was good. Mr. Arthur B. Pridie, as Captain Drew, and Mr. Arnold W. Phillips, as his friend White, hardly looked as if they had lived long enough to enjoy all the "good times" to which they referred, but gave a good account of themselves on the whole. Mr. Cecil H. Phillips was excellent as Hassall, especially in Act III., as also was Mr. W. L. Spofforth in the less effective part of Mr. Moxon. Miss Lily Bartlett gave a charming study of Mrs. Moxon, Miss Rosa M. Kelly a capital Miss Mills, and Miss Gray Dora Rudler, as the Maid, completing the cast. The play was produced by Mr. Denys Ewart Phipps.

Alexander D.C. in "You Never Can Tell." The effect of this performance was rather nullified by slight over-acting. Mr. T. H. Spencer was excellent as Fergus Crampton, especially in Act II. Mr. Edgar Clarke was good as the Waiter, but did not fit the part as well as some amateur players we have seen; nor was Mr. Frank Save too successful in the difficult part of Valentine. Philip and Dolly were naturally and convincingly played by Mr. Guy Galpine and Miss Maude Delitsch. Miss Phoebe Holness opened weakly as Mrs. Clandon, and was at times inaudible. Gloria Clandon in the hands of Miss Rose Grant was even more impossible than the author designed. Messrs. Frank Save and Henry Thornton were responsible for the production.

The Illyrian D.S. in the "Admirable Crichton." The undoubted success of this production was partly due to the very excellent new sets designed and painted by Mr. George A. Toplis for Acts II. and III., and to the capable stage management of Mr. T. Ireby Cape. The work of the cast individually was uneven. Mr. Leigh James was excellent as Mr. Crichton, Miss Monica Thorne as Lady Mary, Miss Myrtle Wilkins as the Tweeny, and Miss Maud Drew as the Countess scored chief honours on the ladies' side. Lady Catherine and Lady Agatha, as played by Misses Ethel Larner and Edith Miers, were more effective on the Island than in Mayfair. Lord Brocklehurst was well represented by Mr. Charles Davidson, Messrs. Montague Heasman, Phillip Swinnerton, and W. Macqueen Pope capably playing the Earl of Loam, Hon. Ernest Woolley, and the Rev. John Treherne. The "At Home" in the first act would have

been more successful on a larger stage, but was extremely well managed as far as it went.

The Baltic A.O. and D.S. in a four night run of "The Rose of Persia" at the Court Theatre. An admirably staged performance, of which the sympathetic orchestral and chorus work was not the least attractive feature. Both Mr. Claude Selfe, who was responsible for the stage direction, and Mr. Arthur Cowen, who conducted, are to be congratulated upon the result of their excellent work. Mr. Philip Runciman was in good voice, and gave point to the part of Yussuf. Mr. Leonard Willson was one of the best Hassans we have seen. Mr. Henry Brewer was excellent as the Soldier. Miss Fannie Wood was a charming "Rose in Bloom," her favourite slaves being well represented by Misses Daphne Hogben, May Farnell, and Mrs. Dick Dillon. Miss Mabel Clark danced daintily as "Dancing Sunbeam." Miss Bertha Morton must also be commended for her "Blush-of-Morning."

The Comedy Club in "The Idler" at Streatham. A performance consistent with, if it did not surpass, the record of the work of this club. Mark Cross was finely played by David Davies. George A. Baker proved a capital Simson Strong, alert and confident. George Leonard was well made up, and scored every point as General Merryweather, as also did Herbert Bird as Sir John Harding. Miss Adele Müller was equal to the exacting demands made upon her in the part of Lady Harding without being melodramatic. Mrs. W. E. George was a sympathetic Mrs. Cross. Mrs. C. Seaward Thompson gave an excellent sketch of Mrs. Glynn Stanmore and Miss Florence Louise was charming as the precocious Kate Merryweather. Mr. Ernest W. Peall was responsible for the stage direction.

Sanderstead D.C. in "The Brace of Partridges" at Croydon Hall. This production, although well rehearsed and staged, was not altogether convincing. It lacked just that "go" which carries an audience along with it, and makes the most impossible situation momentarily possible. It, however, emphasises the fact that great improvement is being shown in the work of amateurs in character parts, for Mr. G. J. Heath, as Stubbs, and Mr. F. Bloxam, as Spiffins, were the landlord and waiter of a country inn to the life. "The Brace of Partridges" seemed a little beyond the range of Mr. Lewis Sandy, jun. Good and convincing work was done by Miss Ethel Briscoe, as Evangeline the heiress.

"Mice and Men" at Queen's Gate Hall in aid of Princess Frederica's Working Ladies' Guild, was cleverly presented. We are glad to learn that the Guild is likely to benefit con-



Miss M. Shaw, Miss V. A. Butler and Miss M. E. Butler in "Mice and Men"

siderably by the performance. Mr. C. E. Butler gave a quiet but effective reading of the part of Mark Embury. Mr. A. F. Duchesne showed the experienced actor by his capable performance of Roger Goodlake, which helped in no slight degree to create the requisite atmosphere of the period. Mr. R. E. Healey was good as Captain George Lovell. Excellent work was done by Miss V. A. Butler as Peggy, the foundling who is adopted by Mark Embury; Miss M. E. Butler also scoring as Joanna Goodlake. Smaller parts were played by Messrs. L. & H. Arding, and R. D. Denniston, Miss A. Wepdell, and Mrs. A. E. Duchesne.

Amateur Theatricals (continued,

The Erratic Dramatic Society in the production of an old English comedy in four acts "In the Days of the Commonwealth," and a one-act play entitled "Peggy," by Miss Dorothy R. and Miss Nancy R. Dodd respectively. Whilst it is impossible to say that the longer piece was a great success, it showed sufficient merit of construction and sense of the dramatic to warrant our encouraging this lady to try again. There are too many acts and scenes for the brisk development of the somewhat lightly-woven plot, but the characters, on the whole, were well drawn and well played. The authoress herself was responsible for the young Royalist lady who takes such an active part in the play, and she gave an altogether charming impersonation. Bessie and Marjorie were capably played by Miss Muriel Russell Dodd and Miss Nancy R. Dodd. The strongest and most restrained study was given by Mr. Geoffrey M. Hooper as Sir Jocelyn Newman. Mr. A. de Laniger Master spoilt his Baron Ingram by over-emphasis in his scenes of passion. The Baroness was played with quiet effect by Miss Winifred Heinig. Mr. V. Gerard Smith as Phillip, the half-witted son, gave a good account of himself. Miss Audrey Master contributed to several of the best scenes in the play as Oliver, the page. "Peggy" was neatly written, rather thin in plot, very short, and only moderately well played.

The Georgians in "Dr. Wake's Patient" at the Imperial Hall, East Dulwich. A well-rehearsed, well-staged, and well-attended performance. Mr. Alec Adams was excellent as Duff Wynterden, Mr. Leonard Forbes and Mr. Harold Penistan

as he might have been as Simon Slinks. Of the ladies, Miss Cowley scored chief honours as Thekla, her voice lending charm to the character. Mrs. Harry Sharps gave a neat study of Miss Hook, and received well deserved encores, as also did Mrs. F. W. Hodges as Mina. Mrs. H. A. P. Hatton gave a characteristic impersonation of the Old Market Woman, Gretchen, Clara and Freda Voos being quite well played by Misses Dorothy Hurdall and F. Eldridge and Mrs. Osman Giddy. Mr. Robert Bottomley was responsible for the stage management, and Mr. Harold N. Trouncer for the musical direction.

The Paignton A.O.S.—Paignton has always claimed the proud distinction of having introduced Gilbert and Sullivan into the West, and for a town of its size its Amateur Operatic Society has certainly done wonders in the past. So much the more inexplicable seems the Society's recent lapse from its labours. However, with the revival of "Iolanthe" amends were made in no half-hearted fashion, for a really good production met with such success that an encore had to be vouchsafed in the shape of an extra performance at popular prices. Space prevents us from saying more than that Miss Dorothy Rossiter, Mrs. Harold Palk, and Miss Madge Handford pleased everybody in their respective parts of Phyllis, the Fairy Queen, and Iolanthe; and that Messrs. C. Bromham, Percy Handford, H. Palk, Harold Higgs, and R. Waycott, as the Lord Chancellor, Strephon, Private Willis, Earl Tolloller, and Earl Mountarat, worthily emulated the example set them by the ladies.



[Photo]

Paignton Amateur Operatic Society in "Iolanthe"

[H. S. P. Coster.

playing the Earl of St. Olbyn and the Bishop of Selby in quite good style. The Dr. Forrester Wake of Mr. William Wood was not the best amateur performance we have seen of this part, although it was intelligent and pleasing. Mr. George Emmens was excellent as Andrew Wake, the Farmer. Mrs. Wake, proving one of the best character studies of the piece, was well played by Miss Clarice Harwar. Miss Grace Emmens as Lady Gerania was better in her lighter passages than in the emotional scenes, but her performance on the whole was charming. Miss Winnie Oughton gave the Countess just the right touch of aristocratic intolerance without overdoing it. The introduction of Pierrots at Seton Barr was certainly an innovation, which gave the audience great pleasure. The play was produced by Mr. Frank Stanley.

The Bancroft D.C. in "A Country Mouse" and "That Brute Simmons." A performance well up to the record of this club. A polished duke, a foppish Lord Robert, and an aristocratic Honourable Archibald were supplied by Messrs. Arthur Rowney, A. Brownrigg Fyers, and Herbert Bird. Miss Edith West and Mrs. Hancock-Nunn were excellent as Lady Sylvia and Violet Aynsley. Two excellent comedy studies were provided by Mrs. Chamberlin as Mrs. Cropper, and Miss Kate Reid-Neill as Angela Muir. Of the smaller parts, each well played, the Jephcot of Mr. Ernest W. Peall deserves special mention. "That Brute Simmons" was admirably played by Messrs. Alec Shorey and Lionel Hanney and Mrs. Chamberlin.

The Genesta A.D.C. in "Miss Hook of Holland." In this production the principals are more to be commended than the chorus and stage grouping. The dancing was not very good, but the music throughout was attacked with spirit and precision. Mr. H. A. P. Hatten was excellent as Mr. Hook, Messrs. R. B. Powell, A. D. E. Craig, and David L. Hatten made a fantastic military trio. Mr. H. R. Hewison was not as funny

Norwich Union Fire Insurance D.S. in "Jedbury Junior."

The production was an histrionic success, the play being well staged and acted throughout, the scenery in the second act calling for special mention; the title rôle was in the hands of Mr. Stafford S. Cox, who gave a very natural performance. Mr. H. Guy Bowles as Jedbury Senior had a most cordial reception, his easy self-possession displaying the value of long experience. The part of Mr. Glibb was well interpreted by Mr. Geoffrey Hart. Mr. H. J. Sawford Dye gave a fine account of Mr. Simpson. From Mr. R. H. D. Lee came an easy rendering of Tom Bellaby, and Mr. E. S. Bertram Steward gave a delightful study of Major Hedway, Mr. Ernest Felce and Mr. Walter Thouless ably accounted for Job and Whimper respectively. Mrs. William Waters, a well-known local elocutionist, contributed an excellent representation of Dora. Miss Jessie was an ideal Nellie, Miss May Bishop as Mrs. Glibb, and Miss Lillian Cox as Mrs. Jedbury are to be commended. Messrs. W. H. Loades, Sydney H. Causton, and Walter Gemmer were responsible for the stage direction, the acting management, and musical arrangements respectively.

The Standard A.O. Co. in "Faust." Mr. John Ridding is to be congratulated on the excellent show given by his pupils. Mr. George F. Whyte was excellent as Faust, Miss Helene Histed seconding him with power and charm in every scene. The lesser parts were capably played by Misses Enid Wilkinson and Maude Stanhope, and Messrs. Reginald Barnes and William Wingrove. Mr. John Ridding's performance of Mephistopheles was subtle and convincing.

The Merrymaker's Club in "Lights Out" and "Caste" at the Cripplegate. The weakness of this performance of "Caste" lay as it usually does in the second act, for it seldom happens that the military garments necessary to the scene become or fit the wearers. The excellence, however, of Acts I. and III. in the little house in Stangate quite made up

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

for any weakness in Act II. Mr. George H. Cook made an excellent Eccles, his voice, however, was rather resonant for so dissipated an old person. The Sam Gerridge of Mr. W. Singer was good, and except for the slight weakness in Act II. Mr. J. McCarthy and Mr. J. F. Falkner gave fine performances of the Hon. George and Captain Hawtree. Miss Nora McDonnell would do well to use restraint in her performance of Polly Eccles. We liked her in this part better a few months ago. Miss Ella Cook gave a fine reading of Esther. Miss Cecily Dale was good as the Marquise de St. Maur. "Lights Out" did not appear very convincing, the best work was done by Dr. Ulysses Williams and Mr. Fortesque.

The City Life O. and D.S. in "Dorothy." The chorus work was particularly good, the support accorded by the orchestra being excellent. Mr. Cuthbert E. Nunn is to be congratulated upon his musical direction. A feature of the performance was the good elocution of the principals, both in speaking and singing. Miss Elsie Lisle and Miss Dotie Davis were charming as Dorothy and Lydia, their singing giving the greatest pleasure. Miss Lily Grieve was weak as Phyllis. Mr. Jack Stewart acted better than he sang as Geoffrey Wilder. Mr. Frederick G. Lloyd was excellent both vocally and histrionically as Harry Sherwood. Squire Bantam had a robust and natural interpreter in Mr. Fred Slater. Mr. Albert C. Farrant opened well as Lurcher, but played the part too much in the low comedy vein towards the end of the play. The minor parts were played with varying success. Mr. Arthur C. Chapman was responsible for the excellent stage management.

The London County Council D.C. in "My Friend the Prince." In this excellent performance the laurels go to the gentlemen, for their work was on a higher plane than that of the ladies generally, though all the cast were word perfect. Mr. George Smails was the retired market gardener to the life. Mr. Walter Leeming gave a remarkably clever sketch of a young man suffering from the results of a night's dissipation. Pansy and Poppy were played with girlish charm by Miss Marnie Kirby and Miss Marie Boyd. The best work on the ladies' side was done by Miss Ethel Teale as Gilberte Picard, although she was not perhaps quite physically suited to the part. Prince Maurice was a courtly gentleman in the hands of Mr. Frank B. Green. Miss Ellen Rice gave a clever and finished sketch of Princess Brunchilde. Mr. Arthur O'Keen played the courtier to perfection, in addition to stage managing the production. Mr. Percy Merriman kept the audience in roars of laughter as Ambrose Pinning; a really good piece of work. Messrs. S. Powell and Harry Barnes and Miss Gwladys Burkett capably completed the cast.

The Muswell Hill D.S. in "Les Cloches de Corneville," at the Athenaeum, Muswell Hill. The performance was praiseworthy all round. The play was well staged, the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Leonard Day, everything that could be desired, the chorus good, and the principals thoroughly at home in their respective parts. Mr. Herbert Whitnee played rôle his as the Marquis de Corneville with easy confidence. He has a strong powerful voice which he used with effect, especially in the love scenes and his duet with Germaine. Mr. E. H. Roberts, who took the part of Grenicheux, has a very fine tenor voice, and was splendid throughout. Mr. J. Ernest Bradfield, as Gaspard, the Miser, gave one of the best performances of the evening, being especially good in the second act, and enthusiastically encored. Mr. John Guppy as the Bailie and Mr. H. J. Turquand as Gobo (the Bailie's shadow) were both excellent, causing much merriment. Mr. H. J. Turquand gave a solo dance in the last act which was much appreciated by the audience, who clamoured for an encore. Miss F. Brinsmead as Serpolette acted throughout with a natural abandon and vivacity, whilst Miss Kathleen M. Day, who is possessed of a remarkably clear sweet voice, was happily placed as Germaine.

The Brentwood O. S. in "Ruddigore" at the Drill Hall, Brentwood. We were well repaid for a rather long journey by the excellent performance we had the pleasure of witnessing. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was undertaken with vigour by well-trained musicians. The whole had been capably stage managed, the grouping being extremely good. Mr. Herbert Stursberg was stronger vocally than histrionically as Robin Oakapple. Mr. Guy Withers was a little wavering in pitch as Richard Dauntless, but the humour

of the character was well brought out. Mr. Rippengal was excellent as the Wicked Baronet. Miss Barwell Holbrook used a beautiful voice in the character of Rose Maybud, lending that village maiden a charm almost too polished to be natural. Miss Ethel Elsey contributed one of the best character studies of the piece as Mad Margaret. Dame Hannah and the principal bridesmaids were played by Miss Amy Alderman, Mrs. E. Harris, and Mrs. Percy Scott. Mr. Ernest S. White was responsible for the very capable musical direction.

The Mascots in "A Country Girl" at the Court Theatre. Decidedly one of the best productions of musical comedy seen on the amateur stage. The grouping and dances were particularly good, the music, both instrumentally and vocally, quite above reproach. The general ensemble was equal in effect to much seen on the smaller professional stage. Individually the work was equally well done. The Barry of Mr. Sydney D. Ewart was an excellent performance. Miss Dorothy Sturgess lent Madame Sophie a charming vivacity which won all hearts. Miss Nanno Parry gave a dainty reading of Nan. Miss Kay M. Blake impersonated Marjorie with true charm. The acting of Miss Constance Derham was a little stiff, but her voice everything that could be desired. Mr. R. C. Good was good right through as Geoffrey Challoner. The lesser parts were each and all undertaken with complete confidence, the whole reflecting the greatest credit upon the producer, Mr. Frank Morrison. Mr. Robert S. Ker was responsible for the musical direction.

The Vaudeville Club in "Sweet and Twenty" at the King's Hall Theatre. A popular and most artistic revival of this charming domestic comedy. One might almost call it an "all star" cast, for each member was a practised actor, and fitted his or her part like a glove. The chief honours perhaps went to Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings as Eustace. Mr. Harry Peach was an excellent Douglas. Mr. C. H. E. Rea gave a good clerical sketch as the Rev. James Floyd. Mr. Henry A. King brought the house about his ears, as well as the glass roof of the conservatory, as Prynn the odd man. Mr. Hubert Chater distinguished himself in the small part of Trehearne the blacksmith, and Master Robert Wilson played excellently as the youthful Cris. Miss Alice King was sweetness and daintiness personified as Joan Trevelyan. Mrs. Herbert Ford's visit was short, if trenchant, as Mrs. Trevelyan, while Miss Ellie Chester gave a womanly and sympathetic reading of Ellen. It was the club's 194th dramatic performance.

The Twelfth Night Players in "Saturday to Monday," and the production of a one-act play, "The River of Light," by Neilson Morris. It cannot be said that a very festive week-end spirit pervaded the performance of the comedy, though the actors struggled loyally with some mishap that occurred behind the scenes, and which accounted for the long delay between acts, not that long waits are by any means the exception to the rule at the King's Hall. The star part of Lord Culvert was capably handled by Mr. Lionel Cornish, who worked tremendously hard. Mr. Edwin Feis gave one of his best humorous sketches as Mr. Pidding. Mr. José M. de Mancha seemed afraid to let himself go as Probyn Dyke. Mr. Charles Wood was entirely successful as the Rev. Lemuel Toop. Miss Adriennette Clarke was the worried Mrs. Wendover to the life, her work in this character being most natural. Mrs. Ernest Renton was good, as usual, as Lady Diana Porchester, and Miss Mabel Christopherson made a dainty Angela. Miss Madge Courtenay and Miss Kathleen White gave excellent character studies as Miss Skeat and Thompson respectively. "The River of Light" is a one-act play of strong dramatic interest. It appeared slightly snappy as it was played, and the climax rather too abrupt for a curtain raiser. It should do excellently on the "halls."

We are asked to state that all the performers in the Old Tenisonian D.S. production of "The Stronger Sex" were bona fide members of that club, and not drawn for the occasion from the Edward Terry D.C., as we were informed.

Several reports are unavoidably held over.



APOLLO THEATRE



THE ISLANDER

A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS, BY MAJOR MARSHALL.
MUSIC BY PHILIP MICHAEL FARADAY

Captain Alderson Jarrett	Mr. SAM WALSH
Lieut. the Hon. D'Arcy Langton, D.S.O.	Mr. FRED ALLANDALE
Lieut. Reginald Hume	Mr. LAURENCE LEGGE
Midshipman Jackson Mauleverer	Master BOBBIE ANDREWS
Capt. Grant, R.M.L.I.	Mr. WILFRED SEAGRAM
Lieut. Maxwell	Mr. PERCY CLARIDGE
Lieut. Bailey	Mr. OTTO ALEXANDER
Lieut. Fergusson	Mr. MONTAGUE SYRETT
Sir William Pickerton, K.C.I.E.	Mr. LAURENCE CAIRD
Mirza Makh Ali Khan (<i>Pasha</i>)	Mr. NEIL KENYON
Hakim Sirdar (<i>High Treasurer and Commander-in-Chief</i>)	Mr. REGINALD LAWRENCE
Mahmoud (<i>Page to the Princess Haidee</i>)	Master P. HERON
Boatswain	Mr. CARYLL STORRS
Quartermaster	Mr. MURRI MONCRIEFF
Steward	Mr. WILLIAM GUILBERT
Kubardar (<i>the Spy</i>)	Mr. HARRY DANBY
Lady Birkenhead (<i>a Globe Trotter</i>)	Miss ETHEL MORRISON
Wilhelmina	} (<i>her Daughters</i>)	...	Miss MARY DIBLEY
Georgina	Miss ELAINE INESCORT
Kitty McIan (<i>an Orphan</i>)	Miss ELSIE SPAIN
The Hon. Gwendoline Cholmondeley	Miss STEPHANIE STEPHENS
The Princess Haidee	Miss MABEL BURNEGE
Sister Katherine	Miss LESLEY EVERELL
Zeeba	Miss EDRIS COOMBS

Ladies of the Court : Miss Isabel Lidster, Miss Vivian Carter, Miss Dahlia Gordon,
Miss Rita Otway, Miss Lilian Cooper, Miss S. Bellew, Miss Hilda Harris.

Diplomatic Corps, Sailors, Marines, Guards, and Courtiers.

THE SOLO DANCE IN ACT II. BY Miss SYBIL WARREN.

ACT I. On British Territory
ACT II. Somewhere in the Persian Gulf, 51° 32' North Latitude, 0° 5' 12' West Longitude

THE PLAY PRODUCED BY HARRY GRATTAN



Musical Director	Mr. T. VAN HUEVEL
Stage Manager	Mr. WILLIAM GIFFARD
Acting Manager	Mr. E. TAYLOR PLATT

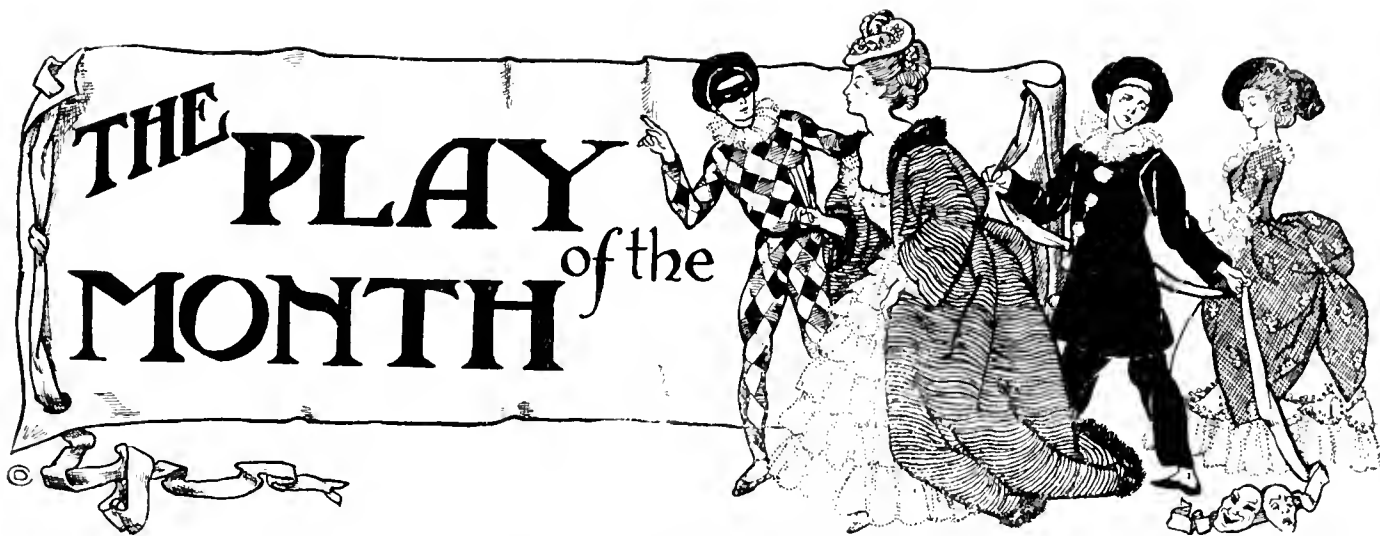






MISS ELSIE SPAIN
AND MR. NEIL KENYON
IN "THE ISLANDER"
AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

PRESENTED WITH No. 8 OF
"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"
SIXPENCE MONTHLY



“THE ISLANDER”

A Musical Comedy in two acts, by MAJOR MARSHALL

Music by PHILIP MICHAEL FARADAY



Photo

(Foulsham & Banjo)

Miss ELSIE SPAIN as Kitty Melan

"The Islander," at the Apollo Theatre

By EDWARD MORTON ("Mordred" of *The Referee*)

WHEN Sydney Smith was asked by a raw young curate what he should preach about, the witty canon of St. Paul's is reported to have said, "About twenty minutes." If you ask me what a "musical comedy" should be about, I would answer, in much the same way, "About two hours and a half." For musical comedy, in its present stage of arrested development, is nothing more, and nothing less, than a variety entertainment—a kind of half-way house between the theatre and the music-hall. I do not intend to speak disrespectfully of musical comedy. It is a class of dramatic composition—although, for an obvious reason, it is not mentioned by Polonius—which engages as much talent as any other kind of theatrical entertainment, and more various, for authors and composers, actors, singers and dancers, are all expected to give of their best to it. If the author—I speak feelingly—does not always shine in plays of the sort, I fancy it is because he has to make way so often for the others, including the low comedian, whose casual humours contribute so much, as a rule, to the composition of his own part—a rule to which "The Islander" supplies the exception which establishes the rule, as, indeed, this musical comedy, which Mr. Alexander Henderson has produced at the Apollo Theatre in grand style, departs also from the ways of the common run of plays of the sort in some other respects. With the production of "The Islander" at the Apollo it may be said that musical comedy makes a move in the right direction. It goes up one. It is an honest, artistic effort to improve upon the ordinary design of piece of the class to which it belongs, and for once we have a musical play in which the honours are fairly divided between an author and a composer, instead of being shared between them and a whole host of other writers of more or less irrelevant words and music. We have for once a thing of a certain shape and form instead of the usual amusing inconsequences. It is a radical change, and a change for the better; it is a change which encourages the hope that one of the most delightful entertainments to be found, the theatre, is, after marking time too long, marching at last on towards that degree of artistic shapeliness to which I believe it must and will attain. I am not one of those who think musical comedy is going out of fashion, but I have a very strong conviction that the old-fashioned form of musical comedy—the aimless, formless, brainless kind of musical comedy—is going out of favour.

The author of "The Islander," Major Marshall, and the composer of the music, Mr. Philip Michael Faraday, have worked together with that common understanding which should exist between author and composer, and so it happens that the music of "The Islander" is always illustrative, as it should be, of the author's theme, and

the sentiment and humour of the plot are adequately interpreted in the music. Mr. Faraday does not rise above the aspirations of the author nor fall below them, and although there is nothing very pretentious either in the play or the music, Mr. Faraday has found inspiration in the story for some very gracious melodies and for a touch of comicality—as, for instance, in the very animated finale, into which the air of "Auld Lang Syne" is ingeniously and appropriately introduced. The story, which is told in a straightforward fashion, always direct and to the point, begins on board a British man-o'-war. We are on the upper deck of a *Dread-*

nought, lying in the Persian Gulf, and life on board ship is very vividly brought before our eyes. The formidable guns are turned upon a nameless island, which it is our business to annex, on the principle that "all unannexed islands belong, 'ex-officio' "—whatever Major Marshall may understand by the use of that Latin phrase—"to the British Islands." The British Commissioner, who is on board, has lost his official despatches, but the captain is prepared to act on his own initiative and the men are all ready. It is a stirring, bustling scene. With more respect, perhaps, for the conventions of musical comedy than for the discipline of the senior service, the gallant author allows on board the ship preparing for action a party of young ladies, chaperoned by Lady Birkenhead. Morza Makh Ali Khan, the Pasha of the threatened island, comes on board to discuss terms, and it turns out that he is a Persian, so to say, only by marriage, for he is a good Scotsman married *en secondes nocces* to a Persian lady, the mother of his daughter, the Princess Haidee. He has another daughter by his first wife, and what more natural than this young lady should happen to be one of the party travelling with Lady Birkenhead, although the beautiful Kitty is quite unaware when she reaches the Persian Gulf of her father's whereabouts as he is of hers, and he is as ignorant of her identity when they meet as she of his. To the fascinations of the young ladies—including the Princess Haidee—the British officers promptly



Miss Elaine Inescort as Georgina

yield, as they would to no other means of conquest, and the young couples are already pairing themselves off when the Pasha invites everybody to visit the island—a beautiful island, which makes a perfectly enchanting scene for the second act. The pleasures offered to the visitors to the island include some very taking dancing by the native women and the partly Persian daughter of the Pasha consolidates her friendship with the not too Scotch half-sister by lending Kitty a most sumptuous dress of the Persian style, in which she presently cuts a very pretty figure, and a very coy one, before her lover. Coming to business, the Pasha, like the canny Scot he is, drives a bargain with the British; he agrees to give

Opening of Act I.



Lieut. Hume (Mr. LAURENCE LEGGE) calls the roll on H.M.S. "Rutland"

The British Commissioner

arrives on board H.M.S. "Rutland"



Photo]

[Lousham & Banfield

Sir William Pickerton (Mr. LAURENCE CAIRD) explains that he has lost his despatches, upon which Captain Jarrett (Mr. SAM WALSH) assumes responsibility

The Play of the Month (continued)

up possession of the coveted island in consideration of a lump sum down and an annuity, and having received the purchase-money he coolly explains that the island was not his to sell, for the author asks us to believe that it was an island which had been in the possession of England since the seventeenth century—apparently without the British Government being aware of it. There may be carelessness sometimes in our Government offices; that I am quite willing to admit, but I can't believe the Foreign Office would be likely to overlook an island in this fashion. You cannot mislay an island, ever such a small one, in the Persian Gulf so easily as all that.

As the Pasha, then, gives back to England the island, and to the Commissioner the ready money he has received for it, so for all the good he gets out of his hard bargaining he might just as well have begun where he left off; but that, maybe, is only the author's way of showing that it is all a joke. Anyway, the Pasha gets his two daughters off his hands in the end—not, to be sure, that he has been an active agent in any such affairs. The young ladies have busied themselves about that. As Kitty, the wise child who did not know her own father, Miss Elsie Spain makes the most of her part. She is an actress who can sing and a singer who can act, and if Miss Mabel Burnege perhaps lacks a certain Oriental languor, that is the only one thing wanting, and even that may perhaps be explained, if not excused, by the Scotch blood which runs in the veins of the Persian Princess. Certainly, when Kitty gets into Oriental costume, in the second act, she looks no less attractive than she does in the first; indeed, I think when Haidee gives her such a chance she might at least return the compliment by lending the Persian Princess one of the beautiful dresses of the latest fashion, of which the European ladies seem to have brought each a bountiful stock with them to the Persian Gulf. The standard of taste and elegance to which we have become accustomed in musical comedy is maintained by Mr. Alexander Henderson at the Apollo, and the dresses and the scenery, the composition of the pictures on the stage, and the stage-management generally could not possibly be excelled. It is the last word; the "dernier cri." We have very beautiful dresses, European and Oriental, and beautiful girls in the beautiful dresses, and the wearers of these beautiful dresses have an amount of "go" which we do not always associate with nameless "ladies of the Court." There is a follow-my-leader number in the second act which is one of the prettiest, gayest things of the sort I have ever seen.

In the character of the Pasha, Mr. Neil Kenyon,

whose name is not familiar to the London playgoer, makes an instant success. He is a very bright comedian and ready-witted, and although he is not so much disposed, as some of the favourites of a minor theatre, to draw upon his own resources, he certainly does not fail to avail himself of the licence always accorded to the low comedian in musical plays, and it is possible that by that process of accretion which is known as working up

a part that the Pasha of "The Islander" may become funnier and funnier still as time goes on. Mr. Kenyon brings a fresh talent to business of this sort. He is, to borrow a catch-phrase from another play of the same kind, "always merry and bright."

The piece is well played, and the performance is not less remarkable for the general excellence than for individual impersonations. If the elderly British Agent does not strike one as distractingly funny it is certainly not from lack of any appreciation of the humours of the part that Mr. Laurence Caird finds himself forced to resort to purely physical means of raising laughter. To one of the best actors in the company, indeed, falls the worst part in the piece. Mr. Reginald Laurence, as High Treasurer and Commander-in-Chief of the Pasha, makes quite a finished study of a part of no great importance; and the British officers, and the British seamen, too, for that matter, are all very well played. They take to the deck in the first act as naturally as the duck to the water, and their agility in tripping up and down the iron ladders leading to the bridge is something to wonder at. Mr. Sam Walsh plays the part of the naval Captain with an air of authority, and Mr. Fred Allandale and Mr. Laurence Legge, as junior officers, who have to expound the tenderer sentiments of the piece, leave a most agreeable impression. Miss Ethel Morrison gives a touch of distinction to the character of Lady Birkenhead, whose two daughters are engagingly represented by Miss Mary Dibley and Miss Elaine Inescort. In the auxiliary character of a precocious midshipman, Master Bobby Andrews, who is getting a big boy now, makes a hit. It seems to me that Master Andrews may yet belie the usual story of the infant prodigy, which

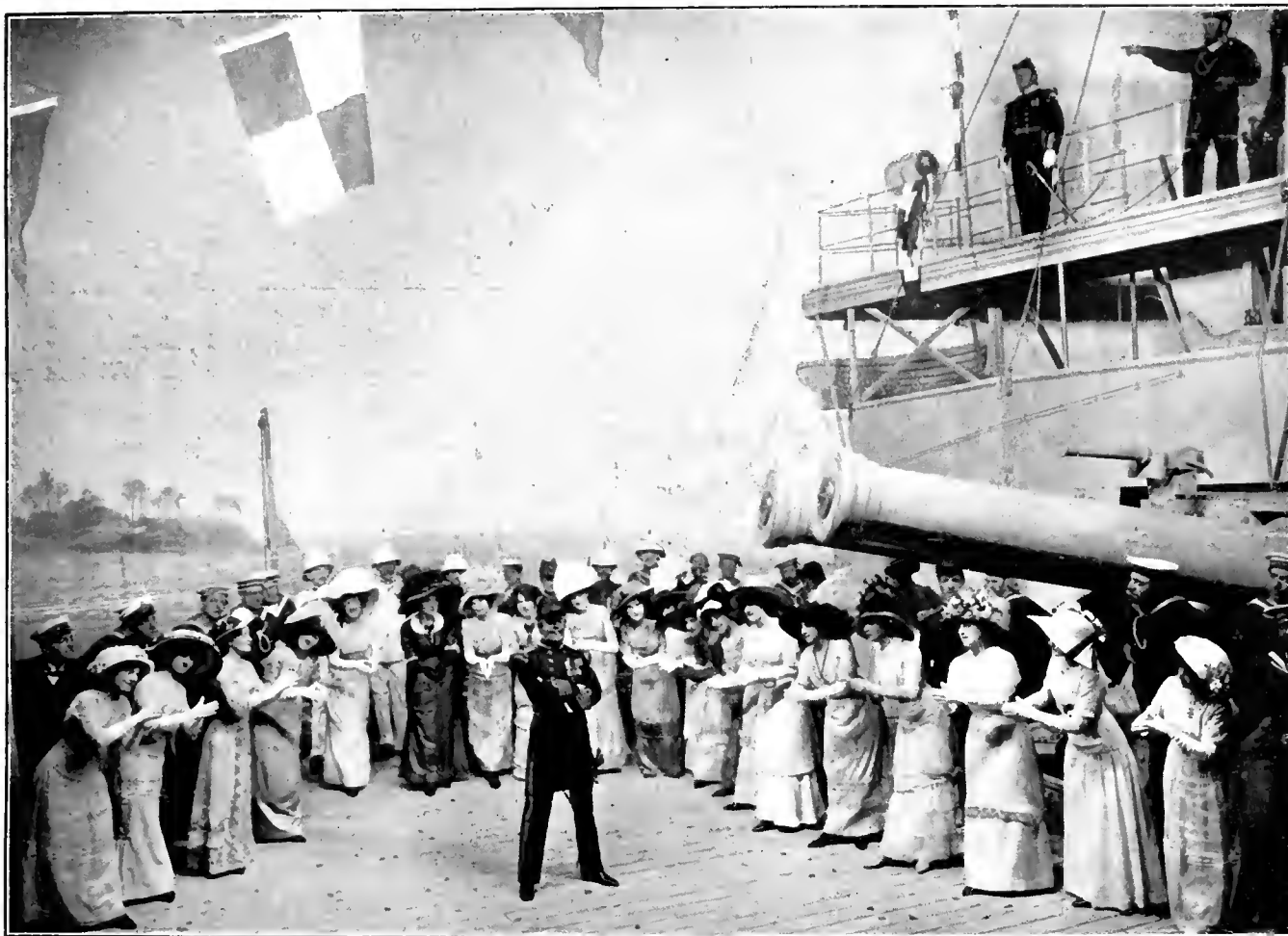
has been repeated from the days of the Infant Roscius down to our own time, and that a very bright, clever juvenile actor is growing up to be an accomplished comedian.



Mr. Fred Allandale as Lieut. the Hon. D'Arcy Langton, D.S.O.

Edward Morton

Captain Jarrett (Mr. SAM WALSH) and his Guests from Sir William Pickerton's Yacht.



Captain Jarrett: "I'm a captain of one of His Majesty's ships."



Photo]
Jacky: (Master BOBBIE ANDREWS). "I'll show you round the old tin-kettle myself."



85.
Kitty: You forget I'm a globe-trotter.
Lieut. Langton: "You have my sympathy."

The Pasha (Mr. NEIL KENYON) comes aboard H.M.S. "Rutland" with his daughter the Princess Haidee (Miss MABEL BURNEGE) and Suite.



The Pasha lights a cigarette and sings to the company
on board



The Pasha : " Now, it ill beccmes Pasha a if he talks too free."

Kitty and Lieut. Langton make love



Photos]

Lieut. Langton : " You promised to give me a decided answer before you left for England."

The Pasha smiles at the threats to bombard the Island



[Foulsham & Banfield

Pasha : " You had better all come to the Palace and discuss the question ameeably — ameeably if possible. I'm thinkin' it'll be just a question of £ s. d."

The Pasha asks to see Kitty's locket, and finds the portrait of his first wife inside it

The Princess (Miss MABEL BURNEGE) takes a fancy to Lieut. Hume (Mr. LAURENCE LEGGE)





Sir William Pickerton escorts Lady Birkenhead
(MISS ETHEL MORRISON) to luncheon.

Photo]

[Houlsham & Bannfield

Opening of Act II.



Photo]

Kitty sings to the Princess and her ladies on the Island, "When a man declares that he loves a maid, it's a very good thing to know."

Frankham & Ranfield

Kitty teases Lieut. Langton, in the Kiosk



[Photo]

[Foulsham, & Banfield]

Kitty: "Talking of marriage makes me go all fluttery; I can feel my heart go bump, bump, bump."



Photos]

The Pasha Sings on "Love" to Kitty, the Princess,
Lieut. Langton, and Lieut. Hume



Lieut. Langton
Protects Kitty

Lieut. Hume
Protects the Princess

The Pasha Sings :

" When a lad and lassie only
Sit abint the garden wall
And they're neither sa3 nor lonely
Though they never speak at all.
Sitting hand in hand together
Never caring for the weather
And their talk is simply blether—
That is Love ! "

Foulsham & Bennett



Foulsham & Knifield

Hakim: "Hubble, bubble, lot of trouble in a manee's life;
When he want to make it double, takee little wife."

Photo



Photo. by J. M. ...

MISS ELSIE SPAIN as Kitty Melan

" at the Apollo Theatre



MR. NEIL KENYON as the Pasha

Scenes on the Island



"Salaam, ji Huzoor, Thy light shall endure, For ever and ever Brilliant and pure."



Captain Jarrett insists upon the Pasha, signing the document of annexation. The Pasha, however, insists upon having the cash first.

Captain Jarrett: "Why, demme, d'you distrust the British Government, sir?"

Pasha: "It's a fact! There's mair than me does that!"

Georgina (MISS ELAINE INESCORT) and Wilhelmina (MISS MARY DIBLEY) coax the Pasha in vain to sign the paper.



Photo]

Both : "Sign this little paper, sweetly."

[Faulkham & Vanfield

The End of the Play



Photo

Franklin & Langford

After successfully bluffing the Captain, and receiving the money, the Pasha suddenly shakes hands with the Captain, saying, "Here, skipper, take back yer siller. I've got my daughter back; that's all I want."

Mr. Neil Kenyon

THE art of Neil Kenyon. Wherein lies its power? Robbie Burns, the ploughman, possessed the secret, and that's why you find his poems living in the hearts of thousands all over the world when volume upon volume of greater intellectual value lie unread, maybe uncut, on the shelves of the British Museum Library. Mr. J. M. Barrie possesses it, for has not "Peter Pan" become a stage classic and Mrs. Darling just "Mother," while memories of "The Little Minister" will be cherished long after many of the worldly, would-be philosophical dramatic dissertations on morals and immoralities are forgotten?



As Himself

It is the heaven-born blend of pathos and humour, flavoured with a subtle sympathy, which enables a writer or actor with this nature to gain a unique position in the affections of the public. A little illustration, certainly. On Boxing night, 1907, I sat in Drury Lane Theatre waiting for the curtain to ring up on the annual pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood." Neil Kenyon played the Baroness. Before he had been on the stage many moments the crowded house realised that the ordinary every-day conventional "panto" dame, beloved of Cockney comedians, had vanished. Certainly the same snub nose and straggly wisp of hair was in evidence, but bright through the absurd make-up gleamed the sonsie Scot's guid wife. To the jaded playgoer it was a refreshing revelation. Here was no vulgar harriidan, but a wholesome, kindly, motherly body speaking with a soft, fascinating Scotch slur, and whose smile was genially funny, instead of the usual leering grin. Indeed, a novelty! Yet one which kept the huge building echoing with laughter. It was the art of Neil Kenyon.



As the Porter

A gift from the gods? Maybe, but only a due reward for the severely bitter time he passed through during his early stage struggles. The other day as we were standing in the wings of the empty, gloomy Apollo stage during a brief "rehearsal" interval, I referred to this. "Speirin', are ye?" said he, with a quizzical smile. "Is it ma life story ye want. Weel, to be honest, Kenyon is not my name, for my father was a M'Kinnon, of Skye. I was born at Greenock, a town famous as the birthplace of Jean Adams, who wrote:

There's nae luck about the hoose,
There's nae luck ava.
There's nae luck about the hoose,
When our guidman's awa.

"This old ballad held me back whenever I felt tempted to guy the Scottish dame too much, for I think it one of the sweetest feminine utterances the world has ever known. Every word rings with true wifeliness. I started with a local firm of solicitors, for my

parents refused to allow me to go on the stage. I found engrossing deeds and making up inventories decidedly monotonous, so for relaxation used to amuse my fellow clerks with imitations of well-known actors, the most popular of which was Edward Compton as David Garrick. Out of business I divided my time between athletics and amateur theatricals,

playing in most of the Glasgow Athenæum Compton Dramatic Society's productions. Then I struck out, and, going through to Edinburgh, secured my first professional engagement, where at the Lyceum Theatre I played Malise in 'The Lady of the Lake.'

"Hard times followed. All over Scotland I toured with the Livesays and their portable theatre. Twelve shillings a week was hardly a princely salary for playing fourteen parts and doing all the billposting.

"Five brothers, a sister, and a sister-in-law of the mother made up the Livesay company, and they thought nothing of staging 'Hamlet' with the assistance of a gravedigger and Polonius. In Mr. Osmond Tearle's Shakespearean Company I played Iago to his Othello. That brings to memory a rather laughable incident which took place during the performance of 'Ingomar.' The Herald was being taken by a raw young actor, so we made him up as a bearded old man of eighty instead of a boy about sixteen. Osmond Tearle was well down the stage when he walked on to the accompaniment of a huge laugh. A kindly man, and usually very hard to 'dry up,' Tearle on this occasion fairly collapsed. Quickly pulling himself together, he quietly remarked: 'Good heavens, they have opened the menagerie!' What made me start on the halls? When doing the 'smalls' with a burlesque troupe the comedian dropped out at the last moment and I dropped in. Since then the public insist on considering me a humorist. I scored in this rather heavily, and thought I had made a bit of a name, so with a brither Scot booked the Clark Hall, Paisley, for a Saturday night. We hoped to net, say, £100, as we had secured the services of several first-class artistes.

"The evening of the concert arrived. My partner and I occupied the pay-boxes; the attendants were posted at the various entrances.

"'Ready, Mr. Kenyon?' asked the manager. 'Yes,' I nervously replied. 'Stand by your places!' he roared. 'Now, then, we'll open.'

"The big double doors swung wide, but where was the crowd, for the gusty whirlwind of snow only blew in two little boys, one of whom approached my box and whispered: 'Please, sir, can twa o' us get in for 3d.?' "

"No, I've not deserted the 'halls,' but having the offer to play such an exceptional character as a Persian Pasha from Scotland thought I'd like to return to the legitimate. Yes, I've had many tempting offers to go to America; in fact, last Saturday I nearly accepted one, and may before your excellent paper reaches the public."

At this moment Neil Kenyon made a quiet exit; it's a little habit he has, and mighty effective. Just think of the finish it gives to his porter and stationmaster sketches. Long may his dry, caustic wit and kindly pathos amuse the public.



As Widow Twankey



As the Postman

John Wigham

About the Players

**MISS
ELSIE
SPAIN**

It was a fortunate moment for Miss Elsie Spain, as well as for Mr. Frank Curzon, that three-and-a-half years ago he happened to be among the audience at the annual production of the Stock Exchange Opera Company. So impressed was Mr. Curzon with her acting and singing that he asked her for an interview, and, to use Miss Spain's own words, "Before I could grasp my good fortune, I was understudying Miss Isabel Jay as 'Miss Hook of Holland.'" There are many people who bewail that the "Princess Occasion" never comes knocking at their doors, when the truth is they are too dull and sleepy to recognise the good lady when she does come visiting. Miss Spain does not belong to that big family. She has seized every opportunity that has presented itself. Shortly after Miss Spain's engagement with Mr. Curzon, Miss Jay went out of the cast, and for two months she became "Miss Hook" with credit to herself, no less than a vindication of the well-known prescience of Mr. Curzon in "spotting a winner." After this followed a long tour in Gilbert and Sullivan parts with Mrs. Doyly Carte, and when Mr. Workman went into management on his own account, he brought Miss Spain with him to the Savoy. From there to the Apollo and "The Islander" was only a hop, step and a jump. Miss Spain has her own views about voice training—but this is not singular when one learns that beyond one or two singing lessons her voice production is perfectly natural. "Even in my limited circle," she says, "I have seen many a good voice ruined by over-tuition, so I intend letting well alone." She believes in the stage as a vocation for women, and is of the opinion that in spite of its overcrowdedness, there is no other profession in which the chances and rewards for real talent are so great. The amateur stage has been the stepping stone for many of our leading actors and actresses, and although Miss Spain's advancement has been rapid, and her success phenomenal, the many years of hard work as an amateur that lie behind it all must not be overlooked in any record of her meteoric career.

**MISS
ELAINE
INESCORT**

The rapid strides made in her profession by this talented young actress is largely due to hard work and determination. Coming to London between six and seven years ago without any influence in theatrical circles, the task of gaining a footing seemed well-nigh hopeless. It was the far-seeing Sir Herbert Tree, who gave Miss Inescort her first start, and in his splendid production of "The Darling of the Gods" she played Nu, the singing girl. Parts in "Richard II.," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Business is Business," etc., followed, until in 1905 Sir Charles Wyndham chose her to take Miss Lena Ashwell's part in the provincial tour of "Leah Kleschna." Then came a visit to America with Mr. H. B. Irving, and she was immediately on returning engaged by Mr. Leonard Boyne for Mrs. Vidal in "Raffles." With him she remained until her appearance in 1907 at the Criterion with Sir Chas. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore in "The Mollusc," where her performance as the Governess was enthusiastically received by both Press and public. As Triamour, the half-spirit, half-woman, in Lord Howard de Walden's "Lanval" she won fresh laurels, and more recently her acting in "The Englishman's Home" was full of intensity and pathos. "I had no special training for the stage," Miss Inescort admitted, "and my people were not connected with it, but in Edinburgh I acted a good deal as an amateur. My favourite

parts are Leah and the Governess. I believe in keeping fit, and am a keen cyclist. Have I any intention of staying in musical comedy? Well, that depends entirely on my good friends the managers. Personally I prefer drama."

**MR. FRED
ALLAN-
DALE**

A fine breezy note is struck at the very commencement of "The Islander" by the stirring song and chorus, "Jack's the Handy Man." A few words now about the singer born and bred in the profession. Mr. Fred Allandale's career has naturally been most successful. A grandson of James Hudson, the unctuously witty Irish comedian, accounts for his natural stage humour. Educated at Christ's Hospital, his people apprenticed him to a firm of accountants. Dull ledgers to a lad of his temperament meant misery, so February of 1898 found him making his first stage appearance at Lincoln as Lieut. Cunningham in "The Geisha." He made good progress, and then naturally followed a run of parts such as Dick Capel in "The Circus Girl," Bobbie Rivers in "The Gaiety Girl," Charlie Appleby in "The Shop Girl," and at the Lyric's production of "The Blue Moon" in 1905-6, where his Bobbie Scott was a fine piece of work. "I know," said Mr. Allandale, "I'm considered lucky in the profession, but I can assure you the only luck I've discovered has been won by sheer hard work." All who have seen his cheery, unflagging performance in "The Islander" will endorse this statement.

**MISS
MABEL
BURNEGE**

Within the very short period of five years Miss Mabel Burnege has been cast for one of the principal parts in a West-End production. Her earliest inclinations for a stage career met with considerable opposition from her father, but she seized an opportunity of singing before Mrs. D'Oyley Carte, signed a contract, and went on tour with a Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire company, playing Jessie Rose's parts. Miss Burnege has since played through two tours of "Amasis." She has visited South Africa with the D'Oyley Carte company, and had a fine reception in Johannesburg. As the beautiful Princess Haidee this charming young actress is now delighting the audiences at the Apollo with her singing and acting.

**MR.
SAM
WALSH**

When the late Sir Alfred Jones sent out a theatrical company to help to boom the Canaries, Mr. Sam Walsh was included among the number. This was his first professional engagement. Had he not adopted the stage he might easily have won as much fame on the football field. The attractions of Arthur Roberts' parts, however, were stronger than goalposts, and his name is familiar to all playgoers who saw "The Belle of Mayfair" at the Vaudeville or "The Dashing Little Duke" at the Hicks. Mr. Walsh is an entertainer of some experience, among the many songs at the piano of which he is author and composer being that public favourite, "A Gentleman of France."

MR.

Mr. Legge gave up banking for the stage. **LAURENCE** The cashier's desk did not appeal to him so **LEGGE** strongly as the footlights, and we saw him in Mrs. D'Oyley Carte's company at the Savoy, after two weeks playing principal tenor part in "The Gondoliers." When Mr. Workman took over the management of the Savoy, Mr. Legge played principal tenor part in "The Mountaineers." From there he came to "The Islander."



The Perils of Flirtation

By JAMES DOUGLAS

FLIRTATION is an English pastime, for love in England is a sentiment rather than a passion, and flirtation is illicit sentiment. When I speak of love in England, I mean love as it is analysed in the English novel, for even in the chilly English temper there are possibilities of passion. These possibilities are so seldom faced by our novelists that our fiction as a rule deals with sentiment; whereas French fiction as a rule deals with passion. Mr. Anthony Hope is a very skilful dissector of English sentiment. He knows its subtleties through and through, and no living novelist can lay them bare so delicately, with so fine a perception of their nuances. He is a specialist in the anatomy of sentiment, and in what I have called illicit sentiment. He can follow the obscure windings and mood of motive; he can show you the most shadowy frames of mind and states of feeling in a dry light. He can unveil character by means of natural dialogue—dialogue so unstudied and so careless that you do not suspect the consummate art that shapes it. He writes novels that are as dramatic as plays, so neatly are they constructed, so highly are they wrought, so swift is their action, so vivid are their situations, so clean is their characterisation, so pertinent is the give-and-take of their talk.

His new novel, "Second String" (Nelson), is a comedy in the form of prose fiction. It has the extreme polish of a comedy. It is almost as highly finished as "The School for Scandal" or "The Rivals." The æsthetic pleasure yielded by it is like that yielded by a comedy of manners. It has the unity of style and key which comedy requires. It has the objective quality of comedy. The characters move in the same plane of furtive irony, acting and reacting on each other, each being quietly ridiculous in its particular fashion, and each nevertheless retaining a human veracity that commands sympathy. That is to say, these characters are lifelike, but we see them more saliently than we see men and women in society. The hidden wheels are visible, and we watch them while they go round. The figure in the centre of the stage is Harry Belfield—Harry the Irresistible, Harry the Amorist, Harry the Flirt, Harry the Illicit Sentimentalist. I do not think we have ever had in fiction so masterly a study of this modern type. Your male flirt as a rule is too rigidly built. He is not plastic. He does not ebb and flow with fluent self-deception. He is a man of straw whose exploits are not plausible. But Harry is plausible—so plausible that you cannot help liking him and being sorry for him. He means so well and behaves so ill that you understand why he can never make anything out of life. He is a far softer and subtler creature than Joseph Surface, for you cannot write him down plainly as a hypocrite, and you cannot hate him as you hate Joseph Surface. He is not a villain, but a human being in the toils of his own temperament. He is the dupe of his philandering egoism, the toy of his sentimental vanity.

Mr. Hope has woven a pretty maze for this illicit sentimentalist. He exposes him to temptation during his engagement. Harry has wooed and won Vivien Well-

good, and therefore she has lost for him the relish of the illicit. Her companion, Isobel, is a provocative baggage, and she has for him the desirable dearness. But Vivien's father has half an understanding with Isobel. That is the maze, and an admirable maze it is for a comedy of sentiment. Observe that there are no marriage vows. If you marry Harry and Vivien, Wellgood and Isobel, you have the materials for a French comedy. By keeping his four sentimentalists in the state of courtship Mr. Hope keeps passion at bay. It is a comedy of illicit sentiment, not of illicit love. As Messrs. Nelson guarantee the "wholesomeness" of their new experiment in florin fiction, it is obvious that the arrangement is judicious. Blessed, thrice blessed, is the English love of compromise!

Nothing could be defter than Mr. Hope's manipulation of his lovers. Just as Harry is a humanized Joseph Surface, so Isobel is a humanized Becky Sharp. Note the cunning nomenclature. Harry and Isobel are names sacred to the noble English hero and the romantic English heroine. Sheridan and Thackeray marked the hypocrite and the adventuress in plain figures. Becky Sharp and Joseph Surface—there are no fine shades in those brutal nicknames. But Mr. Hope is a modern, and he carefully selects names that throw you off the scent. And just as Harry is a complex of good and bad, so Isobel is richly variegated. She struggles with herself. She plays a cool and daring game, but she is vexed by moral compunctions and good impulses. Her treachery is reluctant, and she backslides resolutely into virtue. Her backslidings make her quite natural, and one feels that she is an improvement on the adventuress who has no conscientious lapses. Mr. Hope has carried the humanization of fiction a good deal farther than usual in the creation of Isobel. Just as the modern heroine is often redeemed by her vices, so his modern adventuress is redeemed by her virtues. Of course, it is ticklish work to keep the four dabblers in sentiment in hand so as not to spoil the comedy by any intrusion of passion, but Mr. Hope knows how much rope to give them. He controls the lovers very discreetly, and never allows them to get beyond a caress or a kiss. Indeed, their reserve is wonderful, and it deepens one's admiration for the English character. But in some diabolical fashion or other Mr. Hope hints unutterable things, and when Andy (the Dobbin of the tale) catches Harry kissing Isobel, one is dreadfully shocked. Now an illicit kiss is not absolutely unpardonable even in the case of a betrothed Lothario. It might be the result of an extra whisky and soda, and therefore might be washed away with repentant tears. But Harry's kisses strike us as being peculiarly culpable. At any rate, we feel that they deserve the punishment they get. How admirable is the art that can convert a kiss into a symbol of the blackest treason and the vilest turpitude! And how "wholesome"!

James Douglas

From the Bookshelves (continued)

The Drums of War. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (John Murray, 6s.)

FOR a child to visit the picture-gallery of an old mansion and see his own image and that of another child staring at him from the wall; to be told that years ago when the first child grew to manhood he loved the second yet murdered her; to discover that a similar disaster was prophesied for days to come, and for fear of this the little daughter of the house is now being brought up as a boy; and to feel with terrible instinct that he is the direct instrument of Fate—surely here alone is sufficient material for a plot as fascinating as it is grim.



Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole

Yet, not content with this, Mr. De Vere Stacpoole has merely made it the groundwork round which to interweave at least three other distinct elements of romance—the love of two beautiful women for one worthy man, the tinsel glamour surrounding the last days of the Second Empire, and the drums of the German Army marching upon Paris.

Throughout it all he has exhibited a sense of proportion and an aptitude for creating atmosphere that amply justify us in pronouncing him one of our dearest novelists, and one who continues to grow defter.

Caprice: Her Book. By DOROTHY SENIOR. (A. and C. Black, 6s.)

WE didn't care much for *Caprice* at first, but warmed to her as we went along, and eventually parted on quite affectionate terms. Her heart is so obviously in the right place that one readily forgives a little slopping over—*Caprice* herself assures us that slang "can be wonderfully expressive"—in occasional fits of excitement. After all, how many authors are there, barring the dull-as-death ones, who don't now and then require forgiveness on this score? Shakespeare—but we are meandering.

Caprice crowed for years because she never kept a diary. Then one day she stumbled on a long-forgotten MS. book, and fell from her high estate in a flash. Henceforth she put down everything that came into her head—musings on luck, conscience, Delia Wentworth, Platonic friendship, work, Mark Herrick's eyes, etc., etc.—and much of what she put down was well worth the putting. Good old *Caprice*!

Mrs. Skeffington. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Methuen & Co., 6s.)

FANNY THYNNE was the Colonel's wife. She was a dainty little lady with the heart of a butterfly and the brain of a bird—the living image of someone we know, though that's neither here nor there—and she was as indiscreet as she was harmless. It came natural to her to let the Senior Major, who was an old friend of hers, and the soul of honour, lead her unintentionally into the most compromising position imaginable. So compromising was the position that until Kathleen Lindsay was taken into the know no one could suggest any way at all out of the tangle. Kathleen's solution necessitated her posing for a couple of days as the imaginary bride of the one man in the world she happened to care about. It also necessitated her telling whole batches of lies more glibly and daringly than such a nice girl as she could possibly have told them. Still, she had to have recourse to the truth at last, and the truth ended in happiness for all concerned—including herself.

We don't know what other people think, but *we* think Mr. Cosmo Hamilton one of the most delightful writers now writing.

The Perfidious Welshman. By "DRAIG GLAS." (Stanley Paul & Co., 2s. 6d.)

"DRAIG GLAS" is a writer after the style of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, author of *The Unspeakable Scot*. He is, however, hardly so racy, hardly so rude, and HARDLY so unconvinc-

ing. When you read Mr. Crosland's masterpiece he disgusts you into loving Scotsmen, even if you loathed them before! When you read the vituperations of "Draig Glas" you sometimes feel inclined to agree with him.

For instance, it is not hard to believe that "in easy-going Wales you are never a sinner until you are found out." The same remark would not be inapplicable to canny Scotland, or distressful Ireland, or charming Chicago, or dreamy Devonshire, or sultry Sydney, or lax London. All the world over the Eleventh Commandment is the only really popular one! If Taffy is as cute as we take him to be, he will answer most of the accusations in this way.

To sum up, if you are a native of the Principality, or otherwise bound to it by ties of sympathy, *The Perfidious Welshman* will make you want the blood of "Draig Glas." If you are an ordinary, stolid Sassenach you will relish the book infinitely, just as you would relish any other hearty attack on any other country except your own!

The Devourers. By A. VIVANTI CHARTRES. (W. Heinemann, 6s.)

THE DEVOURERS contains one of the sweetest little fairy tales we have ever come across—so sweet that we must quote it before we go a step further:

"Once the world was full of roses, and poets lived for ever. Then one day some people said to God: 'There are too many useless things in the world. Roses, for instance. We could do without them, and have vegetables instead.' So God took away the roses. And all the poets died."

Now we can proceed to criticism!

In *The Devourers* Mrs. Chartres, who is known to readers of Italian poetry as "Annie Vivanti," has given us a strange, significant story well worthy of its dedication: "To my wonder-child, Vivien, to read when she has wonder-children of her own." Its aim is to show that genius even in a child may be a devouring element, devastating everything it comes across—breaking hearts, sundering homes, engulfing lives—in its march towards the goal fixed for it by Fate. Not that the book is morbid in any way. There are some extremely good light passages. But the above is its chief purpose, and a solemn purpose it is.

Genius is a terrible thing. That is how you feel after reading *The Devourers*. Yet what human being wouldn't sell his soul and the souls of all around him for genius?

Corporal Sam, and Other Stories. By "Q." (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.)

TO say that Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch is a born story-teller is at this time of day to make an antiquated statement; likewise, one lacking in point. For how could a writer with imagination, a heart, a workmanlike style, and a sense of humour fail to spin good yarns?

For a man of peace, such as his political speeches pronounce him, he tells tales of bloodshed with remarkable relish. *Corporal Sam* is an eloquent example of his powers in this direction. We like him best, however, when he is supplying us with "News From Troy" and similar West Country items—narrating the anecdote of the Mayor's Dovecot or of Sir Felix Felix-Williams and the Regatta. The last is quite delightful. More than ever has it made our heart go out to the ideal liver of the only ideal life—the old-fashioned country squire!



Mr. Lewis Melville

Full Fathom Five: a Sea-Anthology in Prose and Verse. By Helen and Lewis Melville. (George Bell & Sons, 3s. 6d.)

THE first thing you do when you pick up an anthology is to see how many of your favourite pieces it contains; to decide that the number is ridiculously small; to grumble that even these are not printed accurately—at least not the way they are in your text; and to skim through the rest

From the Bookshelves (continued)

half-heartedly, praising under compulsion. We did all these things with *Full Fathom Five*.

As a natural consequence we are now quite convinced that only one man in our language has treated the subject adequately, and that was the man to whom we owe the immortal picture of Death sitting enthroned beside his grim lady, the Sea:

"These twain, as a king with his fellow,
Hold converse of desolate speech."

You will find it on page 8 of *Full Fathom Five*. On the next page:

"And year upon year dawns living,
And age upon age drops dead:
And his hand is not weary of giving,
And the thirst of her heart is not fed."

Get *Full Fathom Five* by all means. Get it for this—and, of course, the other poems!

The Case for the Lady. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

THERE are several things in *The Case for the Lady* which we don't quite follow. First of all, how did Fabian Ray acquire the reputation of being such a dog? His behaviour in the story suggests that butter would probably freeze in his mouth! Next, what was so dreadful about the history of Tillie Townley that when she married Fabian's cousin, Sir Willoughby Ray, Fabian must needs pretend he had never met her before? Certainly she smoked cigarettes, and she paid for her complexion, and she couldn't always remember to say "bother" when she meant —! What then? Are we to offend half our readers by expressing our sincere disapproval? As if we dared!

Again, why all the fuss and splutter in Sir Willoughby's household because Lady Ray flirted with Fabian every time she got the chance? What else could she do with such an old fossil of a husband? "If you only knew how he bores me, and how sweet I am!" she sobbed to Fabian; and that is the best vindication of her conduct she could have given. Sir Willoughby was the limit even for a jealous husband. The least little ray of light, could light have pierced his colossal density, would have told him that his wife's relations with Fabian were on a par with milk-and-water for innocence.

Still, though *The Case for the Lady* didn't strike us as convincing, we shall have very pleasant recollections of the Lady herself. Granted she was an adventuress, a humbug, a hypocrite, and a liar, she was also the one word, besides charity, that covers a multitude of sins—a dear!

My Lady of Aros. By JOHN BRANDANE. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 6s.)

HERE was a household of Jacobite conspiracy; and here was he, a Government servant, still striking blindfold into these coils of treachery to his masters. What to do? What to do? "Aye," we echo, "with a girl like Morag MacLean thrown in, what to do?" Thus in a nutshell is presented you the plot of *My Lady of Aros*.

We have met people in the course of our young existence to whom the mere words "loch," "tartan," "clan," "pibroch," "Pretender," "killabeg," etc., meant instant flashings of eyes, glowings of cheeks, and poundings of pulses. These people will find *My Lady of Aros* a volume of sheer, unalloyed delight. It is a really good yarn; it has a Jacobite heroine; and it breathes Highlands from the dedication at the beginning ("To my friends in the Isle of Mull . . . with my love") to the glossary of Gaelic words, with its crowning glory, the glossary of Scots words, at the end.

The King's Highway. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. (Mills & Boon, Ltd., 6s.)

IT has been said that all the world loves a lover, and it might be said no less truthfully that all the world loves a highwayman; especially if he be a comely swashbuckling rogue with a nimble wit at a pinch and the devil's own way with the women, damme! Witness the popularity of Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, Beau Brocade (another ballad, please, Mr. Dobson!), Henry the Eighth, and Galloping Dick, *alias* Richard Ryder.

In *The King's Highway* Dick makes a welcome reappearance with an oath and a swagger (or rather a bookful of oaths and swaggers), and one pats him on the back for a good fellow unspoilt by resting. To be sure, he still has a ridiculously easy knack of asking for trouble, which is not good business in a highwayman. And if you had met him in the flesh, and he hadn't been so handy with his "barkers," you would probably have told him that nearly all his yarns were a bit too tall. You might, for all we know, have added that of the lot you liked none more than *The Bravo* and none less than *The Woman With a Squint*. And he might, for all you know, have replied that, zounds, it was all a matter of taste, and, slidikins, he didn't care a jug of ill-laced ale what any mealy-stomached little gutter rat thought about him or his converse, slit your weazand, rabbit him!

For Honour or Death. By DICK DONOVAN. (Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

THIS is a readable enough novel, but the style somehow seems somewhat out of date. As the plot is laid about the period of the Indian Mutiny, this, perhaps, is hardly surprising. Jasper Allport is, from the point of view of Olivia Lindmark (of Mayfair), a bird in the bush. He has great expectations, but little else. Carl Goldschmidt is an enormous blood with an enormously rich father. He is, furthermore, a bird in the hand. Yet Olivia acts up to the best traditions of romance, and jilts him cheerfully for Jasper. Carl is so cross. "Jasper must go!" he says to himself, and with shameless guile forthwith cultivates him for all he is worth. He gets him elected to the swellest club in London, procures him loans to pay the necessary expenses, pretends to detect him cheating at cards, and ruins him. Thus it is that Jasper does "go"—with the Queen's shilling to India. Here he wins the V.C.,

inherits his uncle's fortune, encounters Carl's dear little sister, Clara—the one person, not excepting Olivia, who hasn't thrown him over—learns from her that his character is cleared, marries her, and lives happily ever after.

The History of Mr. Polly. By H. G. WELLS. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, 2s.)

IF you have a sense of humour Mr. Polly will make you laugh. If you have a feeling for your fellow-man he will make you think. An ideal hero for the intelligent reader!

Mr. Polly was a square peg who took 37 years to get out of a round hole. Born to be a literary dilettante (or possibly a literary genius), Fate at once took him in hand. By means of a lower-middle-class education she completely cut him off from following his natural bent, and finished matters by apprenticing him to a draper. It was years before luck came his way. Then one Sunday evening, when he meant to commit suicide, he accidentally committed arson instead, burnt down a whole block of buildings, saved an old woman's life, caused the disbursement of insurance money all round, became a popular hero, turned tramp, and eventually found the one billet on earth that suited him—the post of handy man in a country inn. Well does the author say, "If the world does not please you, you can change it!" E.W.M.



Photo]

[Guigoni & Bossi

Mrs. Annie Vivanti Chartres
(authoress of *The Devourers*)



By WALLACE L. CROWDY

IT has been said, times out of number, that the Royal Academy of Arts has no right to exist; and its annual exhibition at Burlington House is pointed to as conclusive proof of the truth of the envious assertion. Yet it does exist and, so far as is known, flourishes. Why? Not because it is State-aided or that it is housed rent-free—these are mere details—but because it is wanted. The public is flippant or sordid, careless or over-emotional, ignorant or ultra-aesthetic, according to the observer's point of view, but, in spite of all its

classically polished essays of the late Lord Leighton; that the simple, incisive art of Sir Joshua Reynolds is no longer to be found; that the after-dinner dullness quite accounts for the famous, but unrecorded, saying of the Prophet Jonah, that anyway he had one advantage over the whale in that he would not be present at the after-dinner speeches. Let us grant all this deterioration, and then frankly recognise that the Royal Academy Exhibition remains the one art event in which a large section of the British public is still interested.



"Villeneuve Les Avignon." H. HUGHES STANTON

faults and follies, or because of them, it is once a year shamed into an interest in Art: the art of painting, that is. Since this phenomenon recurs each year there must be some quite real cause behind it. A fashion which is merely a fashion has never stood the test of one hundred and forty-two annual reappearances. Therefore the Royal Academy of Arts does not exist and flourish merely because it is the fashion. Can it be that, all unbeknown to the superior person, it really does supply a want? Is it not possible that this is so?

Let us grant for the moment that the speeches at the annual Royal Academy banquet have no longer any point or promise; that we miss the carefully prepared,

Why? Probably because the art shown is easily understood of the vulgate. A mere handful of men and women might (and often does) manufacture a "boom" in art for a few reasons, but it is beyond the power of any sect of uninfluential and generally poor propagandists to maintain a fictitious interest through more than a century unless the need is radical and persistent. It would appear, then, that art *is* needed. If the interest in art which attracts tens of thousands of people to the Royal Academy Exhibition each year was merely an affectation it could not have stood so sturdily the test of time. This is a most encouraging reflection.

It being granted that a very large and desirable section

A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

of the British public shows year by year its interest in, and therefore its desire for, Art, it remains to inquire what class of art it desires—and to give them this temporarily and at the same time endeavour to lead them towards an appreciation of the right thing. Whether it is that up to the last few years the Royal Academy has given to its patrons what they want, or that the public has fallen into the easy habit of wanting what is constantly given to it, may be discussed at length at another time, but, slow-moving as this ancient institution undoubtedly is, the pictures on the walls have not quite so slowly shown a change and a development. Many a visitor to Burlington House will tell you that, "I may be old-fashioned, but I do like a well-finished picture," and naively confess that he or she "knows nothing about Art," and will forthwith fall into a state of natural admiration for Alma Tadema or James Sant; but the walls of the Royal Academy slowly but surely find place for works—by Armsby Brown and Brangwyn, by Sargeant, La Thangue, Clausen, Hornel, Abbey and Moira—which have no more affinity to Meissonier—who has woefully fallen in value this later decade—than the microscope has to the aeroplane.

In this connection I have recently come across two quotations—in an article on Debussy by that sound critic, Ernest Newman—which have a very direct bearing upon my point. "C'est dans les poètes du second ordre," says Théophile Gautier à propos of Villon, "que se trouve le plus d'originalité et d'excentricité." "C'est dans les poètes du second ordre." This is a pregnant phrase, which applies with equal truth to artists of the brush and the mallet. "C'est même à cause de cela qu'ils sont des poètes du second ordre. Pour être grand poète, du moins dans l'acceptation où l'on prend ce mot, il faut s'adresser aux masses et agir sur elles."

Edmund Gurney hit upon the same line of thought in his brilliant article on "The Appreciation of Poetry," where he argues that the poetry most *companionable* to a man is that which "is most in harmony with familiar strains of thought and feeling; which, instead of encountering friction and resistance, or having to carve out its channel to his affections by sheer dint of beauty, finds channels already marked out for it to fill and overflow," and that the moral sentiments being the most profoundly rooted in us it is impossible, *ceteris paribus*, but that that poetry should convey most spiritual wealth, and involve the greatest number of enriched minutes which is in recognisable harmony with these sentiments, rather than poetry which is either markedly self-centred or markedly visionary and fantastic. And these senti-

ments are directly applicable to the public's appreciation of pictorial and plastic art.

To descend from generalisation to particular instances, it will be said at once that the present Royal Academy Exhibition contains very few striking pictures. There are no portraits by Sargeant, because Sargeant has declared his intention, for the present, inasmuch as his money-bags are full, of giving up portrait painting for Art. This leaves a large section of the public in despair, for it is no compensation to find such artists as J. J. Shannon painting fat Aldermen in place of the astounding Sargeants. Even portraits of His Most Gracious Majesty the King by Sir Edward Poynter, or Mr. Mor-dicai, or by all the three heroes of the fiery furnace, will

not compensate us for Mr. Sargeant's bold flights into painty personalities, and for the rest the galleries are respectably dull, unpoetic and generally uninspired. It is significant that out of a thousand oil paintings only a poor dozen have been inspired by poetry. The painter's art is in danger of losing its poetic hold upon the on-looker. Such is the pity of it, and this is one reason why the general effect is one of dullness. The subject picture has been replaced either by portraits or by landscapes largely because there is very little "market" nowadays for the episode in paint.

It is this sameness which renders the first gallery apparently uneventful. Nevertheless, there is work in it of more than average interest. Mr. Napier Hemy's "Plymouth" dominates the first room by its force no less than by its greyness and solidity and shares with Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Slipping out with the Ebb" the sea interest of the room, just as Mr. C. Halford's "It was the time of Roses, we plucked

them as we passed," is amongst the most poetic of the pictures that greet us at the outset. Mr. George Clausen's "Wood Nymph," Mr. Lamorna Birch's somewhat scattered "Lamorna," and Mr. Algernon Talmage's "The Mackerel Shawl" are other pictures in this first room which should receive attention.

In the somewhat oddly-shaped second gallery more than an art interest attaches to the late Sir W. Q. Orchardson's portrait of Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., and "The Pier Head," by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, deserves its place. "The Crisis," by Mr. Donald Maxwell, and Mr. J. S. Sargeant's "Glacier Streams" are both exhibition pictures rather than intended for private consumption. Pictures of interest are more numerous in Gallery III., and Mr. Frank Bramley's "And mocks my loss of liberty" is one of the few important canvases inspired by a happy touch of fantasy. Mr. Joseph Farquharson



Mrs. Hayes Sadler. CHARLES SIMS

A Connoisseur's Note Book (*continued*)

is as atmospheric as ever, if he harps somewhat too persistently upon one string in "Winter comes with stormy blast." Still, Mr. Farquharson is always an artist and has merely to be warned against the danger of over-repetition.

The third room, however, is clearly and unmistakably dominated by one of the failures of the great. Nothing would give greater pleasure to artists and patriots alike than to welcome a fine portrait of His Majesty the King, but, unfortunately, this year's effort of Sir E. J. Poynter only serves to recall the fact that other great monarchs—and some little ones—have been splendidly painted by

Brock and Alfred Gilbert, have handed down to posterity two presentments which do justice to the greatness of their subject.

Let me pass, however, from this regrettable failure to a very different picture, a *tour de force*, by the veteran Mr. H. W. B. Davis. "The Head of the Pool" is full of a youthful breeziness and a certainty of handling which shows that Art mocks at Time's toll and that some of the oldest painters remain the youngest. Very different in its success is the portrait of "Mrs. Hayes Sadler," by Mr. Charles Sims, which for sheer quality and restful portrait-treatment should be considered as



"The Top of the Hill." TOM MOSTYN

great men of the past. Philip of Spain, Charles I., Louis XIV. are a trio which live in art more than in history through the power and personality of Velasquez, of Van Dyck, and of Charles Le Brun and Hyacinthe Rigaud. And amongst painters of our island breed do not the names of Lely and Kneller, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Gainsborough, and, above all, of Sir Thomas Lawrence, conjure up great successes conceived broadly and achieved with a dignity which is unfortunately missing from the ambitious and almost fussy portrait which has been painted by the present President "for the Royal Academy." It is unfortunately the case that in no instance which I can recall has either his present Majesty or "the Great Little Queen," his mother, found successful treatment at the hands of the painter. Fortunately, in the case of the late Queen, two sculptors at least, Mr.

the portrait of the year. It has just those qualities which, with all their astounding domination, are more often than not absent from the big and aggressive canvases by Mr. Sargeant. It is truly decorative, which Mr. Sargeant's rarely are; it is fresh in colour, light and easy in touch, and just such a picture as would add interest to an interior. Mr. Sargeant's remarkable achievements—with half a dozen magnificent exceptions—can barely settle into less commonplace surroundings than those afforded by a public exhibition. This, it seems to me, is neither the beginning nor ending of a portrait, unless it is the portrait of a national hero intended primarily and finally for public exhibition.

A picture of a very different kind, but one which epitomises his art outlook, is the "Wine," by Frank

A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

Brangwyn, which is the one picture of forceful originality in Gallery IV. It was described to me at the private view "as a very drunken Velasquez." Very bibulous it doubtless is and full-blooded and mellow unmistakably. But, surely, this is exactly what it should be, and it indicates, maybe, a more genial outlook upon life than Mr. Brangwyn has always adopted. Hitherto, much as I have admired the power and intention of Mr. Brangwyn's art, there has seemed to me to be a note of sadness, almost of pessimism, in much of it which is entirely absent from this masterly picture of "Wine." How far is the East from the West, so far is this broadly conceived picture of the sailor-painter from "The Hill-top," by Tom Mortyn, which hangs above it. This shows that Mr. Tom Mostyn has, in the dull character of the colour of many of his former pictures, merely disguised a daintiness of touch all unsuspected up to the present time. Possibly the slate-grey of Manchester has passed out of his life.

The pride that a true lover of art finds in the bravery and certainty of Mr. Brangwyn's "Wine" is not upheld by the average of the work displayed in the fifth gallery. Mr. Alfred East's "Morning Sunshine" is no worse and no better than this accomplished painter has exhibited many a time before. It is good, sound painting, in no sense inspired, and falls below Sir E. A. Waterlow's "Sunset" in poetic intention. Mr. Davis Murray is as broad and pleasantly space-filling as ever in his "Lago di Piano: Val Menaggio," and Mr. Shannon's presentation portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch is not a good foil to the "Mrs. Fielden," by George Henry—a painter whose self-sufficiency somewhat interferes with his efficiency. But that is temperamental and not easy to overcome.

"A Romaunt," a quietly poetic picture by Ernest Board, very well fills a corner of Gallery VI., and is more winning in its romantic intention than its near neighbour, the "Love Divine" of Mr. Grenville Manton. It is Mr. Abbey, however, who begins to occupy undue space by his decoration illustrating "The Camp of the American Army at Valley Forge, February, 1778." This has been painted for the State Capitol of Pennsylvania, and may do very well there. Neither national sentiment nor any special art quality justifies its exhibition at Burlington House, and this remark applies with even greater force to the towering decorative canvas representing "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," which, in its present position, has nothing but its size to recommend it. The conception of this latter subject is picturesque and timid, and the achievement is very nearly a waste of valuable space. It is in no sense art, and it is not particularly convincing illustration.

Gallery VII., although not entirely devoid of interest, leaves but an indefinite impression upon my mind, except for an obvious Blair Leighton and a poor Christian Symons, and I hail with pleasure the large painting of "Villeneuve les Avignon, Provence, France," by Mr. H. Hughes Stanton, in the next gallery. I have seen this described by a young critic as cold and dry, but it is very much more than this. It is landscape conceived in the grand manner and with an eye to a fine subject not often to be found amongst modern landscape painters. It is, to my mind, quite easily the landscape of the year. Its greyness is truer to the South than most Englishmen realise, and it has a dignity of conception, a sense of

grandeur, a fine touch of conscious and ordered design, which is a lesson in composition of the truly grand order which many of our otherwise splendid band of landscape painters would do well to study and perceive. It is the one landscape in this year's exhibition which, in my opinion, has the true and lasting quality of classic art.

Nothing of especial note remains to detain us except the remarkably typical panorama of "London," by Gerald Moira. This is a big effort to suggest a big, almost too big, a theme. London is so personal, so individual in its way, that very few artists at any time have been able to give us more than pieces or notes of it. Turner, Wyllie, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, and Scotsmen have done their best with it, and very few of them have done more than to make a cuff-note of some phase of it. Gerald Moira has done more than most, and his



"And Mocks My Loss of Liberty." F. BRAMLEY

picture is of the abiding sort. It is well to leave this year's Royal Academy with the pleasant memory of so true an art effort as this, and to endeavour to remember and to record that such a show should at least have a serious intention. Art is no plaything, and it is not merely a thing to be bought and sold by the cunning huckster. Whatever else may be said to the contrary, its mission is obvious, its use is apparent, and its value to mankind is undeniable. Art has its principles no less than morals or theology. One day, says the chronicler, as little François Millet stood at his father's side, watching the setting sun sink into the waves, the glory of the scene stirred him to enthusiastic admiration, and he poured out his heart in an ecstasy of childish rapture. Jean Louis took his cap off reverently and said: "My son, it is God." May we never forget that "message."

Wallace F. Crowdy.

* Concerning Society *

A NEW hostess this season is Mrs. Nickols, who has taken 2 Seamore Place, Mayfair. Mrs. Nickols is very well off, and she intends to do a good deal of entertaining. Her house was the London mansion of the late Lord Blythswood, who left it to his widow, but she sold it and went to live in Hobart Place at one of the new houses there. Seamore Place is that *cul de sac* at the bottom of South Audley Street and the western end of Curzon Street, and the backs of the houses in it look upon Park Lane, these being those fine residences between Sir Edward Sassoon's house at the corner of Great Stanhope Street, and Lord Brassey's house. A near neighbour of Mrs. Nickols in Seamore Place is Mr. Alfred de Rothschild.



Notwithstanding rumours of a pending general election, an unusually large number of dances are taking place, and hostesses continue to make arrangements for giving until the end of the season entertainments of this kind and other functions. Two notable balls this month are those which Lady Howard of Glossop is giving in Rutland Gate on May 24th, and Lady Miller of Manderston's, two days later, at 45 Grosvenor Square, for her niece, Miss Magdalen Curzon.



Photo] Mrs. Selby-Bigge [Thomson

Lady Miller of Manderston is the wealthy widow of the late Sir James Miller, of racing fame, and having no children of her own, she takes an unusual interest in the three motherless little girls of her brother, Lord Curzon of Kedleston. She is chaperoning Miss Magdalen Curzon, a *debutante* this season, and daughter of another brother, Mr. Alfred Curzon.



Lady Howard of Glossop's dance is for her only daughter, Miss Frances Fitzalan-Howard, also a *debutante* this year. Lady Howard of Glossop is the present peer's second wife, and a very lovely woman. She is one of the tall and handsome daughters of the late Mr. William Scott-Kerr, of Sunlaws, Roxburghshire, and probably the most beautiful of all. The story is that Lord Howard of Glossop fell in love with her portrait, whilst it was being painted by the late Sir William Orchardson, before he saw her in the flesh. Mr. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, the heir to the title, is Lady Howard of Glossop's stepson, but she has a boy.



Two other notable *debutantes* are Miss Stella Munday, and an American beauty, Miss Cecilia Webster Fox, whose father is a fashionable physician in Philadelphia. Miss Fox was presented at the last Court, and her mother is taking a house in London for the season for her. Miss Munday, who is a niece of Sir James Duke, is to be presented at one of the two next Courts. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Munday, of Wilderwick, East Grinstead, and is nineteen this year.



Another dance hostess this month was to have been Mrs. Selby-Bigge, who had arranged for a small affair in Wilbraham Place on May 9th. Mrs. Selby-Bigge is the younger daughter of the late Right Hon. John Robert Davison, of Underriver,

near Sevenoaks, an eminent Q.C. and Judge Advocate-General, and a sister of Mr. J. Davison. It is some years, of course, since she married Mr. L. A. Selby-Bigge, of the Education Department, but at the same time difficult to realise that she is the mother of a son and two grown-up daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Cecil Pember.



Mr. and Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton, who are spending their honeymoon in Venice, are on their return paying a visit to the latter's parents at Holkham, Norfolk, and then they will go to Bargany, their home in Ayrshire, where it is the intention of the tenants and others to give them an enthusiastic welcome. Their stay at Holkham will have a romantic interest for both, for their engagement was the outcome of a visit of Mr. Dalrymple-Hamilton to Holkham, where he was one of the guns at a shooting party. Bargany is the old seat of the Lords Bargany, whose title is now dormant. After the death of the fourth Lord Bargany, the estate subsequently passed to the lady, who became the Duchesse de Coigny, and was the present owner's great-grandmother. Mr. North Dalrymple-Hamilton's marriage to Lady Marjorie Coke was a most important social affair, and everybody seemed to be there. The best man was the bridegroom's brother.



Among the numerous guests were the Marquise d'Hautpoul and Lady Evelyn Baring, who was Lady Magheramorne previous to her marriage to Mr. Hugo Baring, and is one of Lord Shaftesbury's attractive sisters. The Marquise d'Hautpoul was Miss Julia Stonor, and she is an aunt of Lord Camoys. She is perhaps the Princess Royal's greatest friend, and the two are equally fond of fishing, this sport being the only one they care about. At one time Miss Julia Stonor, as she was then, and Her Royal Highness might often have been seen shopping together, and before the King and Queen came to the Throne, they used to see a good deal of their daughter's friend, for the Marquise is one of the few people ever asked to stay for weeks together at Marlborough House. The Marquise d'Hautpoul, whose mother was a dear friend and Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Alexandra, married in 1891 a French noble of ancient lineage, whose family have lived near Toulouse for centuries.



Photo] Mrs. Nickols [Rita Martin



Sir George and Lady Newburgh are now settled for the season at their town house in Wilton Crescent, where they will remain until they go North again to Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire. Newburgh is a fine old mansion of historic interest, which has in past years frequently entertained Royalty beneath its hospitable roof. The Duke of Cambridge more than once stayed with Sir George and his popular wife, who is a sister of Lord Jersey. At Newburgh are several mementoes of Cromwell, including the Protector's saddle, bridle, pistols, and sword, and a ghost—a lady dressed in white satin, which appears in one of the corridors. Sir George Wombwell rode in the Balaclava charge, one of his brother officers in the 17th Lancers being Lord Tredegar, then Captain Morgan.

Concerning Society (*continued*)

Lord and Lady Granard are now occupying their fine new town residence in Belgravia, formerly Mortimer House, but renamed Forbes House. The mansion has been much enlarged and improved, and it will be in every way suitable for the continuing of the entertaining which Lady Granard did on rather lavish lines at Lord Dartmouth's house in Charles Street last year. A great improvement is the entrance which has been made opening on Grosvenor Crescent, as the Halkin Street entrance is somewhat restricted, and on the occasion of a big party would be inconveniently crowded. When first built Forbes House was in a part of London practically undeveloped, and it was erected as a dower house for the Fitzwilliam family.



Lady Ashby St. Ledgers' first appearance in her new rank as hostess at a big reception at Wimborne House will be on May 25th, when the delegates of the Women's National Liberal Association, who will then be assembled in London for a conference, are to be entertained. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith, and a host of Liberal notabilities, will be present. It seems strange to think of this beautiful mansion,

Mrs. Henry Fane will, as Lord Clinton's elder daughter, be very well dowered, for her father has the large estates said to be worth £60,000 a year, which he inherited on the death of Mr. Mark Rolle two or three years ago, entirely at his own disposal. The Trefusis family estates, and the Scotch property which Lord Clinton inherited from his mother, are in strict settlement, and will pass to his next brother, Major Forbes-Trefusis. Mrs. Fane, whose wedding took place in a week of important matrimonial events, the day after Lady Marjorie Coke's, and her sister are co-heiresses to their father's barony, which in the ordinary course of events will fall into abeyance between them.



The Duke of Leinster has received considerable benefit from his sojourn abroad this winter, and the nervous malady from which he was suffering last autumn has now gone. The Duke is tall, well set up, and looks fairly strong; but he has inherited the delicate constitution of his parents, and he usually winters abroad, as a rule in Egypt. He has just entered upon his twenty-fourth year, and is one of the most eligible bachelors in society, for he had a long minority, and much of the immense family estates, which did not bring in



Kilkea Castle, Co. Kildare

one of the handsomest and most spacious in London, as the scene of such an assembly. Twenty years ago Toryism had one of its fortresses here, though it was a democratic view of the creed, that paradoxical Conservatism, which lived only in the person of Lord Randolph Churchill, for whom his sister Lady Wimborne had such an intense admiration and devotion. The big political gatherings of his time were held entirely for his benefit, but of recent years Wimborne House has been a Liberal centre.



Lady Ashby St. Ledgers was before her marriage Miss Alice Sibell Grosvenor, daughter of Lord Ebury. She is one of the prettiest of the younger married women in society, with fine eyes and exquisite colouring. In appearance she is highly distinguished, and her face has the charm of keen intelligence and thought. Lady Ashby St. Ledgers dresses admirably with a touch of most becoming originality, which recalls the fact that she was one of the first women to wear diamond shoulder straps. Lord and Lady Ashby St. Ledgers make their home principally at Ashby St. Ledgers, the old seat of the Catesbys and where the Gunpowder Plot was hatched, whence Lord Wimborne's son and heir took his title on being raised to the peerage; but they are a great deal at Wimborne House.

a large income considering their extent, have been sold under the various Irish Land Acts, and the proceeds invested to great advantage by the Leinster trustees. The Duke, however, has shown no disposition for matrimony, and when at home he prefers to live quietly at Kilkea Castle, where his uncle and ex-guardian, Lord Walter Fitzgerald, and his three unmarried aunts make their home.



Kilkea is the smaller of the Duke's two seats, and, like Carton, is in Kildare. It is homelier than the big family place near Maynooth, and more picturesque, with its ivy-covered walls, but it has not the splendid gardens and grounds of Carton. The Duke's mother, the lovely Duchess Hermione, the most beautiful of Lord and Lady Feversham's daughters, was a keen horticulturalist, and much of the beauty of the grounds at Carton is owing to her taste. It was at Carton, in the time of the present owner's great grandfather "the good old Duke," that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert made their first acquaintance with the jaunting car. The present Duke's parents lived at Kilkea when first married, and writing of them in 1886, Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower said the marriage seemed to be a very happy one, and he went on to add somewhat cynically that in these days of ill-assorted marriages it was very refreshing to see a young couple living happily far away from London and its frivolities.

Concerning Society (continued)

WEDDINGS

AND ENGAGEMENTS

DURING this month very few marriages are taking place, owing to the old superstition that May weddings are unlucky, but for June a very large number have been fixed, and until the end of July the West-End churches will be busy. Perhaps the most important marriage next month will be that of Count Gleichen and Miss Sylvia Edwardes, which will take place at the Chapel Royal. Unusual interest

is being taken in this wedding, as Miss Edwardes, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Edwardes and of Mrs. Edwardes, of Herbert Crescent, is a Maid of Honour to the Queen, and the bridegroom elect is a kinsman of the King, and brother of Lady Valda Machel. Miss Edwardes is a cousin of Lord Kensington.



Then there are the marriages of Lord Wolmer and Miss Grace Ridley, of Lord Gosford and Miss Mildred Carter, and of Lord Maidstone, all of which are arranged to take place in June. Captain and Mrs. Josceline Bagot's daughter, Miss Mary Bagot, is also to be married in

June to Mr. Vincent Jones, the wedding taking place in the country from the ancient home of the Bagots-Levens Hall, in Cumberland, celebrated for its wonderful topiary gardens. A second country wedding will be Miss Dorothy Pym's to Mr. Rollo Alston on June 7th, at Sandy, Bedfordshire.



Another June wedding is that of Captain Hill, of Corunna Barracks, Aldershot, and Miss Sandars, of Scampton, Lincolnshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton Parish Church, on the 2nd. On June 14th Mr. Eric May, of 21 Gloucester Square, is to be married to Miss Joan Nicholl, of 32 Lancaster Gate, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate; and two days later, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, the wedding takes place of Mr. Henry Norman Barnett, F.R.C.S., of Thornhill, Knock, County Down, and College Square, East Belfast, to Miss Eleanor Shaw, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Shaw, of Colne Hall, Lancashire, and Hillfield, Torquay.



Two weddings in July, both military affairs, will be that of Mr. George Critchett Juler, of the 5th Lancers, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Juler, of Cavendish Square, and Miss Valerie Margaret Claude Johnson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Johnson, of Broadstone, Colemans Hatch, Sussex, which will take place in London; and the marriage of Mr. Daniel de C. MacGillycuddy, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, eldest son of the late Mr. Daniel de C. MacGillycuddy, of Tralce, County Kerry, and Miss Lillian Cleeve, younger daughter of the late Sir Thomas Cleeve and of Lady Cleeve, of Sunville House, Limerick.



An engagement which will unite two ancient families is that of Mr. Gilbert Ireland-Blackburne, eldest son of Colonel

and Mrs. Ireland-Blackburne, of Hale Hall, Lancashire, and Miss Kitty à Court-Repington, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles à Court-Repington, of Amington, Tamworth, and Pondtail, Cobham. The à Court-Repingtons through the Repington branch go back to Norman times, and the Irelands have been at Hale since the time of the Conqueror. The Blackburnes came originally from Yorkshire, and intermarried with the Irelands. Not long after Mr. Gilbert Ireland-Blackburne came of age he met with a rather nasty accident in the motor that his father had given him on attaining his majority.



Lady Gerard's younger sister, Miss Clare Gosselin, is engaged to be married to an officer of the Indian Army, Captain Medlicott, of Skinners Horse, son of Mr. Henry E. Medlicott, of Sandfield, Wiltshire. Miss Gosselin makes her home with her mother, Lady Gosselin, widow of Sir Martin Gosselin, who was British Minister to Lisbon, at Blakesware, near the village of Widford, in Hertfordshire, but they are a good deal in town. The bride elect is a charming girl. Lord Gerard and his sister Baroness de Forest, and Lady Gosselin's three daughters are cousins, Lady Gosselin and Lady Oliphant being sisters of the late Lord Gerard.



Another interesting engagement is Mr. Eric Bonham to Miss Ethel Seymour, younger daughter of the late Colonel Leopold Seymour, and of Mrs. Bertram Falle, of 95 Piccadilly, whose house there is one of the palaces in that well-known thoroughfare, being magnificently furnished and full of art treasures. Mr. Bonham is in the Scots Greys, and since last year he has been equerry to Prince Arthur of Connaught. He is the second and only surviving son of Sir George and Lady Bonham, of Knowle, Cranleigh, Surrey, and heir to the baronetcy, through the sudden death early this year of his elder brother, Colonel Lionel Bonham, late of the Grenadiers. Colonel Bonham, who was in the Turkish Gendarmerie, succumbed whilst in Turkey to an attack of typhoid fever, and very soon after his remains had been brought home his wife died of grief at his loss, the two being buried together at Cranleigh.



The marriage of Mr. Rupert Drummond, of the Navy, and Miss Evelyn Butler took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on May 11th, and instead of the important affair it was expected to be, was very quiet owing to mourning. For this reason there was no reception after the ceremony at Lord and Lady Arthur Butler's house in Portman Square as had been arranged, though most of the bride's Ormonde relatives were present, including her handsome cousin, Lady Constance Butler. Mr. Rupert Drummond is a younger brother of Mr. Eric Drummond, who is married to the Duchess of Norfolk's sister. The latter is heir to his step-

brother, Lord Strathallan, who is also Earl of Perth, though he has made no attempt to prove his claim to the ancient title.

(Many important social events have been postponed owing to the death of the King.)



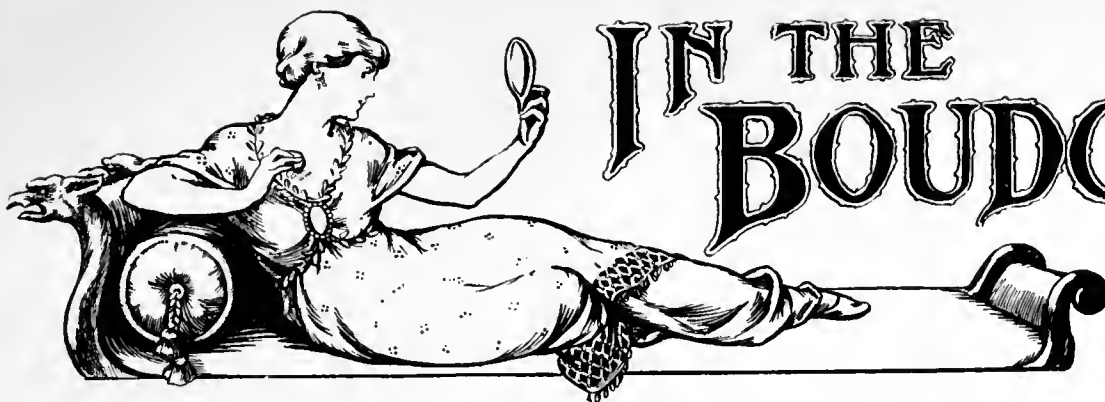
Photo] [Rita Martin
Mrs. Rupert Drummond
(Miss Evelyn Butler)



Photo] [Rita Martin
Mrs. Henry Fane
(The Hon. Harriet Trefusis)



Photo] [Topical Press
Mr. North and Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton
leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their wedding



By Mrs. HUMPHRY ("Madge, of Truth")

THE black satin tailor-made is the latest outdoor fashion from Paris. The softness of the material assists the clinging-in effect insisted upon by the principal modistes and some of the very newest skirts have perfectly flat tucks to relieve the otherwise absolute plainness of the skirts. These are now tighter than ever, with no fulness at the back, where they are drawn across the figure in a manner that is far from graceful. There is a choice between the long and the short black satin coat, but for the moment satin is almost the only wear. At Longchamps four-fifths of the smartest women had adopted it, and at the Royal Academy private view the handsome and graceful wife of one of our foreign ambassadors wore it in an almost aggressively plain and simple cut, the skirt shorter at the back than in front and showing cream-coloured gaiters over the patent leather boots. Another smart gown was in olive-green satin with flat tucks, also very short in the skirt. The jacket was short and had short sleeves.

THE VOGUE OF VOILE.

The new silk voiles are perfectly adapted to the very exigent modes of the moment. The sketch shown on this page is from a model in powder blue voile dotted all over with milk-white beads, which are massed closely together in the bands of heavier embroidery, carried out in diamond-shaped squares. A little soft lace shows at the edge of the neck and sleeves, these latter being cut in one with the bodice. The neck is square without any collar. The fulness of the bodice is gathered into a belt of the embroidery. The hat is in powder-blue crinoline with a tufted osprey in a darker tone of blue, which promises to be the reigning colour of the season, with grey a good second. The new pewter-grey is at its best in silk voile. An all-in-one gown of this has a plastron straight down the back entirely covered with rat-tail embroidery and concealing the fastenings of the gown, which are kept as small and flat as possible. Otherwise their position would be perceptible through the thin materials now so universally worn. The upper part of the sleeves and the chemisette are in tucked grey chiffon and are cut in one, the voile being carried out in the under part of the sleeves and cut in one with the bodice. A piping of grey satin gives firmness to where chiffon and

voile meet—a necessary arrangement when the materials are slight of texture.

SHANTUNG AND SUMMER CLOTH.

The tailor-made is even more the fashion than it was last year, and will be worn at all times of the day, indoors and out, until the dress is changed for dinner, or perhaps a teagown donned for the pleasantest meal of the day from a woman's point of view. We may thank the motor car and also modern love of racing for the vogue of the tailor-made. It remains ultra-short and really hideously scant and close-fitting round the ankles, and when made in Shantung and light-weight summer cloth it clings in at the back in a way that would at one time have been thought hopelessly ungraceful. There is no certainty about the length of the coat to accompany such gowns. Some will wear them short, others will continue to have them long. One of our best London houses is turning out long Shantung coats for its clients, a compromise being effected between ultra-tightness and room to move by fitting the coats closely to the shoulders, but inserting much-flattened pleats in the skirt part. These Shantung coats are oftenest turned back with black satin, but sometimes a colour is introduced on revers and cuffs; also in the band which is occasionally introduced at the back of the waist, but seldom allowed to encircle it, the straight belt being so very trying to all but the slimmest figures. Spotted foulard is rather in favour for the collars and cuffs of Shantung or tussore coats and the new cretonne (which is really linen manufactured expressly for dress purposes) provides a very effective material for such coats. A skirt and coat trimmed with this "cretonne," its brightness veiled with black or blue or green, can be quite triumphantly pretty.

The Casino gown illustrated on p. 93 is in cherry satin anglais embroidered in silk of the same shade. The bodice is in embroidered chiffon, also cherry-coloured, mounted over gold lace. There is no collar. The sleeves turn the elbows and there is a shaped belt carried high in front. The skirt is caught into a band of the embroidery. This gown is typical of the very latest Paris fashion. It will be observed that the waist is in the natural position and that the gown is made to



Blue Voile Gown

front. The embroidery. Paris fashion. in the natural

In the Boudoir (continued)

fit it. The hat is large, in black chip with many plumes.

THE NEW FOULARDS.

There is a great fancy for currant and raspberry reds in foulards, as well as in night-blue, wistaria mauve, réséda, usually with round spots in white, brown or black scattered over them. A recent model, made with a very short train, is in poplar-green foulard patterned in black and trimmed all down the front with piped black satin. The black satin belt is finished with fringed ends and the Peter Pan collar (in lace) has a smart little black satin bow in front. The short sleeves are turned back with black satin cuffs above the elbows. Another foulard is in a lovely tone of sea-blue spotted with white. The skirt is plain in front, but pleated at the sides, and is crossed by bands of plain satin in the same shade of blue. The bodice is in blue chiffon, the collarless neck finished with a tucker of kilted white lace. A peculiar cachet is given this gown by a deep band of embroidery carried down the front in green, blue and white ending in cords of green silk to which bits of jade and a coral bead are fastened—a very distinctive note. An accompaniment is a dainty little pelerine with a habit-basque, the whole in foulard, the fronts crossing and the revers in black satin.

The graceful afternoon dress shown on p. 93 is sketched from a model in white figured crêpon ornamented with fine blue braid inset on white cloth. The Empire waist is finished with blue silk tassels hanging at the right side from the folded belt. The turndown collar is kilted muslin and the sleeves are finished with the same. The large Tuscan hat has blue and white shot silk bows.

SMART HEADGEAR.

With respect to headgear, the newest hats are larger than ever and the latest toques quite small. Our English aristocracy, for the most part, adopts the latter, though some portion of it is by no means averse from the picture hat. The rich upper middle class goes in for the large hat as the just complement of the smart afternoon outdoor dress—a thing that is almost unknown to the aristocratic wearer, unless she should happen to be attending a wedding, a garden party, a reception, or some other function more or less ceremonious. One of the newest hat trimmings is the wax-flower, just like those that used to be kept under glass cases in mid-Victorian days. There is a perfect rage just at the moment for small pink roses, sometimes arranged like immense buckles, some times

crossing crown and brim in a stiff band and again round the crown with a painful regularity quite foreign to the queen of flowers. Another notion of the hour is to pile the hat with flowers of widely varying colours, none of them attempting to harmonise in the smallest degree with any of the rest. Blue is sadly maltreated in this way.

PERVERTED ETYMOLOGY.

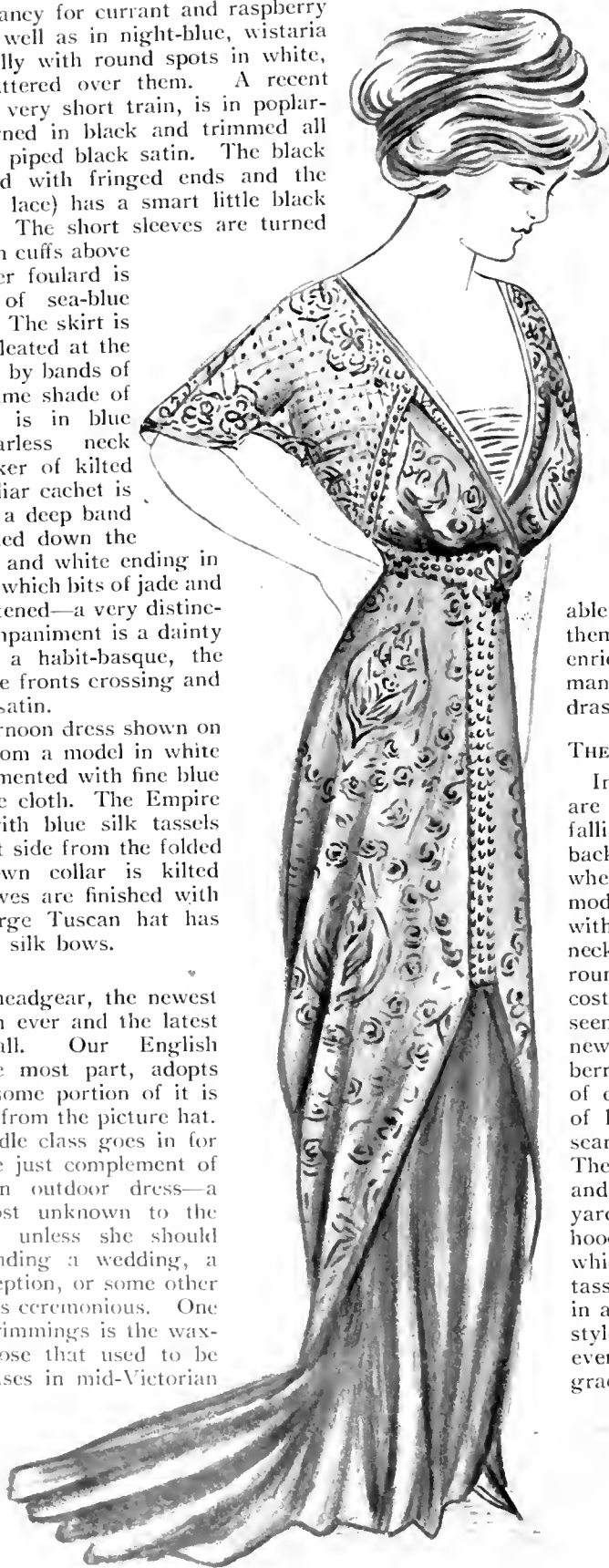
I see that Gobelin blue has now become "goblin" in the drapers' lists of colours. Those who do not know the genealogy of the word will wonder what colour it can mean. Without its capital "G" and central "e" it is deprived of pedigree and offers no clue to its descent from the lovely blue of ancient tapestry. We must expect this to happen to many words now, partly owing to the fact that writers dictate so much to stenographers and partly to our national lack of linguistic attainments. Words coming from a foreign source are immediately Anglicised by the

unlearned, as the most comfortable means of becoming acquainted with them. This is the time-honoured fashion of enriching our language, but it is guilty of many murders and much mutilation in the drastic process.

THE SCARF, THE CAPE, THE NEW VISITE.

Instead of the now abandoned scarf we are to have transparent capes this season, falling a little below the waist line at the back and some inches below it in front, where the cape finishes in points. A pretty model is made of chiffon in pewter-grey with a border of very fine jet round the neck and fronts, supplemented by jet fringe round the lower edge. This finish to a costume allows the gown beneath to be seen, and if it happen to be in one of the new and pretty tones of currant or raspberry pink or rose-pink, or old rose, the veil of cloud-grey is very effective. The scarf of last year is now replaced also by the scarf burnous, which may be very graceful. The centre of the scarf is caught together and the sides fastened about a quarter of a yard from the centre. This forms a kind of hood, the distinctive feature of the burnous, which, if liked, may be finished with a tassel. If so, the fronts should be caught in and sewn into tassels. We may see this style adopted with some of the diaphanous evening scarves so difficult to manage gracefully owing to their extreme lightness of texture. The hood gives them staying power.

The visite is another revival from mid-Victorian days, following the scarf and the pelerine. It is a very useful little garment, suitable for slipping on on chilly days, and is an excellent supplement to a cloth or Shantung gown. One of the prettiest shapes of the visite crosses the chest, buttoning at one side and falls in straight lines



Yellow Brocade Evening Gown

In the Boudoir (continued)

from the shoulders. The sleeves reach the elbows and are embroidered or braided round the edge. There are small embroidered pockets for ornament and not for use, and the deep turned-down collar is also embroidered.

DRESS ON THE WALLS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Lady Inverclyde, whose portrait by Dicksee is by many considered the best in this year's Academy, is represented in a black satin gown relieved with lace and



Casino Gown



Afternoon Dress

a little gold. The Duchess of Buccleuch is also in black satin, with white lace sleeves and many jewels. The artist, J. J. Shannon, R.A., is equally skilful in rendering the gleam and texture of white satin, as shown by his portrait of Mrs. Frederick Montagu. Mrs. Arthur Herz's portrait (Dicksee) shows a daring combination of pink and orange. In George Henry's "The Nightingale" the lady, evidently a portrait, is in tones of cobalt blue, as she stands by the open window, a graceful figure,

In the Boudoir (continued)

listening to the bird music. The same artist's "Lady Margaret Sackville" shows a fair girl with large blue-grey eyes, in a blue gown with a bunch of roses at her waist. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, shown in profile and standing, is also in blue, but in a deeper shade like that of a midsummer night. One or two portraits prove conclusively the unsuitability of stripes for such occasions, and there is more than one dreadful example on the walls of the "family group" rightly held in such detestation by the portrait painter.



Greek Coiffure

and pale blue as well as Saxe-blue. Many will remain faithful to black silk openwork and black kid shoes, than which no chaussure gives such delicate smallness to the foot. As to the very large buckles, they cannot be said to be becoming. They are the very reverse, making the foot look much larger than it is and rendering an already large one quite enormous in appearance. The antelope shade will be preferred to brown this season, and the stockings worn with shoes of this colour must exactly match it. Shoes and stockings will also be carefully matched to the trimmings of pale or white gowns, as white shoes soil at once. It is a good plan to match the gloves to the shoes and stockings, and while on the subject I may suggest that it is generally successful to wear round the neck a bit of the same colour as that in the hat.

EVENING DRESS.

The return of yellow has brought some lovely pale golden shades into wear in evening dress. A brunette should never be without one of these. Our sketch on p. 92 shows a charming gown in yellow brocade with topaz jewelled embroidery for trimming. The bodice is in gold lace, cut kimono fashion and bordered heavily with the jewellery. The fronts are very much open, showing a small vest and are finished with lace. The drapery of the skirt is caught back with jewelled ornaments, showing a plain satin underskirt in the same shade of gold as the brocade.

This same beautiful colour is most highly effective in evening coats, whether they be in brocade, satin or cloth. There is less fulness in these wraps than of late; they are more clinging and close. A gold satin has a stole-like collar in deep, rich cashmere colours, the new "Paisley" trimming bordered with bronze-gold metal-work; and another satin coat, in a pale coffee tint, has a wonderful cape-collar in Chinese embroidery of mingled deep and pale blues worked together with true Oriental skill and insight into colour effects.

SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

We are to see plenty of colour in shoes and stockings this season, and as a beginning the brightest possible cherry-colour is worn in stockings with navy blue costumes. Paris sets the fashion. Probably cherry-coloured shoes will be the next step. They will be made in every colour to match the gowns, and lime-green seems a favourite; also petunia-mauve

THE EVENING COIFFURE.

The style of hairdressing changes now more quickly than any part of the costume proper. Our sketches on this page show some of the latest developments. One is a very pretty coiffure which shows the natural curve of a well-formed head. The loosely plaited chignon is surrounded by a long plait. The ears are covered and there are long earrings, now very much the fashion. The other coiffure is very curly and the hair much *ondulé* above the brow. Forehead and ears are almost entirely covered.

SOME PAQUIN FROCKS.

Among recent dresses created by that superb artist, Paquin, is one in pale rose-pink Liberty silk covered with peach-blossom *mousseline de soie* and embroidered all over in silver in a curiously effective and unusual design. The low bodice is lightly draped and the sleeves open from shoulder to elbow to show the arms, being caught up in a graceful way by means of a band of silver embroidery which borders the inner side of the opening. Another of the Paquin evening gowns is in Empire green *charmeuse*. The skirt is heavily embroidered in jet and a tunic in *mousseline de soie* of the same colour, which falls over it, is also embroidered in jet. The bodice is made of the *mousseline* over pearl-coloured chiffon with a veiling of the *mousseline* and two bands of the jet embroidery. A tea-gown bearing the signature of the same house is in pink *crêpe-de-Chine*, most beautifully embroidered at the corners and on the sleeves. An afternoon gown is in flax-blossom blue with tunic of Liberty silk in a brighter shade. There is also a tailor-made in ochre tussore with large buttons simulating a fastening on skirt and bodice. And, finally, a *vieux-rouge* Liberty veiled with brick-coloured silk muslin, which falls almost to the edge of the underskirt and is bordered with a fringe of the same colour.

It was Paquin who made the beautiful wedding gown of soft white satin worn by a recent bride. The high bodice had a transparent yoke of white tulle finished at the neck with a turn-down collar threaded with silver. The upper drapery of the bodice and the three-quarter length sleeves were in antique Brussels appliqué, and similar lovely lace formed the front of the skirt, the rest of it being white satin.

It is possible to dress in the very height of the fashion and yet at small outlay by dealing with Miss Kate Newton, who has made a

name for herself with her surprisingly inexpensive Paris model gowns, coats, etc. These she vends at about one-third or even a smaller portion of their original cost. It is well known that many of these models are signed by the greatest names in the world of chiffons, both of Paris and London, and that they represent the latest "cry" of fashion. Those who are in the secret surprise their acquaintances by their smart and up-to-date appearance, and when good-naturedly inclined advise their friends to copy their example and visit the establishment in Great Portland Street.



Fashionable Coiffure

THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY *ILLUSTRATED*

VOL. II. (New Series). No. 9

Published on 15th of each month.



[Photo]

[Dover Street Studios]

STARS OF THE OPERA: MME. MARIA KOUSNIETZOFF AS MARGUERITE

The Playgoer and Society Illustrated

Vol. II.

No. 9.

NOTICE

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Notes and Impressions

Our Horse Show Number.

Horse shows are in the air and it feels the effects of the atmosphere intensely. The result is—what you hold in your hands.

Stand No. 4.

Visitors to the International Horse Show at Olympia will doubtless find every stand an object of interest, and we venture to suggest that Stand No. 4 will by no means be the least attractive feature of the Show. It is at the right-hand side of the Addison Road entrance, and is the "exhibition gallery" of THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED. In addition to making the familiar mauve-and-gold still more familiar to British eyes it will give those of our guests from across the seas who at present only know of us by hearsay—for even THE PLAYGOER is bound to miss some secluded nooks in its trip round the world—a chance of getting to know us personally. We hope that the words of Burns may be found to apply in our case and that but to know us may be to love us!

Our Competition.

Attention is drawn to a new competition, full particulars as to which will be found on page 97. We hope it will be as successful as its predecessor!

The winners of this month's competition are:—

FIRST PRIZE:

Mr. G. B. Linford,
Peterborough Lodge,
143 Finchley Road, N.W.,
for "A South Sea Highlander."

SECOND PRIZE:

Miss Jean Lawson Russell,
West Lodge,
Todmorden, Yorks,
for "The Pawky Pasha."

The Ibsen Club.

The fourth production of the Ibsen Club took place on Sunday evening, May 22nd, when "Rosmerholm" was presented. Whatever may be the individual opinion of the ethics of the play itself, only praise can be given to the players who undertake its interpretation. Miss Catherine Lewis, the promoter of the movement to make the works of Ibsen more accessible to those interested in the drama in its widest sense, is to be congratulated in that she has gathered around her artists of wide experience and unfailing energy. The complex character of Rebecca West, which might well tax the comprehension and credulity of the ordinary playgoer, was splendidly portrayed by Miss Catherine Lewis, who also stage-managed this and previous productions. Every gesture was well studied and effective, even to the nervous glance and the stillness where a movement was expected. We may not believe in Rebecca West, but the art of Miss Catherine Lewis admits of no dispute. Mr. Rathmell Wilson appeared as Rosmer, depicting, as in "The Master Builder," a man debilitated by a domestic tragedy, whose soul is completed and spurred to renewed endeavour, whether he will or not, by a woman who stands on the outer edge of his life. Not a strong man nor an admirable, but splendidly portrayed by Mr. Rathmell Wilson. Mr. J. Cassels Cobb (by kind permission of Mr. Herbert Trench) played Rector Kroll with sure touch, portraying the fanatic spirit which repudiates and yet clings to a soul slipping from its grasp. Excellent character work was done by Mr. Stanley Roberts as the democratic Brendall, and Mr. A. E. Filmer as the wily newspaper proprietor. Miss Catherine Robertson completed the cast as Madam Helseth. The fifth and last production of the season, "When the Dead Awaken," takes place early in June.

"The Imp of the Human Heart."

"The Imp of the Human Heart," a new and original fairy play in one act, was produced on Saturday, 30th April, at the Queen's Gate Hall Theatre in aid of the funds for the Actors' Orphanage. The book is by Miss Kate Goddard, and the music by Mrs. C. V. France. The collaboration has resulted in a musical play of very quaint freshness and charm. The words are spirited and the music is full of sympathetic interpretation. Dresden china figures and dolls of all sorts speak and dance and sing after having been brought to life by the Imp and his attendant sprites. The play was acted mainly by children, who entered into the spirit of it and played with zest. The orchestra, although under the direction of Mr. T. A. Phipps, did not altogether succeed in doing justice to the music. Mr. Harry Hilliard, of the Grotesques, produced the play, and subsequently sang a couple of coon songs in the manner which is his very own. Miss Eva Moore gave three delightful recitations, and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher White acted some scenes from "Macbeth" with a fine dignity. "The Imp of the Human Heart" is a bright and appealing little musical play which ought to become known to those who are responsible for children's performances.

The Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre.

The movement for the establishment of a Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre is meeting with considerable appreciation. The Committee is organising branch committees in important districts and towns with the object of stimulating interest and raising subscriptions. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Comyns Carr, who are ardent supporters of the scheme, addressed a large meeting at the house of Mrs. Saxton Noble, at Knightsbridge, some short time ago, and reports of enthusiastic meetings are continually coming to hand from all parts of the country. At Sheffield, the Lord Mayor, Earl Fitzwilliam, has accepted the presidency, and active work is to be commenced in the autumn by the local executive. Substantial help is promised from

Leeds University, where the principal and several professors are members of the Committee. The Marquis of Linlithgow has accepted the presidency at Edinburgh, with Sir Robert Cranston as chairman of the local executive. Sir H. Newton is chairman at Newcastle, and the Duke of Beaufort is president at Bristol, with Sir Isambard Owen as vice-president.

for a halfpenny. But you will be surprised to hear that the same Englishman may not send his favourite monthly magazine to his favourite fiancée in the next town for less than threepence by parcel post. Yes, half the selling price is the amount extorted by the postal authorities for postage on THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED!

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Letter. Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson has written the following letter from Buffalo to the Secretary in London:

DEAR SIRs,—I am sorry to say I have not been able to make any headway in the matter of a Committee in New York in the interests of S.M.N.T. My time was very short, as I left there two weeks ago. However, matters are more hopeful in Canada. Last Friday, the 22nd, a dinner was given to His Excellency by the St. George's Society in Hamilton. In his speech, Lord Grey called upon the city to start a subscription, which was there and then done. I got to the banquet late after the play, and, in proposing my health, Lord Grey mentioned that in less than an hour £500 had been collected at the tables. There is every reason to believe that His Excellency's interest in the S.M.N.T. will cause subscriptions to be started in many of the other cities of Canada. I go to Toronto next week, and hope again to open the subject. I may mention that Lord Grey had the news cabled to the St. George's Society in London, so you may have heard of the incident through the Press. I venture to suggest that the Committee send a letter of thanks to His Excellency. Believe me to be

Yours truly,
(Signed) J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

The Rehearsal Company.

The fifteenth performance of the Rehearsal Company took place at the Rehearsal Theatre on 23rd May, under the direction of Mr. Clive Currie. The programme consisted of Act 2 of Robertson's "School"; "Love is passing," a new playlet by Mrs. Angelo Savi; a recitation from "Romeo and Juliet" by Miss Eva Balfour; a recitation by Miss Edith Carter; and "The Journey's End," by Horace W. C. Newte. The refrain from "Love the Pilgrim" was beautifully rendered by Miss Irene Delisse before the curtain was raised on "Love is Passing." Incidental music was contributed by Miss Brenda Gayne and Mr. Joseph Schofield. The act from "School" was in the very capable hands of Mr. Lewis Carlton, Mr. K. J. Shepherd, Mr. Victor Wiltshire, Mr. W. Coats-Bush, Mr. Clive Currie, Miss Edith Carter, Miss Evelyn Vanderzee, Miss Marjorie Hodges, and ten other young ladies who took the parts of scholars. "Love is Passing" was a pretty little playlet telling the story of a novelist whose ward fell in love with him. To tell him so she resorted to the trick of allowing someone else to fall in love with her and get him to ask her guardian's permission to make love to her. Realising the loss she will be to him, the novelist discovers his own love for his ward is reciprocated. Mr. Clive Currie, Mr. Keith J. Shepherd, Miss Evelyn Grey, and Miss Millicent Merle formed the caste. "The Journey's End" was played by Mr. Victor Wiltshire, Mr. Lane Crauford, Mr. Clive Currie, Miss May Saker, and Miss Mary Forbes. The whole performance provided a very pleasant afternoon's entertainment.

The Post Office and Monthly Magazines.

The stupendous stupidity of British officialdom! That, ladies and gentlemen from abroad, is the way patriotic publishers of English monthly magazines begin when speaking of the Post Office! You, in particular, visitors from the United States, who live in a land where there are no ruins, where everything is up-to-date, and where you can send a bulging publication like "Munsey's" a thousand miles for a trifle, will not be surprised to hear that an Englishman may send a shilling double number of a weekly journal from Land's End to John O'Groat's

A NEW COMPETITION NO ENTRANCE FEE.

RULES:

Competitors are required to send in suggestions for

A COMPETITION SUITABLE FOR READERS OF "THE PLAYGOER & SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED"

For the best suggestion, in the opinion of the Editor, will be awarded a prize of:

FREE tickets for FOUR Orchestra Stalls at any theatre in the world, to be designated by the winner (but not to exceed in value £2 2s.), together with a Cash Prize of £2 2s.

and for the second best suggestion:

FREE tickets for TWO Orchestra Stalls at any theatre in the world, to be designated by the winner (but not to exceed in value £1 1s.), together with a Cash Prize of £1 1s.

The winners may thus, at our expense, take a party of friends to the theatre, and to dinner before the play, or supper afterwards.

READ THE FOLLOWING CONDITIONS CAREFULLY:

1. Suggestions will be judged according to (a) Suitability; (b) Practicability; (c) Simplicity. All suggestions sent in *must* be accompanied by our Special Competition Coupon, which will be found on page x (facing page 127). There is no entrance fee.
2. A competitor may submit any number of suggestions, but each must be accompanied by a competition coupon.
3. Suggestions must reach this office on or before 9.30 a.m. on the 3rd of July, 1910.
4. Address your letter to "COMPETITION," c/o "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated," 12 Regent Street, London, S.W.

The following is an express condition of this Competition:

All competitors must accept the published decision of the Editor of "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" as final, and they enter only on this understanding.

Results will be published in our next number, published in London on 15th July, 1910.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THIS NEW COMPETITION. IF THEY WIN YOU WILL BE INCLUDED IN THEIR THEATRE AND SUPPER PARTY.

Barnes O. and D.S. in "The Gondoliers" at Byfield Hall, Barnes. An excellent performance in every way; the choruses were attacked with vigour and precision, the dancing was especially good, and the soloists, without exception, were equal to the work undertaken by them. Mr. John C. Broad was a good Duke, his resonant bass voice and experienced acting adding to the effect of this character. Marco and Guiseppe were admirably sung and played by Messrs. J. Hoyes McLean and Courtenay Evans, Miss Edith Hayes and Mrs. John C. Broad depicting a Tessa and Gianetta which were replete with grace and dainty charm. Miss Edith Warburton was good in the short but effective part of Inez, and a special word of praise must be recorded for Mrs. Leopold Glasspole, whose singing was delightful as the Duchess. All the minor parts were well cast and capably played, the whole reflecting great credit on the stage management of Mr. Arthur C. Chapman and the musical direction of the hon. conductor, Mr. Leopold Glasspole.

"Richard III."

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre on 28th May, 1910.

Mr. Martin Harvey, Miss N. da Silva, Messrs. Owen Roughwood, Charles Glenny, C. George, E. J. Fraser, S. Major Jones, Philip Hewland, Frederick Ross, Leonard Craske, David Bain, Alfred Mansfield, H. Graves, Misses Mary Rorke, Sybil Walsh, Brenda Gibson, Ethel Patrick, Mrs. A. B. Cross, and others.

WHILE endeavouring to avoid the scornful glances of those who walk the upright paths of earth, I must confess to something akin to admiration for Shakespeare's Richard, Duke of Gloucester. "Afterwards Richard III." appeals to me. He was a man of purpose and did what he set out to do. He opens the play and tells himself and his audience that he's an out-and-out blackguard; that he cannot play the lover, so means to play the rogue. He's out for a crown, with both eyes open for a throne, and means to get them even if he has to murder a whole family tree of relations—and he does it; he gets there. That's why I admire him. I quite agree with Queen Margaret's curses. Richard was an unholy villain, but he was frank about it before he started in earnest and nothing stopped him. Again, that's why I admire him.

Mr. Martin Harvey gave us a Richard who looked better than he said he did, who was not such a monster as he described himself. Indeed, at some moments of his career he was quite a decent, pleasant sort of chap—according to Mr. Martin Harvey. I wish we had seen him hunch-backed, deformed, short and ugly. It would have been so much easier to have forgiven him his little cruelties. Mr. Martin Harvey's murders were done in a businesslike manner. The audience—as on a memorable occasion when Sir Henry Irving played Richard at the Lyceum—ticked his victims off on their programme, one by one, as he finished them. This much for Richard—he was a triumph for Mr. Martin Harvey. Mr. Owen Roughwood's Clarence did not make our blood boil nor his dream set our hair on end. A grand piece of acting was that of Mr. Frederick Ross's Lord Hastings. Mr. Eric Mayne as King Edward IV. proved himself one of the few actors who can render Shakespeare's lines properly. The ladies of the company were all excellent. Miss Mary Rorke's Queen Margaret was a thing to see, hear, and talk about. Miss N. da Silva as the Lady Anne had formed a good conception of the part. She has had wider scope in other plays, but she knew her work as Lady Anne.

"Richard III." is mounted with disregard to cost. There are seventeen scenes and five acts.

"Parasites." Adapted by Paul M. Potter from "La Rabouilleuse," by Emile Fabre.

Produced at the Globe Theatre on 5th May, 1910.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Miss Constance Collier, Messrs. A. E. George, Norman Trevor, Acton Bond, Drelincourt Odum, Bertram Forsyth, Frederic Sargent, Frank Atherley, George Bealby, Oscar Adye, Dallas Cairns, Misses Marie Linden, Rose Dupre.

THE story of "Parasites" moves around the life of a young and fascinating orphan, who is the ward of a miserly old skinflint, over whom she has an almost hypnotic power. Unused to care and consideration, the old man, receiving a little from her, feels that she is indispensable to his lonely life on earth. The young lady, Flora Brazier by name, with all the insight usually accredited to women, is not slow to perceive her hold over her benefactor, and when she discovers that a mere threat to leave him is sufficient to reduce the old man to a state of collapse, she quickly falls in with the suggestion of her lover, Max Gilet, to insist upon the old man leaving her his entire fortune at his decease. For her to ask of the old miser, Jean Rouget, is to have. He refuses assistance to his own sister, who comes to plead for the necessary money that will effect the release of her son from the prison into which he has been cast for his political views. The entreaties of Madame Bridau and her other son, Joseph, are in vain, for Flora threatens to leave the house at once if he helps them.

It happens, however, that the prisoner, Colonel Philippe Bridau, obtains his release without the money, and when Flora and her lover hear that he is in the town they scheme to outwit him, fearing that his honesty and personality will overcome the old man. A pretty duel in scheming then takes place, out of which the gallant colonel comes



Miss Constance Collier in "Parasites"

triumphant.

"Parasites" is a play with very little love interest. It gives Mr. Bouchier an opportunity to display a remarkable aptitude for tragi-comedy. Miss Constance Collier, as Flora Brazier, makes a fascinating adventuress. I must say, however, that she was not so convincing in this character as in others. Who could compare her acting as Flora with her portrayal of Nancy in "Oliver Twist," her magnificent Cleopatra, or her Claudia?

"Parasites" was preceded by a comedietta, "A Midnight Meeting," by Cuthbert Morley. Though the incident is rather far-fetched, I presume that the effort of the author is to convey the doctrine that brute force will win, where intellect will fail. This is not a very high ideal for any author to aim at. And why call it a comedietta?

Drama of the Month (continued)

"The Dawn of a To-morrow." By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Produced at the Garrick Theatre, 14th May, 1910.

Miss Gertrude Elliott, Mr. Herbert Waring Messrs. Jameson Lee Finney, J. H. Barnes, James Hearn, James Geldard, Philip Leslie, Henry Ainlie, Parish Robertson, Misses Ada Dwyer, Jane Comfort, Marie Boyd, Maude Buchanan, Magdaleine Cotta, Violet Cragie, Portia Knight, and others.

THERE is doubtless a large public for the play with a moral, and for such a public "The Dawn of a To-morrow" should prove extremely interesting. Sir Oliver Holt is suffering from a terrible disease, the name of which is not known to the audience. Three specialists have been consulted, and although two of them are agreed that his case is hopeless, the third holds to the theory that a change of thought, atmosphere and environment will effect a cure. Sir Oliver, however, overhears part of the consultation, and as he cannot bear the thought of dying by degrees, he resolves to shoot himself. With this in view he disguises himself and journeys to an East-End slum, there to make an end of all things as an unknown man.

It is a foggy night in Apple Blossom Court when we next see him at the corner of an archway, watching the misery and squalor that surround him. His heart is touched with sympathy for the lost, half-dead, human beings. A slum girl, known in the neighbourhood as "Glad," because she is always merry and looks on the bright side of things, talks to Sir Oliver. Her creed is "to keep from thinking of troubles!" "Nothin'," she says, "is half so bad as we think it is, and if we keep thinkin' of something else we don't mind half as much." "Glad" is in love with Dandy, a young criminal, who has been mixed up in a murder, and for whom the police are searching. A visiting Sister of Mercy once told her that if she asked for a thing, and believed she would get it, her prayer would be answered. She asks that the police will not find Dandy, and they do not find him. She asks Sir Oliver to help her and her friends, and he does so. In the midst of a meal provided by Sir Oliver the police enter, and demand of "Glad" the knowledge of Dandy's whereabouts. Although she has hidden him, she swears she does not know where he is. Their search in the garret is in vain.

Now, it happens that Dandy was not one of the murderers; he refused to go on with the job and left the others. He had happened to see Mr. Oliver Holt, Sir Oliver's nephew, as the clock struck one, and spoke to him. As the murder took place at one o'clock at Hampstead, it is obvious that Dandy could prove an alibi if Mr. Oliver Holt would stand as witness. "Glad" prays, keeps "arstin' and arstin'," and goes off to Mr. Holt's rooms to compel him to speak for Dandy. "If I do," says Mr. Holt, "will you come to me?" To save Dandy, "Glad" nearly consents, when Sir Oliver and the police burst into the room. "Glad" prays again, and asks Mr. Holt, before his uncle and the police, whether he saw

Dandy at one o'clock in the morning. "Yes," says Mr. Holt. The search for Dandy is then discontinued, and in return "Glad" says nothing to Sir Oliver about certain of his nephew's immoral proposals to her. We can only suppose that Sir Oliver lives to a ripe old age, and finally bestows his fortune upon his nephew.

Miss Gertrude Elliott's rendering of "Glad" is the backbone of the whole piece. She has just caught the wild-cat nature of the East-End girl of the slums, with a heart as large as her body. Mr. Herbert Waring as Sir Oliver Holt, Mr. Jameson Lee Finney as Mr. Oliver Holt, and Mr. Henry Ainley as Dandy gave interesting performances.

"Judge Not—" Translated by P. G. Duchesne from the French by Georges Henriot and "Robert Macaire."

Performed at the Queen's Theatre on 28th May, 1910.

Mr. H. B. Irving, Misses Edyth Olive, Esmé Beringer, and Gladys Baird, and Messrs. Tom Reynolds, Tyars, Vibart, Allan, Eille Norwood, Scott-Gatty, and others.



Miss Gertrude Elliott in "The dawn of a To-morrow."

FOR a great number of our actor-managers, the frankly French play, or even the play with a French atmosphere, has a certain fascination. Perhaps the attraction lies in the change of treatment, the passion, or the human sentiment; perhaps it is because the play is French. It is not easy to put the finger on a certain spot and say "That is why!" Mr. H. B. Irving is not proof against the charms of the work of our friends across the Channel, and in this instance I think he has judged rightly. The moral of the play is to judge not, but I've risked it.

The play was obviously written as a protest against the inhuman practice of French police methods, and is remarkable for its cleverness.

A magistrate examines the suspected murderer of a judge, in the manner adopted in France. He is subjected to a fierce cross-examination. It has been found by letters in the dead judge's coat that the supposed criminal's wife was on terms of the utmost intimacy with the murdered

man. The magistrate assumes that the accused wretch murdered the judge from motives of jealousy. He also examines the woman, who, while admitting her guilty relations with the judge, denies her husband's knowledge of her conduct. It is discovered, however, by the woman's solicitor, that the evidence points to the examining magistrate as the unconscious murderer of the judge. He is apparently suffering from a terrible mental disorder, and in one of the lapses into which the disease has thrown him he is proved to have murdered his friend the judge. When the horrible truth is brought home to him the magistrate falls in a fit and the curtain drops, leaving the audience to suppose that the rest of the poor fellow's life must be spent in a criminal asylum.

If you have been sufficiently patient to read the above—for which, many thanks—you will have arrived at the conclusion that "Judge Not —" is a sad play. It

Drama of the Month (continued)

is. It's dismal. But it's strong and interesting. Mr. Irving gives another of his clever, intense, performances. The soul of the magistrate, writhing in agony as the truth is unfolded, as if to burst from the body, is convincingly played. It's a "shuddery" spectacle. The work of Mr. Eille Norwood as the suspected man, and Miss Edyth Olive as the wife, was distinctive and full of humanity. The other characters were well sustained.

It is more than twenty years ago since Sir Henry Irving put "Robert Macaire" on the Lyceum boards. It was referred to in those days as old-fashioned. Mr. H. B. Irving's representation is referred to in the same way to-day. Murder and burlesque, villainy and virtue, are strangely mixed up in this strong, melodramatic play. Mr. Irving's grasp of the ruffianly Macaire differs slightly from that of his father's—and one *must* draw comparisons. He has not thrown aside the "business" in vogue in the old Lyceum days, which is a pity. Mr. Tom Reynolds and Mr. Frank Tyars, who are such well-known members of Mr. Irving's company, scored successes in their respective parts.

"Robert Macaire" offers scope for good acting in every part, and no member of the company fails to take advantage of the opportunity.

"Chains." By Elizabeth Baker.

Produced at the Repertory Theatre (Duke of York's) on 17th May, 1910.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Messrs. Dennis Eadie, Frederick Lloyd, Arthur Whitby, Donald Calthrop, Edmund Gwenn, Hubert Horben, Lewis Casson, Misses Sybil Thorndike, Florence Haydon, and Dorothy Minto.

THE story of "Chains" is common-place. The atmosphere is common-place, too. A city clerk resolves to throw up his berth and accompany his friend to Australia, there to start afresh in a new life. His salary has just been reduced by his employers, and this adds to his determination. His wife naturally wishes to accompany him, but when she finds that it is his intention to go alone, she is overcome with grief. She tells of her friends and relations that her husband has grown tired of her and wishes to leave her. The young clerk has a friend in his wife's sister, who promises to look after her when he has gone, and with this in view the young man resolves to leave secretly. He arranges to meet his friend at Southampton, but his wife hears of his intention, and, as a last resource, she tells her husband that she is about to become a mother. This is the chain which binds him to his fate, and for the sake of the child he throws aside his project and resigns himself to a life of monotony on his stool in the office.

Mr. Dennis Eadie, an actor who is coming rapidly to the front, played the part of the clerk with great distinction. The suggestions of blighted ambition and broken purpose were admirably set forth. Mr. Edmund Gwenn played the part of the wife's father, a lazy, ignorant, fat plumber: one of those individuals who live in a groove and haven't the pluck to get out of it. Miss Hilda Trevelyan, as the wife, showed a clever portrait of an everyday, middle-class housewife—one of the long-suffering, cramped type, lacking herself in desire for betterment unless accompanied by an entire absence of risk.

The authoress is to be congratulated upon her knack of characterisation. It is quite happy. "Chains" is very interesting. It is pleasant to get away from dukes and duchesses, lords and earls. The modern stage is glutted with types of unreal and never-met-with people, and a trip into common-place suburbia is not without its charms.

THE VARIETY THEATRES

The Palace Theatre.—The pictures of the funeral of King Edward shown on the bioscope at the Palace were very impressive. Though the audience maintained a respectful silence while the film was being run through the solemnity of the spectacle was realised by every person in the house. The rage for Russian dancing has extended to the Palace, where an excellent company makes a distinctly interesting item on the programme. Miss Margaret Cooper, Mlle. Pavlova, and Mr. Barclay Gammon are warm favourites at this popular hall.

The Tivoli.—Wilkie Bard sings a song of a soldier bold who doesn't mind the bugle sounding, so long as he doesn't hear it. He is, of course, the soldier. Cinquevalli is as wonderful as ever with his billiard balls and cues, his cannon balls and other "props." T. E. Dunville is singing his old favourites still, "Bow-wow," etc. He has a lecture on babies, à la William Shakespeare, that is really funny. "Babies," he tells us, "were invented to keep their fathers awake at night." Harry Randall, on "'Arry the Handyman," evoked roars of laughter. Other turns included Daisy Dormer, Violet Loraine, Victoria Monks, and Lilian Herlein—names that are as familiar as household words to music-hall patrons.



Mr. Wilkie Bard

The Coliseum.—A new sensation is provided at the Coliseum in the turn of Miss Serene Nord. The programme describes her as "The Diving Venus." Those who expected to see an armless lady dive into a tank were disappointed. The imitations of Miss Cecilia Loftus form an important item on the programme. The famous Russian dancers, with Mlle. Karsavina and M. Kosloff, are drawing large audiences. Mr. Harry Fragson and Mr. George Ali give excellent turns and add to the evenings' enjoyment. The Coliseum just now is well worth a visit.

The London Hippodrome.—Twenty of Russia's acknowledged greatest dancers from the Imperial Opera Houses of St. Petersburg and Moscow are starring at the Hippodrome. Mlle. Olga Preobrajensky, Mlle. Ludmila Schollar, and M. Kiakscht are the principals of the troupe. The first-named lady—or unpronounceably-named lady—gave a marvellous exhibition of toe dancing. The dances are set in two scenes, the whole being entitled "Le Lac des Cygnes." It was a boon to find the translation, "The Lake of Swans," on the programme. The ballet is presented in the form in which it was originally written by Tchaikowsky in 1877. It was his first essay in this sphere of music and met with instantaneous success. The famous Parisian disease did not please me as much as on other occasions. I derived much enjoyment, however, from the clever imitations of Mr. Ray Wallace and was exceedingly interested in a wonderful airship which flew round the theatre, under its inventor's control, who operated its movements from a key-board on the stage.

H. V. M.

The International Horse Show

THE fourth International Horse Show at Olympia, which remains open until June 16th, promised to be disastrously affected by King Edward's sudden death, but the King's wish, expressed to Lord Lonsdale, that it should take place and that the King Edward VII. £500 Gold Cup should be competed for as arranged, quite altered the state of affairs, and this year's exhibition is likely in every way to eclipse the three previous shows, though, of course, the absence of Royalty will be greatly felt.



[Photo]

[W. A. Rouch]

Mrs. Leopold Albu and her chestnut team

Lord Lonsdale, who may be said to be the principal originator of the show, has been working hard to make the event the greatest of the kind that has ever taken place. Eleven hundred horses are being exhibited and the entries altogether number over three thousand. No money has been spared to ensure the show being a spectacle of unparalleled splendour. Thousands of pounds have been expended upon plants and flowers alone, and the other decoration of the huge hall has been carried out on lavish scale.

There is a big list of lady exhibitors. Mrs. Leopold Albu, wife of the South African financier, is showing in nine classes, in one of which her famous chestnut team will compete. Miss Sylvia Brocklebank, who is an admirable four-in-hand whip, has entered her team in four classes, and Mrs. Hartley Batt is showing in six classes, singles, tandems and pairs; Lady Oranmore and Browne is showing in the pony class not exceeding 13'2 hands; the Ladies Estella and Dorothea Hope, well known as breeders of Shetlands, have entered in Class 7—Shetland ponies in harness to be driven by ladies or boys under sixteen; Lady Viola Gore, Lady Shrewsbury's pretty daughter, will compete in eight classes in the hunter and jumping sections, and Mrs. Drury-Lowe has entered in the pony class not exceeding 14'2 hands, and also in the selling class for horses not exceeding 15 hands. The Duchess of Newcastle, who is a splendid horsewoman and fine rider to hounds, is exhibiting in three classes, all hunters; Baroness Burton is also showing in the hunter classes, as also is Lady Warwick, who has entered in four competitions. Mrs. W. C. N. Chapman is well represented in the riding and ladies' hunters classes; Miss Ella Ross's entries number altogether twenty-five, Mrs. E. Goad has twelve, and Miss D. Schintz nine. Mrs. Abrahams, who is shown driving the famous horse Frivolity, is expected to drive again this year for Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt in some of the ladies' classes.

A notable pair of horses which will be shown are Mr. Walter Winans's champion pair, Coker's Rosador and

Proserpine, which will probably be driven by Miss Vera Morris.

Over twelve thousand pounds is being given in prizes, and the judges' list is a guarantee that the various exhibits will be adjudicated solely upon their merits. Lord Lonsdale is the president of the International Jury, which includes Sir Gilbert Greenall, Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. Romer Williams, Lord Orkney, Mr. T. Wickham-Boynton, considered in Yorkshire to be one of the best judges of a hunter in the county of broad acres; Major-General Brocklehurst, who will judge chargers; Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who will be among those determining the merits of the harness horses, cobs and coster exhibits; Baron M. von Holzing, riding horses, hunters and chargers; Mr. Llewellyn Meredith, a Canadian, hunters and riding horses; Mr. Alfred B. Maclay, trotters' pace and action, and a number of other recognised judges well known in this country and from abroad.

The officers' jumping competitions, in which nearly every British cavalry regiment is represented, will be one of the most attractive of the many items on the programme. The present is the first time that Russia, Norway, Greece and Sweden have sent representatives to a show in this country, and in the case of Russia it may be mentioned that the team will be the pick of the



[Photo]

[W. A. Rouch]

Mrs. Abrahams and "Frivolity"

famous Cossack school at St. Petersburg. The King Edward VII. Cup was taken to France last year, and it will be interesting to see if the Russians can jump as well as they are generally supposed to ride, in which case the trophy may go to Russia. It is too much to expect the cup to be won by our own countrymen. Though there is no finer rider across country than the keen hunting man, the Englishman does not somehow excel in the show ring, though there is no doubt that across a natural country the Englishman would be a long way ahead of foreign competitors.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau

By FRANK E. WASHBURN FREUND

ANYONE wishing to visit Oberammergau can either go there direct by railway, or he can follow the old custom and drive or walk to it from the little village of Oberau (on the Murnau-Parthenkirchen Line), up the steep mountain pass leading past the Benedictine Monastery of Ettal. He can also go by motor from Munich, which is a most delightful way of travelling, as the road from Munich to Oberammergau is good and leads to the hills through ever-changing scenery, past spreading forest, glittering lake, and mountain ridges. The project of conveying visitors to whom a matter of £25 or £30 for the journey is a mere nothing, by airship from Munich to Oberammergau and back by a Zeppelin cruiser, has, alas! fallen through, owing to the collapse of the shed built for its reception in Munich. So this newest mode of conveyance will, therefore, only come into force ten years hence, unless by that time visitors possess their own aeroplanes and boldly navigate the air on their own account!

Going direct to Oberammergau by train (about three hours from Munich), a noble and beautiful panorama stretches itself out before one's eyes, after passing the pretty little town of Murnau, lying by its calm, clear lake. Mountain ranges appear right and left, with green meadows reaching up their slopes; in the background dark pine woods give an earnest note to the bright green, and over all the blue dome of brilliant sky. The strong bright colours remind one of the South, and give the whole landscape an almost festive appearance. At last Oberammergau comes in sight. It lies at the end of a mountain plateau, clinging, as it were, to the mountain like a child to its mother.

On the right, a steep rock called the "Kotel," rises almost threateningly. One seems to be at the end of the world. But the busy little stream, the Ammer, has broken a way through the natural fortress, and through the rock a beautiful road leads past Ettal into the Tyrol, and finally to Venice.

From there came many inspirations and suggestions to Oberammergau and its Passion Play. The Oberammergau peasantry are, it is true, inhabitants of Upper Bavaria, and speak a kind of German dialect, but undoubtedly Italian blood runs in their veins, as is seen by their features, so different to the other inhabitants of these mountains. It can be traced, too, in their noble movements, and the final proof is in their great love of Art, as shown in their wood-carving, but, above all, in their Passion Play.

The monastery of Ettal, a beautiful domed building which makes one think that St. Peter's in Rome had suddenly been planted by magic on this mountain soil, was the principal mediator between Oberammergau and the outside world, for its monks, although themselves shut off from the temptations and unrest of the world, were devoted to art and science, and gave them broad-minded encouragement.

It is well known that the Passion Play, in consequence of an oath taken during a terrible outbreak of plague, has been regularly performed by the Oberammergau villagers since the beginning of the seventeenth century,

and that since about 1850 it has enjoyed an almost world-wide fame. The first English visitors were a Mr. Grey McQueen, who, in 1840, published a description of the play in a London paper; and a Mr. Joseph Brooks Yates, of Liverpool, who, in 1841, had an article in *The Christian Teacher*, on "The Holy Plays or Mysteries of the Middle Ages, with an Account of a Sacred Drama, which was performed in the year 1840, at Oberammergau, in Upper Bavaria." In earlier times, until well on in the nineteenth century, passion plays were given in many places in Tyrol and Bavaria, but since 1840 this one, the only one of its kind now, has made itself an international name, and England as well as America contribute a large share of the spectators. The villagers know this, too, and for this reason many of them learn English in order the better to understand and provide for the wants of their guests, for so the real Oberammergau peasant—not only the innkeepers—regard the stranger within his gates, no matter whence he may come. The wife of Anton Lang, the potter (who plays the part of Christ), has herself been in England for some time, and during the long, quiet months of winter teaches the village children English. The picture of Lang and his family, which is reproduced here, was given to me by him as



Anton Lang and Family

a souvenir a year and a half ago, when I visited the village to bring him the proposal that he should play the part of Manson in Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," in America, at the head of a German company. The play in book form had penetrated even to this quiet little village, and had excited deep interest, and even reverent joy. Lang's eyes shone when the offer was made to him.

Yes; he was quite ready to go out into the world as messenger from the village, to teach the love of God and man, but not for money or money's worth. He would not hear of any salary. Unfortunately, nothing came of the matter as their own play was so near, and Lang was wanted for his old part again. They were afraid, too, that if he went to America so shortly before their own season, it might appear as if he went to advertise it, and that they would not allow under any circumstances. This visit gave me a deep insight into the character and family life of the villagers, and left a beautiful impression on me. This time I again found fine people in the carpenter Hertl and his family (house 47), who gave their guest their loving care, and were themselves most modest in their demands, well-educated, and with wide interests. The daughter even speaks some English. Of course, one has to be content with a small and unpretending room, but the spontaneous hospitality of the host soon makes one feel at home.

To the villagers their play is still a holy thing. It may be that the oath which originated it was wrung from their hearts at a time of bitter anguish and in the hope of saving their own souls, as was often the case in those days in Roman Catholic lands, but now their aim is to influence the souls of others. To them it is a duty to which they willingly dedicate themselves, and it is not always an easy one. This year it was bitterly cold on the 11th of May, when their first performance of this

Scenes from the Passion Play



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season was given. From the palms which stood on the stage as decoration the snow was hanging, and even during the play a cold, sleety rain fell. The spectators were safely covered by the roof, but although the performers had, for the most part, only the sky above them they stuck bravely to their posts in spite of many of them being but thinly clad. And so, without an interruption, the mighty play went on, the mightiest known to the world.

The accompanying illustration will best show how the villagers understand and give their play: noble beauty and humility united to characterisation and truth. No roughness mars it, and yet the performers are but simple peasants! And while each player represents, by gesture and make-up, a sharply defined character, a sure feeling for style holds all together, and gives unity to the whole performance. It is true that it is *German* style which animates it, but that has broadened, as it were, until it can be understood by all nations, just as the passion itself belongs to all nations. As the centuries have passed, the play has made a tradition for

itself, has educated and formed the people of the village, as every regular occupation of body or mind changes and re-models human beings. As the village has become a modern Bethlehem, so have its inhabitants—partly, at least—come to think of themselves as the characters from the Gospels whom they personate.

On that first day of the performance, the play was well advanced before the clouds at last parted and showed the blue of the heavens beyond, before at last a ray of the sun itself broke through and made the colours of the beautiful garments glow with a wonderful splendour. The mountains, glittering in their robes of newly-fallen snow, appeared from out of the mists, the rain-soaked meadows shown in their brilliant green, and looked down at the play going on below. Delighted swallows, busy with their nests, flew excitedly over our heads, the finches sang merrily; even the cuckoo could be heard. Almost at heaven's gate the lark was singing its resurrection song, and all creation seemed to join the chorus of "Hallelujah!" at the end, as the curtain fell.

Continental Travel, Limited, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W., have published a large illustrated handbook of some 250 pages in cloth, which contains a full account of the Passion Play and particulars of the best methods of visiting Oberammergau and the Bavarian Highlands. The demand for seats at the play and accommodation in Oberammergau is so great that hundreds of people who had not secured them beforehand were walking the streets

all night without being able either to obtain beds for the night or to get into the theatre. Those who wish to see the play in comfort should apply at once for a copy of the *Summer Travel Handbook, 1910*, which Continental Travel, Limited, will send post free on receipt of three stamps.





Mr. Sydney Ewart
in
"A Country Girl"

Amateur Theatricals

BY

Richard Jones



Mr. J. de la Mare Rowley
Author of
"The Prince of Tartary"

The Hastings and St. Leonards A.O. and D.S. For their second appearance this well-trained society produced "The Mikado," at the Gaiety Theatre, Hastings, the rendering of which was delightful. The acting, singing, dancing, etc., of the members would compare favourably with that of many a professional company. Mr. J. Baker Guy (who also had the responsible position of musical director) undertook the part of Nanki Poo, the disguised wandering minstrel, and gave a fine performance, receiving an ovation for his songs, especially "A Wandering Minstrel I." As Ko-Ko, Mr. G. H. Elliott displayed his excellent abilities both in action and song, "I've Got Him on the List" going well. Mr. W. Gover gave a clever portrayal of Pooh-Bah, his lines being perfect. Mr. H. Douglas Hart took the part of the Mikado, and, with an original reading of the character, delighted everybody, the well-known song "The Punishment Fit the Crime" bringing him many encores. Combined with the part of the Mikado Mr. H. Douglas Hart undertook the arduous duties of stage manager. The arrangement of the groups and processions, etc., was beautiful, for which Mr. H. Douglas Hart deserves great praise. Mr. H. J. James (assistant stage manager) took the small character of Go-To, while Mr. Fred W. Verralls appeared as Pish Tush. We must not forget the ladies' abilities. Miss Artye Crouch (one of the most popular local amateur vocalists) gave a unique performance as Katisha. Without the slightest doubt this lady took chief honours, scoring both in singing and acting, winning favours everywhere. Her vocalisation was splendid. Miss Winifred Dixon, as Yum-Yum, scored a good second position. Her solos and also her duets with Nanki Poo were well received. Pitti-Sing found a dainty exponent in Mrs. F. Macer Wright, the songs which were allotted to her being extremely well rendered. Her acting, also, was most enjoyable.

As **Peep-Bo** Miss Sissie Elworthy had little to do, but she helped to make up a delightful trio. The trios, quartettes, and madrigals were decidedly a feature of the performance. A splendid chorus was comprised of the following:—Mesdames A. M. Elliott, H. J. James, R. P. Lowcock, and E. Smith; the Misses M. Blomfield, V. Clarence, M. A. Cripps, C. F. Every, E. Field, D. G. Glenister, F. E. Holborn, M. Hume, C. Hume, F. Ockenden, E. Parks, A. Parks, D. Pickering, M. Pryor, M. E. Reeves, H. Thompson, E. Thompson, and V. M. Turner; Messrs. F. W. Bones, F. Callow, G. S. Cavey, B. C. Clark, A. M. Elliott, N. B. Francis, W. A. Guy, S. T. Hambly, S. I. Hawes, F. Hawkins, C. Hughes, W. C. Hunt, H. A. Perch, H. G. Phillips, R. Poole, H. J. Richardson, I. J. Sealy, F. W. Skinner, W. Vincent, W. R. Weatherseed, C. H. Wiseman, and Master W. Griffiths. Some dainty dances were arranged by Miss Sissie Elworthy. The beautiful scenery was kindly lent by Mr. C. E. Scutt (the resident manager of the Gaiety Theatre). Costumes and wigs were provided by Messrs. B. and H. Drury, Brighton. The large orchestra was conducted in a masterly manner by Mr. T. H. Rich, R.M.S.M. (bandmaster 5th Battalion C.P. Royal Sussex Regiment, late bandmaster Royal Scots Fusiliers, and Professor of Royal Naval College of Music). This gentleman did his work well, and is to be congratulated for conducting such a grand performance. Mr. J. Baker Guy is deserving of special praise for the trouble he has taken in training this amateur society. The excellent pitch it has now reached is a source of gratification to all concerned. This society has an efficient honorary secretary in Mr. A. M. Elliott, who devotes considerable time to the business arrangements.

The Croydon Stagers O.S. in "The Pirates of Penzance" and the production of a new and original operetta, "The Prince of Tartary," written by J. de la Mare Rowley, and composed by E. Beck-Slinn, F.T.C.L., L.R.C.M., etc. Seldom have we seen a more capable performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" than that given by this society. The vocal work of both soloists and the chorus was above praise, the orchestral accompaniments were sympathetic, the grouping and stage business good, the whole evidencing careful rehearsal and possessing that spirit and "go" which is half the battle in attacking a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. The society is to be congratulated on its soloists. Miss Elsie Short is undoubtedly one of the best sopranos on the amateur stage, her rendering of that effective solo, "Poor Wandering One," as well as the other numbers which fell to her share, being perfect. This young lady should have a future. The other three principal daughters of General Stanley were played with great charm by Misses Lena St. Clair, Ethel Shambrook, and Mabel Green; Miss Hilda Felstead using an excellent contralto voice with effect as Ruth. The most amusing male character was the Sergeant of Police of Mr. W. J. T. Halliwell, who lent a quaint humour to the part. Mr. Harold Brogden, who possesses a tenor voice of unusual quality, and moreover knows how to use it, was a great success as Frederic. The Pirate King and his Lieutenant were capably played by Messrs. Alec Spater and Edward J. S. Simmons, Mr. Maurice Thevenard being responsible for the amusing Major-General Stanley. "The Prince of Tartary" would have been more convincing if it had been better played. The book was amusing, the music tuneful, and with a little judicious working up, should make a welcome addition to light operettas. Mr. W. J. T. Halliwell worked well as the pseudo Prince, Miss Jess Carradus giving one of the best readings of the piece as his daughter Zenobia. The poet was grotesque rather than convincing as played by Mr. M. Douglas Harrison. This character, however, is one that requires experienced handling; Miss Gladys Sargeant was very weak as Aunt Angelica; Miss Ethel Shambrook sang daintily as Pansy; and Miss Lorna Rothney danced delightfully as Semiramis. Mr. E. Beck-Slinn as musical director and Mr. William Blake as stage manager are to be congratulated upon an excellent evening's entertainment.

Highbury New Park College in Lord Tennyson's drama "Harold." We cannot commend too highly the work that is being done under the general management of Mr. W. Wyndham-Smith in connection with this college. That the productions are educational rather than purely dramatic is natural in the circumstances, but if appropriate action, confident delivery, and graceful effect make for histrionic success then the cast chosen for "Harold" and for "Pellias and Melisande," the previous play chosen by this management, has achieved it. We suggest that those clubs who pride themselves on the number rather than the quality of their productions, should see what their members would make of these two plays. We are afraid the prompter would have a very busy time. Where each character in the play was worthily represented it is difficult and almost unnecessary to make distinctions, but we select the work of Mr. W. Wyndham-Smith, Mr. F. E. Matthews, Mr. W. Rowe-Chapple, Misses Dorothy Mather and Vera Messer, and Mrs. Wyndham-Smith as being distinguished for elocution and careful study.

A very capable performance of "Are You a Mason" was given by the Roman Catholic D.C. last week.

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

The Protean D.C. in "Niobe" at the Cripplegate. In spite of the fact that there was a change in the cast in the last moment the play was well presented, occasional stumbling over "lines" alone spoiling the effect. Mr. V. M. Ahlquist (of the Passmore Edwards D.C.), who played Peter Amos Dunn in place of Mr. Harry V. Hodgson, would have appeared to greater advantage if he had had the opportunity of longer rehearsal with the other players. Mr. Gerald Lindsay did not make the most of the part of Cornelius Griffen. Mr. Arthur Harris was nervous and ill at ease as Phillip Innings. Mr. Edgar S. Rouse gave one of the best performances in the play as Hamilton Tompkins, although a character of more robust type would have suited his personality better. The Parker Sillocks of Mr. Frank Cowis stood out, although this character has few opportunities. Miss Rose A. Grant looked and played charmingly as Caroline Dunn. Mrs. J. C. Berridge gave a good reading of Helen Griffin. Miss Maggie Galsworthy was an excellent Hattie Griffin. Miss Gwendoline Howard made the most of the part of Beatrice Sillocks. Mary was a little overdrawn by Miss Maude L. Webb. Miss Florence Abraham, except for stumbling over her lines, was good as Madeleine Mifton. Miss Ethel Shelton has done some excellent work, but was not well cast as Niobe, her methods being too brisk and modern where placid grace should have been depicted. The performance of "The Convict on the Hearth" would have been improved by being played more briskly. The characterisation on the whole was distinctly good, especially that of George and Thomas Midden by Messrs. Edgar S. Rouse and W. Wheeler, and Jenny by Miss Maisie Moyes. Both plays would have been improved by more strict and studious rehearsal.

The Apollo O.S. in "The Little Michus" at Wellington Hall, N.W. The latter half of the amateur theatrical season 1909-10 has been distinguished by some excellent operatic shows, amongst which the Apollo production must undoubtedly be classed. Specially is it to be commended for the excellent work done by the "crowd" under the stage management of Mr. Gilbert Childs. Improvement in this regard is one of the surest signs of a club's vitality, for none are more conscious of indifferent chorus management than the members of the chorus, and good solo work is completely nullified by a background of figures who are too frightened to move and too nervous to stand still. Messrs. Edmund B. and Herbert G. Gilding are a pair of comedians of which any club might be proud. Their amusing work as General Des Iffs and his servant Bagnolet is the best we have seen. Messrs. Geoffrey Davies, George Kemball, and Philip J. Duncum were quite good as Gaston Rigaud, Pierre Michu, and Aristide Vert. The little Michus, Blanche and Marie, were admirably sung and played by Misses Mimi Lauber and Ethel Brewer. Misses Minnie Higginson as the Marketwoman and Florence Brewer as Madame Michu were quite successful, as also were Misses Jessie H. Rose and Ethel Cripps as Madame Du Tertre and Mlle. Herpin. The schoolgirls were daintily represented by Misses Emelie Thierry, Adele Lenssen and Lily Addelsee. The orchestra played admirably under the experienced direction of Mr. Conrad King.

The Globe D.C. in "A Winter's Tale." It is generally acknowledged that the fascination of impersonating the characters created by Shakespeare lies in the fact that there remains so large a scope and place for the individuality of the actor. The words are there, comprehensive and beautiful, but the vitality and force of the character depend largely on the declamatory and emotional power of the actor, and although we welcome with the greatest pleasure the enthusiastic entry of amateurs into the realms of Shakespearean art which distinguishes this season's theatrical work, we can but acknowledge that up to now triumphs have been few. The words have been there, at least nearly always, but the vitality and vivid emotion of the person have been, with few exceptions, absent. Nor does there appear to have been as much pains taken with the stage management and gesture as we have seen in other plays. In the production of "A Winter's Tale," the Leontes of Mr. Evelyn Hook was distinctly good. This player was word perfect, spoke with vigour, and was the most life-like in the cast. Mr. Percy Friend was good as Autolycus, as also was Mr. Malcolm Child at Florizel. Miss Ethel Leicester was rather a colourless Hermione; Miss A. E. Upton was a graceful Paulina; Mr. Walter J. Pitt was responsible for the production, which was on the whole creditable.

The Thames Valley A.O.S. in "The Sorcerer" and "Trial by Jury." A performance well up to the record for artistic and painstaking work achieved by this club. Mr. Percy G. Petch was excellent as "The Sorcerer," his scenes of magic and love being equally well done. Mr. Philip Runciman was a fine figure of a soldier as Alexis, and did justice to the tuneful numbers which fell to his share. Mr. A. E. Shead and Miss Evelyn Hawkes made a dignified pair as Sir Marmaduke and Lady Sangazure, Mr. J. M. Kennedy and Mr. Edgar Wicks playing Dr. Daly and the Notary characteristically. Miss Fanny Wood sang beautifully as Aline. Miss Edith Hudson handled the small part of the pew-opener in masterly style. Miss Rica Ellis was charming as Constance, and Master Gordon Reeves made a good page. In "The Trial by Jury" the honours go to Mr. Percy G. Petch as the Judge, and Mr. Edgar Wicks as the funny Usher. The jury and the crowd were extremely effective. Both operas were produced by Mr. Claude Selfe.

The Dagonet D.C. in "Oh, Susannah" and "Barbara" at the Cripplegate. We like this club best when it takes its art seriously, for any attempt at the farcical seems to demoralise its members. This certainly was the case in the production of "Oh, Susannah." Even the art and experience of Miss Dora Landau seemed flat and unprofitable in this piece, although we had evidence of her skill in the name part of "Barbara." Miss Gladys Collings was better suited as Flora, and gave a spirited performance. Misses Tina Jones and Freda Saunders played Ruby and Pearl, the latter being the better impersonation. The good studies were supplied by Messrs. Douglas Buchanan as John Sheppard, the young doctor, Tom C. Glover as Lieut. Merry, his friend, and Sidney Archer as the Hon. Waverley Vane. Mr. Fred Foy was not at his best as the solicitor, and appeared aware of the fact.

The Garrick A.D.S. in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Court Theatre. Whilst this appeared a more ambitious Shakespearean venture than that criticised elsewhere in these notes, the same remarks apply to it. The character and the words were there, passably presented and delivered, but the vitality of the personage represented was absent. The Portia of Miss Alice Phillips was quite the best impersonation of the piece, indeed, the excellence of her work caused that of the members of the cast to appear more weak than would have happened in one of all round average merit. Next in order of merit was the work of Miss Elsie M. Davidson, who appeared as Gratiano; here again the work of those who appeared in scenes with her suffered by comparison. The Shylock of Mr. Lewin M. Sultan was a conscientious piece of work, but it lacked depth, and moved us neither to sympathy nor hate. Messrs. Vernon Leftwich, Alfred W. Cutler, and Venters Beresford played Bassanio, the Duke of Venice, and Antonio, with only moderate success. Lancelot and Old Gobbo by Messrs. R. M. Oscar Cook and Allen Douglas were played with some distinction. Misses Sarah Nunez and Ettie Marks were not very effective as Jessica and Nerissa. Mr. T. Ireby Cape is to be congratulated upon the stage management.

Edward Terry D.C. in "Niobe all Smiles" at the Passmore Edwards Settlement. "Tis the voice of the prompter; I hear it again!" occurred to us during this decidedly weak and indifferent performance. Mr. A. Cottle Green was under-rehearsed and badly made up in the part of Dunn. Mr. John A. Gordon gave a fair reading of Cornelius Griffin, but appeared ill at ease. Mr. Leslie Masson would have been better as Innings if more ably supported in his scenes. Mr. Hopkins over-acted Hamilton Tompkins. Mr. Edwin Barnes was good in the small part of Parker Sillocks. Miss Maude Lindley was hardly equal to the demands of Caroline Dunn. Miss G. Worth Daffern gave one of the best word-perfect studies of Hattie, Helen being equally well played by Miss Esther Telling. Neither Miss Davies, Miss Shepherd, nor Miss May Stone did justice to their parts, but the graceful and finished acting of Miss Muriel Palmer as Niobe almost atoned for the weakness which surrounded her.

The Tenison D.S. in "Mrs. Dot." The acting of one or two of the performers in this play was somewhat forced, and the voice of the prompter was heard more than once. Mr. J. A. Lechertier was rather stiff at first as James Blenkinsop, but showed to better advantage later, especially in the last act. The part of Gerald Halstane was naturally portrayed

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

by Mr. J. F. Laskey, who was good throughout. Mr. R. Sherlow was also happily placed as Freddie Perkins. Mr. W. H. Charles rather overdid the part of Charles. Of the ladies, Miss Ethel Lewin played with much spirit as Mrs. Worthley (Mrs. Dot), the rich, fascinating and intriguing widow, sustaining her part well all through. Miss Gertrude Heaton was also good as Lady Sellenger, while Miss Mabel Godden and Miss Ada Ruddock were satisfactory as Nellie Sellenger and Miss Eliza Macgregor respectively. The minor parts were taken by Mr. G. Kosmann as Mr. Rixon, Mr. S. Hardwick as Mr. Wright, Mr. R. Lechertier as George, and Mr. H. S. Harley as Mason.

The Croydon Histrionic Society in "A Man from Blankleys." This production was quite as well stage managed as any we have seen of this distinctly difficult play. The "Freaks" were grotesque without being overdrawn, and the whole effect was good. Strangely enough, it was in the straight parts that weakness was apparent. Lord Strathpeffer was polished but not very convincing in the hands of Mr. Robert Jameson. A little more warmth in his love-making might have engendered a responsive flame in Miss Marjory Seaton, who, as played by Miss Evelyn Fruin, seemed hardly worth going through such an uncomfortable dinner for. Mr. Lewis Sandy, jun., was excellent as Tidmarsh, as also was Miss Alice Rhodes as Mrs. Tidmarsh. The Mr. Poffley of Mr. F. J. Kelly and the Dawes of Mr. W. R. Clarke also call for special mention.

The Hampstead D.S. in "The Late Mr. Castello." This club appeared to be resting on its laurels by its choice and production of this play, for after its excellent performance of "Sophia" the piece seemed very short and slight. The acting was of all round good quality without being distinguished in any way; a little more vigour and crispness would have been a decided improvement. To come to individuals, that excellent actress Miss Ellie Chester gave a capable study of Mrs. Bickerdyke if it was lacking in light and shade. Miss Gwendolin Barrett was a spirited Avie, and gave as good a reading of her part as any in the piece. Mr. A. Brownrigg Fyers was well cast as the wavering lover Jack Uniacke. Miss Aileen Spicer was hardly convincing as the heart-enslaving widow, for although she was good to look upon, there was little of the "fascinating" way that widows are supposed to have. Mr. Arthur Rowney made a capital Sir Pinto, and was responsible for a large share of the "go" evident in the production. Mr. Lionel Cornish opened weakly as Captain Trefusis, but warmed to his work as the play advanced.

The Newbury Conservative D.S. in "The Walls of Jericho." A capital performance was given of this popular play at the Corn Exchange in aid of the Newbury District Hospital. Mr. Robert Martin was responsible for the part of Jack Frobisher, and portrayed the variety of emotions experienced by this character with conspicuous success. The Lady Althea of Miss Laura Harrold was most praiseworthy, as also was the dainty Lady Lucy of Mrs. Frank Frampton. Mr. Walter Light gave just the right touch of awkward brusqueness to Hankey Bannister. The haughty Marquis, and Dallas, the man-about-town, were capitally played by Messrs. H. Yarde-Martin and R. C. Rose. Mrs. Robert Martin, jun., gained sympathy for Lady Westerby by playing with quiet restraint.

The South London O.S. in "The Rose of Persia." A very meritorious performance of this rather exacting opera. The chorus work and grouping were excellent, the entrance and by-play of the mendicants being specially good. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Leonard Venables, except for occasional excess of sound, lent sympathetic support. Mr. W. H. Bishop was a dignified, if rather genial, Sultan, and sang the songs which fell to his lot in fine style. Mr. Ben Osborne was excellent as Hassan, his dancing giving the greatest pleasure. Mr. E. Nicholls acted well as Yussuf, but his voice, although of sweet quality, was hardly equal to the exacting music. Mr. A. J. Bryant was indistinct as Abdullah, giving the impression that the beard he wore interfered with his articulation. Miss Olivia Blackburn possesses a charming voice, which she used to great advantage as the Sultana. Her favourite slaves were played by Misses Nana Pyle, Beatrice Ward, and Tinnie Lyon, the latter especially scoring with her graceful dancing. Hassan's first and twenty-fifth wives were played by Miss Edith Judge, who had hardly the physique necessary to the part, and Miss Edith Venables, who proved to be a graceful dancer and sweet singer, of whom we saw too little.

The Musical Mummers in "Merrie England." From start to finish the performance went with a delightful swing, and may be regarded as a decided triumph for his club. The acting was natural, the characters were well cast, and the rendering of both concerted pieces and solos was excellent. Mr. Edwin J. Evans well sustained the part of the Earl of Essex, and sang with much success. Mr. Arthur Moss as Sir Walter Raleigh looked distinguished and made the most of a voice of good quality. Mr. R. J. H. Hambly, as the player in Shakespeare's company "who could teach Shakespeare a thing or two," was most entertaining, his "business" being skilful as well as amusing. Mr. Sackville Evans was a humorous Silas Simkins. The Long Tom and Big Ben of Messrs. Ralph Castle and A. C. Chapplelow were decidedly good, and the little Mr. Rex. H. Ashdown had to do as the Queen's Fool was well done. The Butcher, Baker, Tinker, and Tailor, good country rustics of the buffoon type, were well represented by Messrs. C. Cockburn-Fox, Charles H. Robinson, Arthur D. Mordant, and Jack Brooks. Special praise must be accorded to the two tiny pages, Miss Helen Dilwyn and Master Arthur Jack. Miss Hetty Protheroe well represented the stately and autocratic Queen Elizabeth, and sang with good effect. Miss Alice Freeman sang excellently the songs allotted to the part of Bessie Throcmorton, and her acting was decidedly good. Miss Gwendolen Evans sang and played well as Jill All Alone, and the May Queen of Miss Ethel Moore was in capable hands. Miss Florence Hewett deservedly received great applause for a most graceful and finished solo dance in the second act. Mrs. Willy Scott and the Misses Marguerite Isaac, Irene Hentschel, and Beatrice Campion also performed well as the "Egyptian Dancers." All the other characters did justice to their parts. Mr. Edwin Bryan was producer and Mr. K. Ernest Irving conducted in the absence of Mr. Willy Scott, while the dances were arranged by Miss W. Hart-Dyke.

The London O. and D.S. in the "Rose of Persia." This performance was not up to the usual level of the work of this society. The chorus work lacked finish although the tone was excellent. The orchestral accompaniments were sympathetic, and more light and shade was evident than we have noticed before, but in the second act the instruments were not in perfect tune. The most finished and consistent work was done by Miss Rhoda Whaley, who lent the character of the Sultana the requisite blend of regal charm and girlish coyness, and who, moreover, sang the difficult music allotted to this character with skill and confidence. Miss Whaley's Sultana is undoubtedly the best in a season when "The Rose of Persia" has been a frequent choice. The characters otherwise were excellently cast. Mr. Cuthbert Sledmere, always a sure artist, was a manly and dignified Sultan. Mr. Theo Ager revelled in the part of Hassan. Mr. Wallace Jones, save for a tendency to force his voice, sang and played well as Yussuf. Mr. J. H. Monson was an effective Priest. The Vizier, Physician, and Executioner of Messrs. John Porter, Edmund Starkey, and Frank W. Harris were better individually than collectively; and Mr. William C. Hinton was the tallest "soldier" we have had the pleasure of seeing. The favourite slaves were capitally played by Misses Clara G. Colley, Kate Hedges—who scored with the beautiful song, "Oh, What is Love!"—and Jessie Brown, who danced delightfully. Miss Frances Glenister was artist enough to be made up suitably for Hassan's elderly wife, and sang her songs with her usual confidence. Miss Jessie H. Rose was good as Blush-of-Morning, other wives being played by Misses May Pollock, Bertha Sandland, Lillie Ashford, and Nelly Westwood. We note that the original comic opera "The Superior Sex," by H. D. Banning and J. H. Maunders, recently produced by this society, is available for amateur performances, and we hope soon to have the pleasure of hearing and seeing it again.

Anomalies A.D.C. in "Arms and the Man." Whilst this performance was capable and above the average in many regards, it missed being distinguished. Miss Ethel Cock played soundly as Raina, using a clear, sweet voice with good effect, but hers was entirely surface work. Mrs. Ernest Renton was good as Catherine. Mr. P. L. Eyre played Major Saranoff with understanding, but did not succeed in being convincing, and the same may be said of the Captain Bluntschli of Mr. W. J. Hill. The most finished and convincing work was done by Mr. G. Leonard as Major Petkoff, and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Boddy as Nicola and Louka, the two servants, the latter impersonations being really excellent. The play was received with enthusiasm by a large audience.



THE PLAYHOUSE



TANTALIZING TOMMY

A NEW COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS,
By PAUL GAVALT AND MICHAEL MORTON

James Cottenham	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE
Harry Killick	Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS
Thomas H. Pepper	Mr. FRED LEWIS
Mr. Eustace Tathem	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP
Lord Enderby	Mr. ROBERT AVERELL
Jennings	Mr. JOHN HARWOOD
Jack Mason	Mr. CHAS. FRANCIS
Frank Ricketts	Mr. A. G. ONSLOW
Simpson	Mr. C. B. KESTON
Elsie Tathem	Miss SYBIL RUSKIN
Bertha	Miss MAIDIE HOPE
Maid	Miss EVA ROWLAND
Tommy	Miss MARIE LÖHR

ACT. I.	...	Jimmy's Country Cottage	...	Monday.	Bruce Smith
ACT II.	...	The same	...	Tuesday.	"
ACT III.	...	A Room in the Colonial Office	...	Wednesday.	"
ACT IV.	...	Harry Killick's Studio	...	The following Wednesday.	"

INTERVALS: After Act I., Five Minutes; after Act II., Ten Minutes;
after Act III., Eight Minutes.



Stage Manager	Mr. JOHN HARWOOD
Musical Director	Mr. JOHN ANSELL
Assistant Business Manager	Mr. H. M. THORBURN
General Manager	Mr. ALFRED TURNER





MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND
MISS MARIE LÖHR IN
"TANTALISING TOMMY"
AT THE PLAYHOUSE

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“TANTALISING TOMMY”

A Comedy in Four Acts by PAUL GAVALT and MICHAEL MORTON

Produced at THE PLAYHOUSE, 15th February, 1910



[Photo]

[Dover Street Studios.]

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as James Cottenham and Miss MARIE LÖHR as “Tommy”

"Tantalising Tommy," at the Playhouse

By EDWARD MORTON ("Mordred" of *The Referee*)

A PART from Mr. Michael Morton's original contributions to the theatre, we are indebted to him for some of the most diverting, most skillful versions of French plays ever seen in London. For Mr. Morton is a dramatist who always brings something of his own wit and invention into the partnership. A partnership it becomes, in effect, when the business is well conducted, and as such it is properly recognised in the case of "Tantalising Tommy," at the Playhouse, where the name of Mr. Michael Morton is associated in the programme with that of the French dramatist, M. Paul Gavault, in the joint authorship of the piece. This is as it should be. Here, for once, we have the real thing. It is the "entente cordiale" in artistic collaboration. Although there is a certain very agreeable lightness in the treatment of the theme of "Tantalising Tommy," it is a nimble touch in which there is nothing French. On the contrary, it is distinctively English. The piece is English in spirit and in style, and only for one moment does Mr. Morton seem to yield to his French colleague, and that is in the fourth act, when the young lady who rejoices—literally rejoices—in the name of Tommy contemplates becoming a nun. The characterisation is everything there is of the most English, as they say in France; in the piquancy of the dialogue there is no foreign spice and nothing of the ordinary "the hat of my neighbour (feminine) is bigger than the garden of your uncle" kind of translation; and the fun of the thing is pure English, and very good fun, too. Mr. Michael Morton, to be sure, has something of a Frenchman's sense of the theatre; he is "homme du théâtre"; and the association of a French dramatist with the authorship of "Tantalising Tommy" is indicated by nothing so much as by the appearance in the programme of the name of the French author, who is allowed—with a gallantry which a Frenchman could not excel—to go first; as who should say, "Après vous, monsieur." As a matter of fact, "Tantalising Tommy" is the third play developed from the same scenario, for although the piece at the Playhouse is derived to a certain extent from "La Petite Chocolatière" of M. Paul Gavault, the theme had already been treated independently in a play by Mr. Michael Morton which was given in America some time before the production of the French piece, and "Tantalising Tommy" is the offspring of the happy union of the two.

Tommy, tantalising Tommy, is a character. Tommy is the pet-name of the spoilt child of the enormously wealthy Mr. Thomas Pepper (of Pepper's Tea), and if we find Tommy more tantalised than tantalising it may be that Mr. Morton intended the title to be taken in that sense. Maybe he did, maybe he did not. Certainly it is tantalising for Tommy, who is used to having her own

way, to find her will opposed by James Cottenham, a Colonial Office clerk, at whose country cottage she arrives, uninvited, on the night of the opening scene. Tommy's motor-car has broken down, and since there is neither railway station nor hotel near at hand, Tommy decides, offhand, to accept the hospitality which has not yet been extended to her. In short, she imposes herself on him. She won't go. Now this is a nice position in which to place a young bachelor engaged to be married to his Chief's daughter. To be sure, Cottenham is not alone. As Bertha, the maid, says, in reply to a question addressed to her later by that same Chief, who arrives on the scene in due course and expresses himself to the effect that he thought Mr. Cottenham lived alone, "Not week-ends, sir," says Bertha. It happens that

Harry Killick, an artist, is staying with his friend Cottenham, when Tommy enters, alone and unabashed; and while Cottenham is for bundling her out of the place, Killick's inclinations are all the other way. When once Killick discovers that Tommy is the daughter of Pepper's Tea he makes up his mind there and then that he will not let her go, and he finds effectual means of preventing her from doing so; although Killick, who had hoped to effect the conquest of Tommy, is quite willing to surrender the charmer to his friend when he finds that Cottenham is, so to speak, the man for her money. By the time Bertha, unable to resist the alluring temptations of the gallant chauffeur, has gone off with him, unbeknown to her employer, to fetch another motor-car from town, the play reaches a situation, at the end of the first act, which leaves us on the spur of expectation. It is common enough in plays of the class to which "Tantalising Tommy" belongs to find that the fun, which is well started in the first act, is kept up in the second, but slackens in the third; but "Tantalising

Tommy" is the exception which serves to establish that rule. For the thing is kept going briskly, not only through three acts, but through four. The masterful Tommy has everything her own way, and, in spite of himself, Cottenham finds that he is unable to resist the imperious young lady. Eustace Tatham, his Chief, pays him a visit, and is mightily shocked to find Tommy making herself quite at home in the cottage, but we feel sure that the unhappy Cottenham will not be inconsolable for long when his Chief declines to sanction Cottenham's marriage with his daughter and goes off in a huff. Comes also to the cottage Tommy's father, who makes a great show of resentment, anger and authority, but all to no purpose. Tommy is the one and only person who is unmoved by all the excitement and commotion she creates. She alone is unconscious of the mischief she makes. With all the good nature in the world she pro-

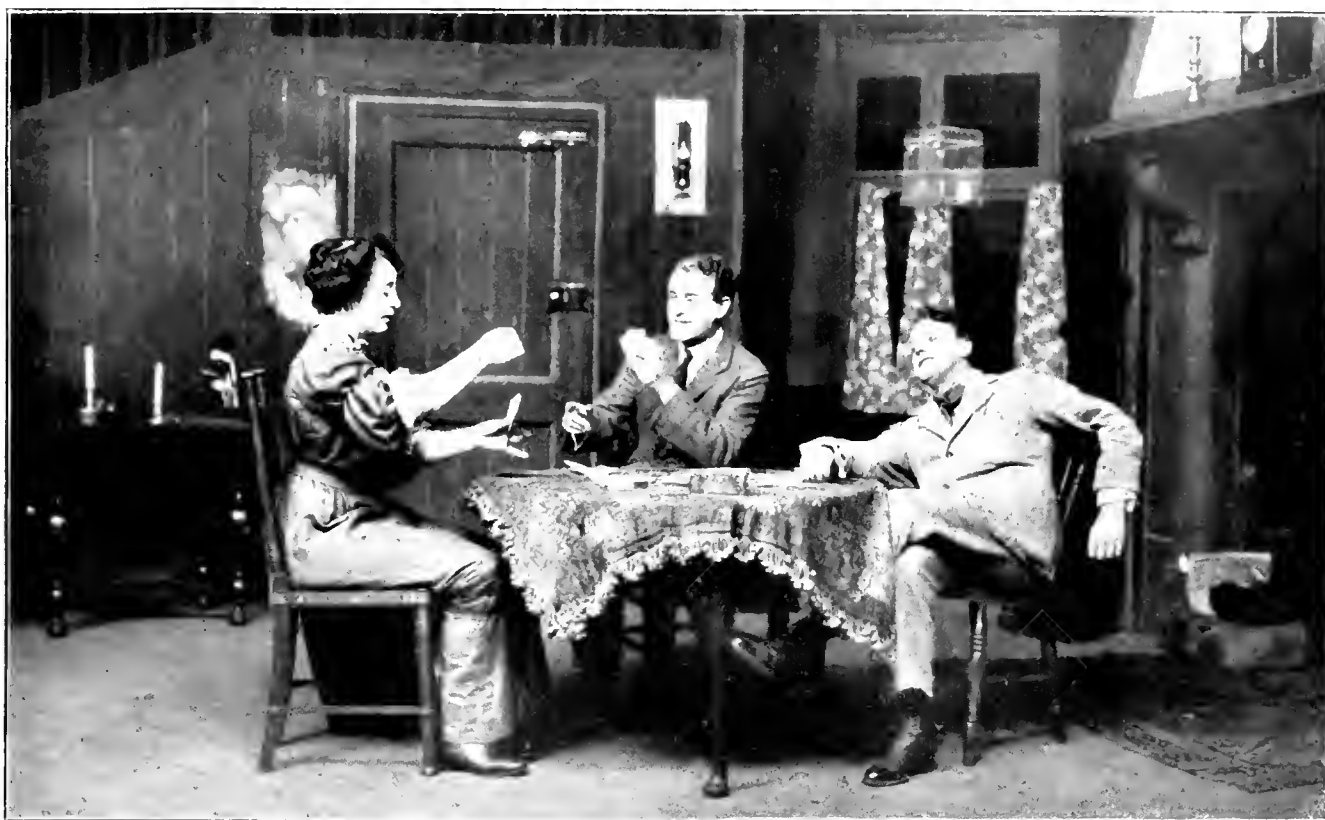


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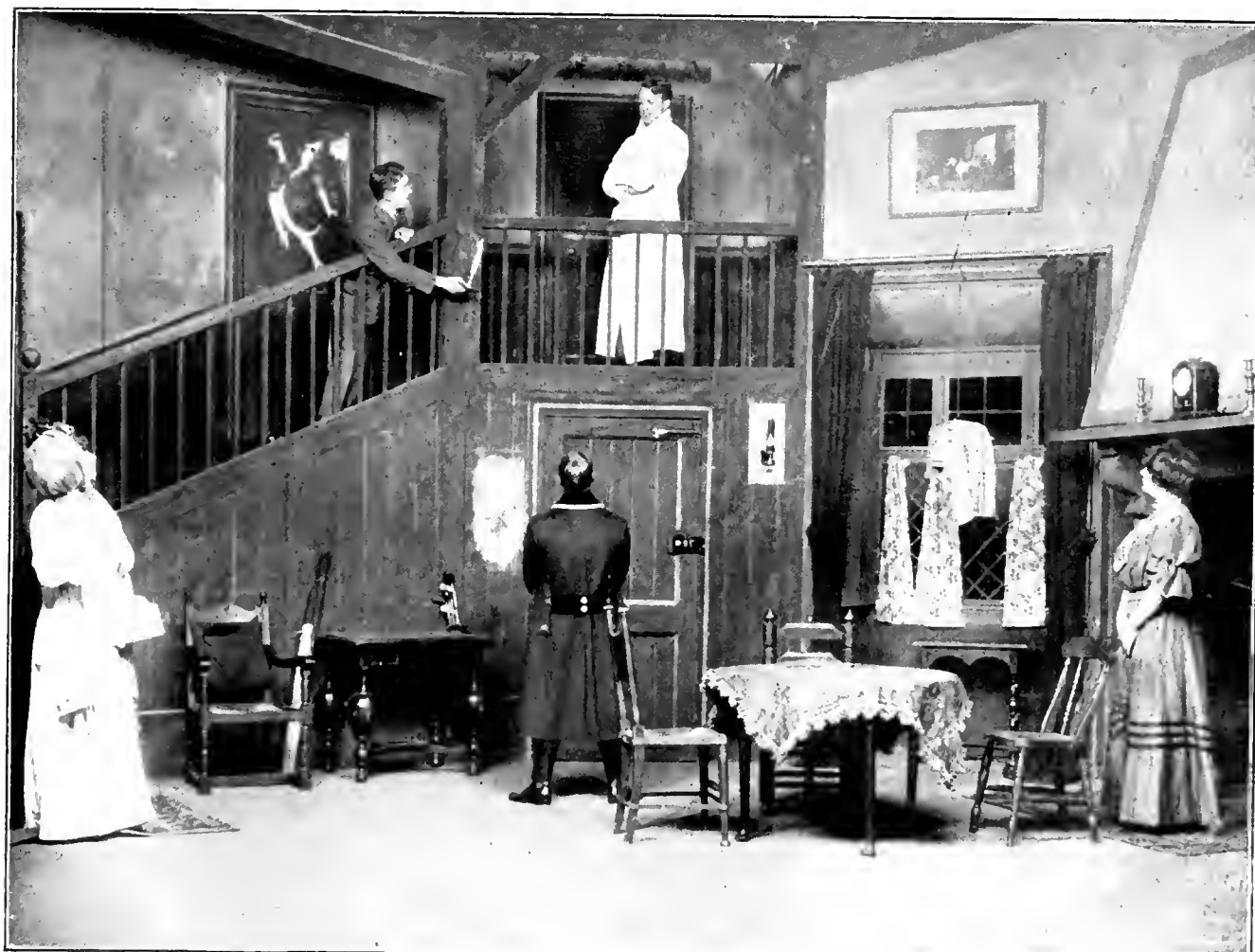
[Dover Street Studios

Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Marie Löhr

Opening of Act I.



Jimmy. (MrCYRIL MAUDE): "Play, please, no matter what, but *do* play."



[Photos]

[Dover Street Studios]

Tommy, whose car has broken down, disturbs the peace at Jimmy Cottenham's cottage.
Tommy (Miss MARIE LÖHR): "Oh! there's a fine man!"

Play of the Month (continued)

cures for Cottenham his dismissal from his post—surely a most unusual, summary method of dealing with a Government official—by sending over the telephone from Cottenham's office an impudent message to his Chief. For Tommy calls upon Cottenham at the Colonial Office, where she comports herself with no more ceremony than she did at the cottage. There is something perfectly enchanting in the freedom from restraint of this young lady, who "is not one to be denied." But for the good grace with which she always carries it off we should be disposed to call it "cheek." One of the most fascinating passages in the play, perhaps, is the scene in which Tommy invites herself to share Cottenham's luncheon—a dish of Irish stew sent in from a neighbouring restaurant. Could anything be more unromantic than Irish stew? Yet the scene is one of the prettiest bits of unaffected sentiment we have seen for years; and to have invented a scene of that kind at the proper moment and to have carried it through without overdoing it shows a sure sense of dramatic proportion. A great deal more thought and imagination goes to the making of such a scene as this than a dramatist might expend in writing a dissertation upon Irish stew. The scene means so much, yet they say so little; but somehow you carry away an idea that one of the happiest memories in the lives of these two young people will be associated hereafter with Irish stew, just as, by some quite unaccountable, mysterious association of ideas, the singing of the nightingale always reminded Mrs. Nickleby of the frying of onions. In the last act the play, which has gone so merrily all along, arrives at what you may call a foregone conclusion, and if the scenes in Killick's studio, illustrating the painter's life and Tommy's very unlikely renunciation of the world and all its vanities, have not the persuasive quality we find in all the earlier scenes in the play; if we feel that there is nothing here of that sense of inevitability—the logic of drama—with which the scenes, so far, follow one another, the play soon recovers its natural gaiety and gallops to the end, which leaves the audience as happy as Tommy herself and her indulgent father and her bashful, reluctant lover.

Mr. Cyril Maude's part of Cottenham fits him so well that he might have been measured for it. He is the bashful man, with a heart overflowing with good nature and fine feeling. He is a thoroughly "decent" sort, in the sense in which the word is used to signify so much more than it seems to convey—the kind of fellow, you know, whom one gets to like the more the better one understands him. The play has not gone very far be-

fore the audience is on very friendly terms with Jimmy Cottenham. As Tommy, who is engaged in tantalising him, as he is in tantalising Tommy, Miss Marie Löhr is provided with the very best part in which she has been seen since she appeared at His Majesty's in Mr. Michael Morton's "Colonel Newcome"—a rare instance of a successful play derived from a famous novel—in which, in the minor part of Rosie, the Old Campaigner's daughter, she left an ineffaceable impression.

Life in a Government office is perhaps a little more decorous than it is represented in "Tantalising Tommy," but Mr. John Beauchamp's Eustace Tatham, Cottenham's austere chief, is decidedly a recognisable type. It is a clever interpretation of the official mind and the official manner. The name of Eustace Tatham

is in itself felicitous; for there is something in a name, an eminent authority to the contrary notwithstanding. The name of Jones, for instance, which is by no means uncommon, is not familiar among the immortals, is it? As Voltaire said, that a prophet with such a name as Habakkuk would be "capable of anything"; as Fielding said that a child at christening might be "Nicodemus'd into nothing," so a man of the name of Eustace Tatham seems predestined to the public service. Mr. Beauchamp gives you that idea; he is Eustace Tatham all over. Mr. Fred Lewis as Thomas Pepper, who tries to disguise his natural weakness by a mere affectation of strength of character, is the personification of material prosperity and peace at any price. But it is upon the three principal parts of James Cottenham and his friend Harry Killick, and the adorable Tommy that Mr. Michael Morton has exercised his arts particularly. Killick, the irresponsible, is a treat; and Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who plays the

part, achieves a notable success in a vein of comedy in which his talents have not hitherto found free expression. Mr. Douglas delivers his lines with point, and what is by all the laws of the jungle the lion's share of the best lines in the piece fall to him. "The man who gets the best of everything," he says, "is the man who takes it." In that sentence the whole system of his philosophy is as neatly put as it is again in his reply to Cottenham's acute remark, "If you didn't know so much you wouldn't make so many mistakes," to which the insouciant Killick replies, "It's only by making mistakes we find the right way."



[Photo]

Miss Marie Löhr

[Dover Street Studios]

Edward Morton

The shy Jimmy resents the intrusion of Tommy



Tommy: "Would you like to know my name?" *Jimmy*: "No!"



Chorus

Down Street Street

Jimmy: "What are you going to do?"
Tommy: "I'm going to sleep here."

The Problem of Tommy's Night Attire



Jimmy: "Let her have one of the new lot in the bottom drawer."



"Wake up, Jimmy!"



Photos

[Dover Street Studios]

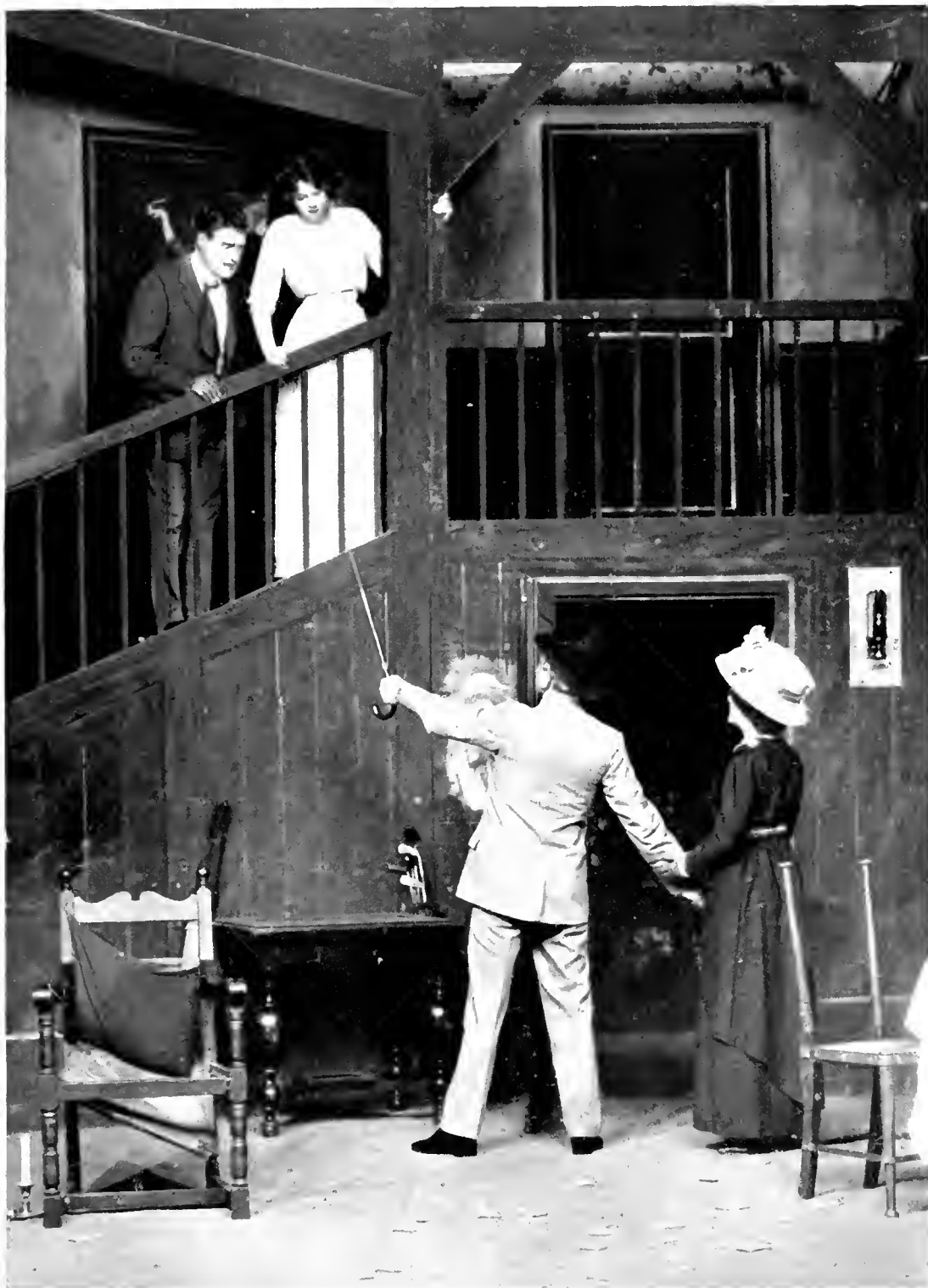
The Chauffeur asks Bertha to elope with him

Jennings (Mr. JOHN HARWOOD): "I'll give you the time of your life."



Act II.

Jimmy's fiancée and her father leave the house in disgust.



[Photo]

[Dorset Street Studios]

Jimmy: "Mr. Tatham, I shall die of shame."

Tatham (Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP): "I hope you will, sir."

Next morning Bertha brings back the tandem



Harry: "Where have you been, you wicked girl?"
Bertha (Miss MAIDEE HOPE): "In the woods, sir."

Mr. Pepper arrives to find
his daughter in Jimmy's
cottage



Photos]

Tommy: "You are getting very
cross with me, papa Pepper."

[Dover Street Studies]

Breakfast in the cottage next morning



Mr. Pepper: "I don't want to disturb you at your morning devotions."



[Photos]

[Dorset Street Studios]

Mr. Pepper and his daughter depart

Jimmy: "There are some crimes that a l the Pepper millions coul'n't pay for."

Act III.

Harry calls on Jimmy at the Colonial Office.



Harry (Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS): "You've cut me out with that little girl."



Harry: "I swear by the heads of my children."



[Photos]

[Dover Street Studios]

An awkward moment for Mr. Pepper (FRED LEWIS), who, by mistake, takes a lady's glove from his pocket instead of a handkerchief. Harry is shocked.

Jimmy and Tommy lunch *tête à tête* at the Colonial Office



[Photos]

[Dover Street Studios]

After lunch Tommy finds her photo in Jimmy's blotting pad

Tommy makes notes on Jimmy's shirt front



Jimmy: "It tickles me."

Further misunderstandings in Jimmy's office



Mr. Pepper: "I've a good mind to box your ears."
Jimmy: "Pray don't hesitate."

Jimmy is exasperated with tantalising Tommy



Jimmy : "Take care, Miss Pepper, lest the floor of this room gives way and the walls fall in upon you."



Photos

[Dover Street Studios]

Jimmy : "Good-bye, for ever."

Act IV.

Jimmy chaffs Harry on his appearance



Jimmy: "Why have you got a lot of partridges all over you?"



[Photos]

[Dover Street Studios]

Mr. Pepper's munificence

Mr. Pepper: "Here's che pie for £500 for your carica—er—characteristic painting.

Harry is overjoyed in the belief that he has won Tommy's affections



Photo]

Harry: "It's all right, Jimmy! It's all right!"

[Dover Street Studios

Tommy announces her in



Photo]

Tommy: "Miss Pepper no longer e

on of entering a convent



—Sister Evangeline please.”

[Dover Street Studios

Jimmy, on finding that Tommy loves *him*, is even more overjoyed than Harry.



Photo

Jimmy: "It's all right, Harry! It's all right!"

The End of the Play

Dover Street Studios

About the Players

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE

ONLY an actor who possesses the true spark of genius can afford to be versatile, for versatility on the modern stage is usually a short cut to the humdrum valleys of mediocrity from whence it is well nigh hopeless to reach the Olympic heights of fame. A shame, granted, but the paying public, who, after all, keep the theatres going, demand to see their favourites in personal parts, and it is a well-known fact that when certain popular actors have dared to alter their appearance by so much as a beard their particular following have disapproved most emphatically. During recent years I can only recall three actor-managers in the forefront of the profession who, as character actors, have dared tradition, and, daring it, marched triumphantly on to victory. Mr. Cyril Maude is one of these, for his work covers as wide a range as the most exacting playgoer could demand. It's



[Photo] [Burford]
As Lord Ogleby

a real "Great Divide," to use an Americanism, which separates Sir Peter Teazle from Captain Barley, and both worthies from "The Flag Lieutenant." Yet artistically the sure touch is always there, a touch which resembles the artist Watteau in its delicacy of finish and perfection of detail. Like that true poet-painter, Mr. Maude's temperament unconsciously colours all he produces, surrounding everyday scenes with an atmospheric effect, yet impressing them unforgettably on the mind. When I last went behind the scenes a cheery voice replied to my knock, "Just a moment," and in less than that time I was shaking hands with surely the youngest looking actor-manager in London. "Yes, I'm awfully fit. The secret of perennial youth? Plenty hard work and a successful play. Yet as a lad my health compelled me to leave for Canada and start farming instead of acting. But agricultural life soon bored me, so I made for New York, secured an engagement with the late David Bandman, and in 1883 made my first appearance in 'East Lynne' at Denver, Colorado. After a tour through the mining cities of West America—a rough business—I longed for home, and 1885 found me playing in Miss Elliott's provincial company. My first part in London was at the original Strand Theatre as Sir Charles Harwood, an old gentleman, but it was not until 1887 that I made a hit in 'Racing,' at the Grand, Islington. Shortly after I joined Mr. Thorne to take the part of Lord Bellamar in 'Joseph's Sweetheart.' The heroine

was Miss Winifred Emery, and we were married before the finish of the run. Then followed two happy years with Sir Charles Wyndham. Engagements with Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Comyns Carr at the Comedy gave me plenty of scope in parts like Graham McFarlane in 'Agatha Tylden,' Mr. Watkin in 'Sowing the Wind,' etc. Now came the most critical period in my theatrical career. I resolved to go into management, and 1896 saw Mr. Frederick Harrison and myself installed at the historic Haymarket. An actor's life is never a bed of roses and I am subject occasionally to 'nerves,' but the day before our opening night was the most miserable I ever spent. After all, there was no need for worry. 'Under the Red Robe' turned up trumps and ran for nearly nine months. Among our important productions 'The Little Minister,' by Mr. J. M. Barrie, takes an honoured place. Brilliantly written, it gave my wife the opportunity of becoming acquainted with winsome 'Babbie.' Some of the higher critics are apt to belittle such a part. Certainly it isn't Shakespeare, but it is pure comedy, and pure comedy is much more difficult to play than the outsider imagines. Naturally, we all became 'verra Scotch' and the feature of our Christmas entertainment was a piper from the Scots Guards. After his first tune he had a tremendous reception, but a member of our company, a keen soldier, seemed dissatisfied. 'Wait a moment, boys,' said he, full of the Dargai victory recently achieved, 'I'll ask him for "The Cock o' the North."' 'Hear, hear,' we cried. Walking up to the piper, he clapped him on the shoulder, 'That's fine, my man, but give us a taste of "The Cock o' the North."' The Highlander's face was a study as he replied, 'Mon, 'ave bin playin' it for the last quarter-r-r o' an 'oor-r-r.'



[Photo] [Dover Street Studios]
As Richard Lascelles



[Photo] [Window & Grove]
As Sir Peter Teazle, with Miss Winifred Emery as Lady Teazle

"Other successes included 'The School for Scandal,' in which my wife and I played Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, while other parts I revelled in were Major Bingham in 'The Second in Command' and Lord Ogleby in 'The Clandestine Marriage.' "Now, after varied vicissitudes, I've built a home of my own, where in 1907 I started with 'Toddles.' Yes, I liked Lord Meadows, but not so well as Dicky Lascelles in 'The Flag Lieutenant,' yet both have to stand aside for Sir Peter Teazle. Such a character adds the same zest to the pleasure of acting as a perfume-laden spring breeze to the joy of living. He is so full of opposites, if I may use the expression, his irritability only serves to accentuate his loveliness, while in his words and actions some fresh meaning can always be discovered. To live

About the Players (continued)

on the stage with Sir Peter is to forget such a word as boredom. Strangely enough, as I grow older I seem to be dropping more and more into playing 'straight parts' of a youthful type and I find my good friends the public quite partial to the change, judging from the large audiences 'Tantalising Tommy' is drawing."

Closely associated for a quarter of a century with every movement calculated to elevate the British Drama, the British playgoer can look forward with every confidence to Mr. Maude's future productions, but when are we to meet again "The Little Minister" and his delightful "Babbie"?

MISS MARIE LÖHR In an age of artificiality and swagger it is refreshing to meet a nature utterly unspoiled by success, success which few artistes have achieved while still in their teens. Yet Miss Marie Löhr, who, three years ago, when only seventeen, was leading lady at the Haymarket, is to-day a natural winsome English girl. In May, 1907, those who were privileged to see her in the first performance of "My Wife" realised that this young actress possessed not only temperament, but technique of a high order. With a voice caressing in its pathos, yet infectious in its gaiety and a power to be the part portrayed, she flashed across the footlights, capturing the hearts of the audience, and securing unstinted praise from the most carping of critics. Time—the supreme test—has only increased the admiration with which her work is regarded by everyone on and off the stage. In a quaintly enticing flat overlooking the Embankment, Miss Löhr told me something of her career. "Yes, my family have been closely associated with the stage, both my mother (Miss Kate Bishop), and my uncle (Mr. Alfred Bishop) being active members of the profession. To go further back still, my great grandfather (James Woulds) shared the management of the famous Bath Theatre with Macready. My first appearance? Well! one Christmas I came home from school for the holidays and found my mother preparing to fulfil an engagement. It was lonely at home, so hearing some children were required to dance in the piece I persuaded her to get me included. It was a non-speaking part. I commenced in real earnest with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and to them I owe a deep debt of gratitude. Shortly after Sir Herbert Tree engaged me to play Rosey Mackenzie, in 'Colonel Newcombe'; little did I imagine that a couple of years later I should be playing Marguerite to this fine actor's Mephistopheles. When 'Colonel Newcombe' finished I went to the Haymarket, where I appeared as Beatrix Dupré, in 'My Wife.' Oh, the pleasure I had in this character—this and 'Tantalising Tommy' are my favourites. No, I haven't any special method in studying a part. Certainly, I've no faith in the old-fashioned idea of being word perfect at the first rehearsal. I find by learning my lines gradually while working with the rest of the cast that the character slowly grows round me, so to speak, creeping closer and closer until it becomes a bit of myself; then I'm 'in the skin of it,' to use a stage expression. My hobbies are mostly outdoor ones. Gardening, flowers, and all sorts of animals. Here come my pets," and in rushed a liliputian dog with a black kitten. "Aren't they darlings? and quite inseparable." I agreed, for by this time they were tied up in a knot on the floor, indulging in what appeared to be a wrestling match. "The dog we call Truda, after Miss Gertrude Elliott, who gave it to mother. The kitten's name is Puddy. Then I've got a parrot, and shortly a friend is giving me a white Persian." So my last memory of this young leading lady was that of a frank, happy girl, with her pets and her flowers.

MR. FRED LEWIS

This clever actor has had a wide and varied experience. "Strange I should be playing in this excellent comedy," he remarked, "for I was Miss Marie Löhr's father in 'My Wife,' her first success, and in this, her latest, I am once more her fond parent. The part I like most is that of the vicar in 'Lady Huntworth's Experiment,' mainly because the worthy gentleman more nearly approaches my own character than any other I have portrayed. Each night as I walked on the stage I felt I only had to be natural and good. Some years ago I also had the privilege which few English actors have enjoyed of appearing in Paris with a French company in a French comedy." Mr. Lewis's genial personality and unapproachable humour have had a good share in making "Tantalising Tommy" a mirth-making comedy.

MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP

It was at Greenwich, in 1869, this sterling actor made his first appearance. Ten years of solid provincial touring formed a splendid foundation for the reputation he has since built up in the dramatic world. In 1879 and 1880 he appeared in London as Poisson in "Drink," Horatio in "Hamlet," with Edwin Booth and Huguet in "Richelieu," afterwards playing in "The Silver King," "A Run of Luck," etc., and scoring heavily as Dr. Candy in "The New Boy." "Before going to Australia," he said, "I was with Mr. Lewis Waller in most of his productions at the Imperial Theatre. Yes, the Colonies, I find, are most progressive as far as the Drama is concerned. While there I acted a great deal with Miss Tittell Brune, supporting her in 'Sunday,' etc. In Sydney and Melbourne I found an extraordinary interest taken in the theatre; in fact, only lately I heard that Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton were drawing crowded audiences in those cities to Shakespearean costume recitals." Well equipped at every point of stage work Mr. Beauchamp's studies are always a pleasure to watch.

MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS

Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who puts such verve and go into his finished performance as the artist, started as far back as 1893, and a year later his acting in the part of Bullock Major in "The New Boy" at Terry's established him a prime favourite with the London public. After playing at the Criterion in "Rosemary" and the Comedy in "One Summer's Day" as Tom, he toured in "The Little Minister." His clever studies as Lieutenant Hartley in "The Drums of Oude," Boolby in "Toddles," and Freddie Perkins in "Mrs. Dot" will long be remembered.

MR. JOHN HARWOOD

Those who sit at their ease enjoying thoroughly a fine Playhouse production little think of the amount of work accomplished behind the scenes. Yet Mr. John Harwood not only stage-manages, but gives an admirable sketch as the chauffeur. When only a boy he appeared in "The Two Roses" at the Lyceum, where, with the late Sir Henry Irving, he remained for thirteen years. As Messer Lorenzo Sirbolli in "The Merry Devil" and Sloggett in "The Flag Lieutenant" he astonished the public with the finish of his acting.

John Wigham



"A Panther in Petticoats"

By JAMES DOUGLAS

THE hero of Mr. W. J. Locke's new novel, "Simon the Jester" (Lane), is a horse, and the villain is a cat. The horse is called Sultan. He is a histrionic horse. He is an actor. That is to say, he does human things on the stage. He counts, adds up, and in other ways simulates human intelligence. Sultan belongs to a voluptuous lady called Lola, who is one of those wonderful beings who can do what they please with animals. She is a *dompteuse*. She and her horse, Sultan, are known all over the variety world. I seem to remember a real horse and a real *dompteuse* who performed some years ago in the London "Halls." The horse was a pure white Arab, and he pawed cards with letters and figures printed on them.

Horses are queer creatures. They are full of caprices and whims. They "take a fancy" to a stable lad, and they tolerate nobody else. There are some racehorses which refuse to allow anybody to get on their back except their own particular pet. The most ungovernable horses have some streak of sentiment in their wildness. I have heard of a horse which could not be saddled unless he had his favourite kitten on his back. These things are mysteries. There is something in the nature of grooms and stablemen, and coachmen and jockeys, which sets them apart from their fellows. They have a *flair* which laymen lack. Is it animal magnetism? Lola, according to her creator, was bubbling over with this enigmatic power. She could take a malignant cat by the scruff of the neck, hold it up like a door-mat, and put it on her shoulder; thereupon it would begin to purr and rub its head against her cheek. She has a pet monkey, a little ouistiti. Can anybody explain this queer magnetic fascination which some women have for animals? What is the bond between them? It is a mystery. There are many women who lavish all their love on hideous little dogs. London is full of rich women who are dog-worshippers. You may see them any day in the Park. Some of them appear to devote their whole life to their dogs. In many cases dogs take the place of children in their hearts.

When the dog dies, the woman mourns for him as if he were a husband or a son. The Dogs' Cemetery in Kensington Gardens is a canine Pantheon, and every dead dog has its private grave and its private headstone. When Lola marries a gentlemanly scamp, he is viciously jealous of Sultan, and poisons him, and of course, Lola is inconsolable. After her "great bereavement" she leaves the stage. Instead of fascinating horses, she fascinates men. Here we have another puzzle. Is love a form of animal magnetism? Some women have the power of allurements: others are devoid of it. It is not a question of youth or beauty. Some women are born *dompteuses*. They can tame men and train them to jump through hoops and feed out of the hand. What is the secret of these men-tamers? It is not their naughtiness, for some of them are ferociously virtuous. What is it? Nobody knows, and they do not know themselves. Lola is a virtuous Delilah, a respectable Cleopatra, a decorous

Thais. When Simon de Gex, M.P., tries to save a young friend of his from her wiles, he promptly loses his heart to this "panther in petticoats," Simon has only six months to live, for his doctors have diagnosed an incurable disease inside him. He resolves to spend the six months in doing good. He gives away all his money, and he also searches for Lola's husband. When he finds that scoundrel, Lola's pet dwarf sticks a knife in the scoundrel's heart. Happily, a clever French surgeon saves Simon by performing an operation. Lola, however, has conscientious scruples about marrying him, and runs away. He finds her in the Winter Garden, at Berlin, with a troupe of performing cats. While she is busy with the malignant cat, she sees Simon, loses her nerve, and the beast springs at her face. She utters piercing screams as the blood spurts from the ghastly claws. It is the tragedy of the *dompteuse*. Lola is disfigured, but she allows Simon to marry her, and she devotes her magnetic powers to the taming of human brutes in the East End.

Lola is a picturesque siren. She is a Lola without the Montez. She is an Adah without the Isaacs and the Menken. Indeed, may I confess that she is a little too saintly and unselfish to be quite satisfactory? She has no faults. The worst sin she commits is smoking cheap cigarettes. She has all the upholstery of impropriety, but nothing more. She obtains a bad reputation by false pretences. Are all *dompteuses* like that? Are all the Circes of the Circus Madonnas in disguise? It is hard to give up all our illusions. It is bad enough to be forced to abandon our belief in virtue, but at least Mr. Locke might allow us to cherish our belief in vice. Lola is lithe and lazy and languorous. Her hand is boneless. She has dark bronze hair and deep golden eyes. Her accent is exotic and seductive. Her shrug is a slow ripple. She has a flexible turn and twist of the body. There are beautiful curves in her neck and shoulders. Also, she is a great, powerful, sinuous creature of sweeping curves, with leopard eyes, and a captivating odour that is not the *odeur de femme*, but a strange magnetic influence. Her breath is aromatic and intoxicating. Her lips are ripe and full. And this creature is a cross between a nun and a district visitor!

Is it strange that I owe Mr. Locke a grudge? And yet there are Lolae in real life—strange women who look perilous and yet are benignantly harmless. Their souls do not match their bodies. Their fatal beauty is a misfit. They are Mont Blancs masquerading as Mount Etnas. Their flames are made of snow. There is also the opposite type—the woman with the soul of a devil behind the face of a saint. Both sorts are dangerous and, as Mr. Locke says, ought to be prohibited by the police. But of the two brands, I advise you to select the Lolaesque. It is wiser to lose your heart to the good woman who looks bad than to the bad woman who looks good. But something between the two is safer.

James Douglas

From the Bookshelves (continued)

The Confessions of a Bridge Player. By "QUILON." (Harrison & Sons, 1s.)

NO one will contradict the statement in the preface that "the reader of this little book incurs no risk of receiving instruction." No one, we hope, will contradict our statement that pleasant chatter and one or two excellent stories suitable for relating as personal experiences are even better than instruction.



Photo] [Elliott & Fry

Mr. F. J. Cox

"If every man or woman broke the bond when they felt a trifle dissatisfied, a nice tangle we should have in the marriage market. Why, it would be chaos."

"Yes," she retorted defiantly; "but out of Chaos came Order."

"This time he did not answer."

We read Mr. F. J. Cox's treatment of an ever-popular problem in the only way we can imagine it being read—with the greatest interest!

The Commentator. A Weekly Political and Social Review. (Commentator Co., Ltd., 3 Clifford's Inn.)

WE welcome *The Commentator* as a new penny weekly—that is "fed up" with all political parties, and would like to spread a few old principles, including sanity, throughout the country. We disagree, however, with its first statement that unemployment is the question of the day. The question of the day is Compulsory National Service. It has nothing to do with politics, but with the future personal inconvenience of men of all parties for the sake of the British Empire.



Photo] [Lallie Charles

Mr. William Caine

A Prisoner in Spain. By WILLIAM CAINE. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

A WAG has been defined by some worthy man of learning as "a merry, droll fellow." This is just what Mr. John Billing is, only, being an Englishman, he doesn't realise the fact. He spends his days doing and saying things that would make his fortune if he were on the stage and trying to be funny. He is so big and downright and quaint and fond of his friends

that you can't help loving him. When he asked his old "pal," Ann Dicey, to arrange that his walk with the little Spanish dancer should be unchaperoned, he was quite surprised that she should guess why.

"Oh," said John, "that be hanged! You don't think—Why, Ann, you ass. It's nothing of that kind. I've only known the girl two minutes. You are a jolly old clown, Ann."

"He was so pleased with Ann that he didn't mind in the least what he said to her."

"You ox!" he said.

The Marriage Ring. By F. J. COX. (Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.)

WHAT infatuation has joined shall man put asunder—after the infatuation ceases? Ever since Milton completed his honeymoon by writing a treatise on divorce, this problem has grown in popularity. It has been discussed in newspapers, thrashed out in clubs, and done to death in boudoirs until Mrs. Grundy has held up her hands in dismay and Bishops have grown unchristian in their horror! Yet, how far forward is the world? About as far forward as Frank Awdry and Helen Eastwood were after the following conversation:

"If you don't stop abusing me," she said, "I'll walk back to San Pablo with you myself."

If instead of a first-rate plot there was nothing in *A Prisoner in Spain* but the conversations and the character-sketches, you could still read it and feel on good terms with the world when you had finished.

Perfidious Lydia. By FRANK BARRETT. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

MAJOR HOWARD'S daughter," said Mr. Fox in the second chapter, "is as near ruin as may be." Major Howard's daughter, we explain in our second sentence, is the heroine of *Perfidious Lydia*. Confess that you want to read all about her straight away!

Nor will you be disappointed when you have performed what you wanted. Lydia, for all her innocence and inexperience, was much too self-willed to let anyone ruin her, but in her hare-brained infatuation for Sir Charles Smidmore she didn't mind taking any number of risks. Like Lord Milner, she blanked the consequences, and set off for Gretna Green, first in a post-chaise, and then in a gipsy's caravan, and it took no small amount of open air and daily hardship to bring her to her senses. You will be as surprised as we were—and as she was—to discover that the man she married at Lamberton Toll wasn't the man she thought at all but somebody else in disguise. You will be still more surprised when you find that it took nearly another hundred pages to reconcile her to her fate and make her realise what a lucky girl she was!



Photo] L. Chatin, Montpellier

Mr. Frank Barrett

Allison's Lad, and Other Martial Interludes. By BEULAH MARIE DIX. (Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$1.35 net.)

WE have not attempted to act these gallant sketches, but we can quite believe the publishers' statement—not that we should ever dream of disbelieving a publisher—that they are "perfectly practicable for performance by clever amateurs." We can further endorse the declaration that they make "decidedly interesting reading." We speak from experience. Honest Injun!

Beulah Marie Dix is co-author of *The Breed of The Treshams*, and she echoes the note that rang through that spirited play in all six of these "martial interludes." She dearly loves a brave man—who doesn't?—and even more dearly she loves to make him the means, direct or indirect, of proving that evil brings its own reward. She also likes the idea that tenderness and bravery go well together. So do we.

The Will and The Way. By BERNARD CAPES. (John Murray, 2s. 6d.)



Photo] [Mayall

Mr. Bernard Capes

PERSONALLY, we find it hard to believe in a heroine who allows herself to be the tool of an unscrupulous lawyer in order to become an heiress. It's hardly playing the game, is it? And a heroine above everything else should play the game, even if she's "still very young" and shudders at "the very thought of poverty."

Apart from this we have no fault to find with *The Will and The Way*; Mr. Bernard Capes is too good to give us more grounds than one for girding at him. By which we mean that if you once get over the inherent improbability of the story, you

From the Bookshelves (continued)

will enjoy it immensely. It is very cleverly manipulated, and the hero, Le Strang, is the character that most appeals to the world in general and to the English-speaking race in particular—"the strong, silent man." From the moment he says to Lawyer Redding, "Beware of the dog at your heels," you know that the villain of the story is as good as doomed; from the moment he says to Miss Vanborough, "I am your friend," you know that the heroine of the story is as good as married. We like meeting people like Mr. Le Strang in novels, and some day, perhaps, we shall meet one in real life!

From The Thames to The Seine. By CHARLES PEARS. (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d. net.)

SQUEAMISHNESS makes cowards of us all, and we are not an authority on sailing! So when we received Mr. Charles Pears' beautiful book for review, we promptly consulted Expert Opinion on the matter. This is what Expert Opinion told us to tell you:

"Written in salt water by one for whom the sea has no secrets, the winds no mystery, and the storm no terrors, *From The Thames to The Seine* touches the heart of the Britisher in its most tender spot. The independence and pluck which

prompted the author to make the journey indicated by the title of his book are brought home to the reader unconsciously, for the predominant note of Mr. Pears' work is modesty. The man who could cross the Channel from Havre to Newhaven in a little 4-ton yacht, single-handed, and in rough weather, is a sportsman of whom not only yachtsmen might be proud.

"Each port of call has its own little place of honour in this most interesting volume, and we jump with delightful inconstancy from the subtlety of tides and currents in the sea to the folk lore of an unknown French village; from the perils of steep grey waves to the history of a



Photo] [Russell & Sons

Mr. Chas. Pears

ruined cathedral, or from the light sail-flapping breezes of a sheltered coast to the excitement of a typical Continental watering place.

"*From The Thames to The Seine* is punctuated with delicate illustrations from the brush of this well-known artist-author. The scenes afloat and ashore, described with such refreshing simplicity of style, are illustrated by a master-hand controlled by an eye that sees Nature in natural colours and art in its true artistic form."

Letters of a Modern Golfer to His Grandfather. By HENRY LEACH. (Mills and Boon, Ltd., 6s.)

MR. RICHARD ALLINGHAM is one of a group of men who can afford to do nothing but play golf and be a "blood." He belongs to pretty well every club of distinction in the country, and the airy "shop" with which he fills his letters is well worthy of such a big-wig. A definite plot permeates his correspondence. It tells how the author, in his enthusiasm to do what he knew to be right, incurred accusations of lukewarm love from his fiancée, but how in the end virtue triumphed, as it always will, and, in the last chapter, he not only got his handicap down to scratch, but got safely married! It will be seen that the plot is of a highly intricate nature.

Colonel Belcher is perhaps the most attractive character mentioned in the letters. This is his philosophy of life: "There are only three things in the world that are worth having—women, fighting, and golf. . . . I hardly know which I would leave out, if I had to leave out one. I don't think I could leave the women out, anyhow."

Golfers will read these epistles with avidity—but as golfers will read anything to do with golf the compliment may not seem too gushing!

The Road to Happiness. By YVONNE SARCEY. Translated by CONSTANCE WILLIAMS. (Andrew Melrose, 3s. 6d.)

IF one of those delightful damsels, wherein the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland abounds, were in danger of getting spoilt, and we knew her well enough to give her a book that was good for her, we should give her *The Road to Happiness*. It is written in the spirit of that inspired old line, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," and it is written by one who realises that a healthy mind is not necessarily a disqualification for the post of Universal Charmer. Being unable to find any cause for grumbling in such an excellent work, we naturally set ourselves to manufacture one, and did not fail of success. We discovered that the authoress is too sensible, that she praises Cheerfulness at the expense of Frivolity. "This is worth an epigram," we said, and made an epigram on the spot. Here it is:

"Yvonne Sarcey would like her girls to be as happy as squirrels, but she would not like them to be as happy as monkeys."

Some people don't like monkeys. We do!

The Squatter's Bairn. By E. J. MATHER. (Rebman, Ltd., 6s.)

ADVANCE, Australia! Every book that helps to advertise the Coming Continent helps the Empire, and every book that helps the Empire justifies its publication. That is why we welcome novels like *The Squatter's Bairn*.

It is a pleasant old-fashioned story somewhat in *The Swiss Family Robinson* strain. It introduces you to divers wonderful birds, beasts, flowers, fruits, and bipeds, chats about them cheerily, and points a moral on every possible occasion. All the characters, barring the bushrangers and blacks, are worthy, God-fearing folk, and their conversation corresponds to their worthiness. There is a plot which the unsophisticated will unravel with pleasure, a frontispiece which you are told—and can quite believe—is the heroine, twenty-four reproductions of alluring Government photographs, an appendix containing official information for the intending tourist or settler, and various other items redounding to the glory of the Commonwealth. *The Squatter's Bairn* wouldn't harm a fly, and it will make some, who already hear the call of Australia but cannot respond, feel inclined to put their hands to their ears to keep the call out!

Mistress Cynthia. By MAY WYNNE. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

LIKE most people, we are human, and when we come across somebody else making a magnificent "howler" we bubble. That is why we bubbled over the remark attributed to Mistress Cynthia in the Year of Our Lord 1739: "My feet have almost forgotten the measure of a waltz." Readers of Byron know that the waltz was introduced into England in the early part of the nineteenth century. Readers of our favourite dictionary know that the exact date was 1813.

O Miss Wynne!

Still, one "howler" does not make a hash, and if you fancy historical romances you should certainly like *Mistress Cynthia*. A Royalist brother and sister fall in love with a Jacobite sister and brother, and they and the other characters in the story get so entangled that at times you can hardly tell t'other from which. For loyalists to lose their hearts to traitors is invariably awkward, for honour keeps stepping in, and after honour, the King's Executions. So it was in this case. Luckily for all concerned, Sir Robert Walpole was a man with a price, and Cynthia found herself able to blackmail him—on the strength of a certain letter to Newcastle—into letting her lover and his friend go free. Hard lines that the subsequent death of her brother prevented the narrative from ending absolutely happily.



Photo] [Lafayette

Miss May Wynne

E. W. M.



A CONNOISSEUR'S NOTE BOOK



By WALLACE L. CROWDY

At the present rate of acquisition there will shortly be a pressing need of extension to our National Gallery. The recent addition of eight admirable pictures of the modern romantic school, notably of the four fine pictures by James Maris, which a bounteous Dutchman within our gates has made permanently ours, not only makes a further demand upon an already limited space, but points to the necessity for some rearrangement. Could not the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square be reserved for the Old Masters, the Tate Gallery reserved for all the pictures of the British school—from Hogarth to Millais, that is—and yet another gallery built to hold pictures of the modern foreign painters? Or could not the suggestion I have already made, that a process of judicious weeding out, both at Trafalgar Square and at Millbank, be adopted, and space thus afforded for the proper exhibition of the national masterpieces, and funds obtained from the sale of the discarded second-rates for the purchase of really fine works of art as opportunity offers? We really are too thin-skinned in some matters, and somewhat slow to acknowledge the blunders of our predecessors. In art, as in politics, it is as well to remember that we should not be the last to cast the old aside any more than we should be the first by whom the new is tried.

There must, moreover, very soon be a pressing need for a gallery of black and white art, for the proper display of examples of etching and of mezzotint. The Print Room of the British Museum is in no sense a gallery, and is so comfortably tucked away that it is known to few except students and the personal friends of Mr. Sidney Colvin. I do not say that the time has yet arrived for the acquisition by the nation of works by such men as D. S. MacLaughlan, or the rank and file of the present members of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, but none the less there is work by such men as Consens, Whistler, Seymour Haden, Strang, O. Y. Cameron, which should be acquired just now and publicly exhibited

just as surely as the painted canvases which are purchased each year out of the funds of the Chantry bequest. They would most probably make a more restful retreat than the somewhat unequal display over which Mr. D. S. MacColl presides, and a less depressing spectacle

than the rarely visited Diploma Gallery, which is hidden shamefacedly away in a corner of Burlington House. Much is being properly done for black and white at South Kensington, but, then, this is obviously educational in its intention and very restricted in its scope. "There is nothing better for a man than that he should enjoy good in his labour," says the terra-cotta legend round the refreshing refreshment room of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and this settles the whole matter; but it is good also that all the workers in the arts should be equally represented. Much yet remains to be done for the upkeep of our fine black and white traditions.

This recalls me to Mr. D. S. MacLaughlan and the collection of his etchings which is being exhibited by Mr. Gutekunst at his new and appropriate gallery in Grafton Street. Mr. MacLaughlan is a new man to me, and he is original—which is saying much in his praise. He handles his etching needle with force and delicacy. Take as a contrast the grip and power of the "Low Tide" with the sunlit daintiness of "The Saluté." San Giuliano, that pleasant city of many towers, has attracted him in his many moods, and perhaps it is this moodiness of the painter that appeals to me most

in the work of this new etcher. He has something yet to learn as a draughtsman, but, then, I am never tired of emphasising the truth that it is not the absence of faults, but the presence of great qualities, which constitute a work of art. The sense of colour, too, is in his best plates, notably in the "Canal of the Little Saint"; and this is a precious gift which the etcher, of all men, must strive to attain and retain. Surely Mr. MacLaughlan has come to stay.



"The Saluté." D. S. MACLAUGHLAN

A Connoisseur's Note Book (*continued*)

Whilst I am urging the claims of the less magnificent arts of water-colour painting, of etching, and of mezzotints to the consideration of the nation, I am mindful also that we, as a nation, are not over-endowed with the masterpieces of the great quartet of oil painters—of Titian, of Rubens, of Velasquez, and of Rembrandt. Particularly am I reminded that Rubens, the master-genius who formed a new art founded in method upon Italy, yet distinctly northern in character, does not find his proper place in our national collections. What a stupendous genius was his! He chose all subjects for his brush, but the religious altar-piece probably occupied him as much as any. To this he gave little of Gothic sentiment, but everything of Renaissance splendour. His art was more material than spiritual, more brilliant and startling in sensuous qualities such as line and colour

was unexcelled. A master of composition, modelling, and drawing, a master of light, and a colour-harmonist of the rarest ability, he, in addition, possessed the most certain, adroit, and facile hand that ever handled a paint-brush. Nothing could be more sure than the touch of Rubens, nothing more easy and masterful. He was trained in both mind and eye, a genius by birth and by education, a painter who saw keenly, and was able to realise what he saw with certainty.

Well born, ennobled by Royalty, successful in both Court and studio, Rubens lived brilliantly, and his life was a series of triumphs. He painted enormous canvases, and the number of pictures, altar-pieces, mythological decorations, landscapes, portraits, scattered throughout the galleries of Europe, and attributed to



"The Canal of the Little Saint." D. S. MACLAUGHLAN

than charming by facial expression or tender feeling. Something of the Paolo Veronese cast of mind, he conceived things largely, and painted them proportionately—large Titanic types, broad schemes and masses of colour, great, sweeping lines of beauty. One value of this largeness was its ability to hold at a distance upon wall or altar. Hence, when seen to-day, close at hand, in museums, people are apt to think Rubens' art coarse and gross.

There is no prettiness about his type. It is not effeminate or sentimental, but rather robust, full of life and animal spirits, full of blood, bone and muscle, of majestic dignity, grace, and power, and glowing with splendour of colour. In imagination, in conception of art purely as art, and not as a mere vehicle to convey religious or mythological ideas—in mental grasp of the pictorial world—Rubens stands with Titian and Velasquez in the very front rank of painters. As a technician he

him, is simply amazing. He was undoubtedly helped in many of his canvases by his pupils, but the works painted by his own hand make a world of art in themselves. He was the greatest painter of the North, a full-rounded, complete genius, comparable to Titian in his universality.

"L'intervention de Rubens dans l'achèvement du tableau," says a well-known authority, "de réduit parfois à pores sur les carnations les touches lumineuses et les glacis, d'autres fois, il retouche ou peint entièrement les chairs et distribue les lumières sur les draperies et les accessoires; d'autres fois encore, il peint lui-même les figures et n'abandonne à ses collaborateurs que les parties secondaires qu'il retouche ensuite pour donner au coloris l'harmonie voulue. L'étude attentive des tableaux du maître montrera que nous n'enonçons point ici des conjectures, mais des vérités indestructibles et faciles à saisir. Ces deux points de la plus haute im-

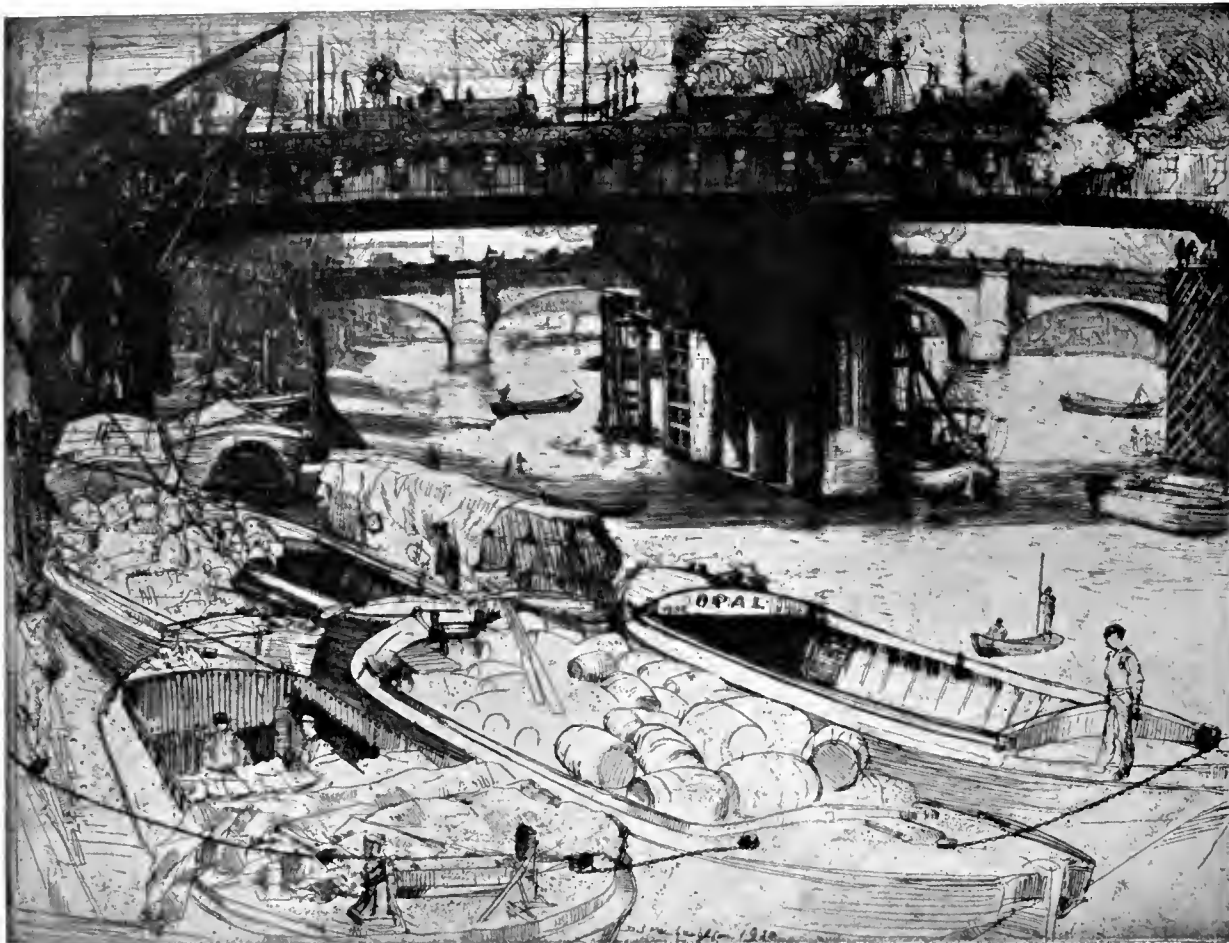
A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

portance, les variations du style de Rubens, ainsi que la collaboration de ses disciples et d'autres artistes, avaient été signalés il y a deux siècles; malheureusement, depuis lors on les a perdus de vue et ni historiens ni critiques n'en ont jamais tenu compte dans leurs jugements."

And Rubens is not only the greatest of the Flemish painters, but without doubt one of the most prolific. The time he covered, and the subjects he painted and designed (some 1,600), are in every phase of painted expression. The extraordinary activity of his genius is the most astonishing feature. Without his pupil, his productions would have been fabulous. But there is no fable at all in it. This is the difficulty: to place his real work. He lived in Italy, in Spain, in England, in France, and in

was acquired by Lord Ardilaun, and Waagen speaks of a fifth in the collection of M. Wombwell. In 1877 Madame Veuve Ch. Geerts showed one at Antwerp; M. Mescke, of Antwerp, owned another, and, again, two others were at one time in the possession of Lord Craven at Combe Abbey and in a private collection in Vienna. They differ in details, but it was undeniably a typical Rubens subject.

This picture which Mr. Murray has is, quite possibly, the best of the versions. In any event, it is, in the words of Lord Henry Scott, "quite one of the nicest and most companionable Rubens I have ever seen, quite devoid of the coarseness which is so common with a Rubens." And this brings me to my point regarding Rubens and his attributed coarseness. "A man long trained to love the



"Low Tide." D. S. MACLAUGHLAN

Germany, and his works were distributed over the greater part of Europe. Where what were left in his studio at his death went to is impossible to say. So we fall back upon the only sound device, and judge his works on their merits, without an attempt at pedigree.

I am driven into this train of thought partly by a recent sight of the Spinola Rubens which Mr. J. M. Murray lent to the last Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House, and partly by a chance remark overheard at the private view of the New English Art Club. Like all important pictures and successful men, the Spinola Rubens—and I take this as a typical example—has its detractors. None the less, I think Mr. Murray is well justified in the faith that he has in his picture. It is an undeniable Rubens subject. The Museum at Berlin possesses two; the Schleissheim Gallery has a third. In the sale of the Duke of Marlborough's collection a fourth

monk's visions of Fra Angelico," says Ruskin, "turns in proud and ineffable disgust from the first work of Rubens which he encounters on his return across the Alps. But is he right in his indignation? He has forgotten that while Angelico prayed and wept in his olive shade there was different work doing in the dank fields of Flanders—wild seas to be banked out; endless canals to be dug, and boundless marshes to be drained; hard ploughing and harrowing of the frosty clay; careful breeding of stout horses and fat cattle; close setting of brick walls against cold winds and snow; much hardening of hands and gross stoutening of bodies in all this; gross jovialities of harvest homes and Christmas feasts which were to be the reward of it; rough affections and sluggish imaginations; fleshy, substantial, iron-shod humanities, but humanities still; humanities which God had His eye upon and which won, perhaps, here and there, as much favour in His sight as the wasted aspects of the whisper-

A Connoisseur's Note Book *(continued)*

ing monks of Florence. (Heaven forbid it should not be so, since the most of us cannot be monks, but must be ploughmen and reapers still.) And are we to suppose there is no nobility in Rubens's masculine and universal sympathy with all this, and with his large human rendering of it, gentleman though he was, by birth, and feeling, and education, and place; and, when he chose, lordly in conception also? He had his faults, perhaps great and lamentable faults, though more those of his time and his country than his own; he has neither cloister breeding nor boudoir breeding and is very unfit to paint either in Missals or annuals; but he has an open sky and wide-world breeding in him, that we may not be offended with, fit alike for king's court, knight's camp or peasant's cottage."

a sacred subject, the Flemish and Dutch masters are always languid unless they are profane."

Which reflections, as I have said, were partly suggested by a chance remark made in front of William Orpen's nude in the centre gallery of the Exhibition of the New English Art Club. This is certainly not a Rokeby Venus nor a Rubens. The members of the New English Art Club have a fine scorn for the classics and are not much the better off for the abstention. There is more in the classics than meets the eye of the majority of the members of the New in their laudable search for novelty. It is the fashion just now as much to overpraise the new movement as it was formerly to decry it. Neither extreme is judicious or proper. The dullness of the



The Spinola Rubens. By permission of Mr. J. M. MURRAY

It is thus that Rubens was a child of Flanders. But he was also a child of the intellectual time in which he lived. "He was born at a time," says Ruskin, "when the Reformation had been arrested. His father, curiously enough, had fled from Antwerp as a Reformer, but afterwards returned to Catholicism. The Evangelicals despised the arts, while the Roman Catholics were effete or insincere, and could not retain influence over men of strong reasoning power. The painters could only associate frankly with men of the world, and themselves became men of the world. Men, I mean, having no belief in spiritual existences, or interests or affections beyond the grave. Not but that they still painted Scriptural subjects. Altar-pieces were wanted occasionally and pious patrons sometimes commissioned a cabinet Madonna. But there is just this difference between men of this modern period and the Florentines or Venetians, that whereas the latter never exert themselves fully except on

average exhibition is not always less desirable than the audacity of the extremists. The body of painters who hide their inefficiency beneath their self-sufficiency is not always to be accepted at its "face value." There is, indeed, much that is interesting in the present exhibition at Suffolk Street. The colours are as prismatic as ever, the drawing as vague, and the inexperience as obvious. There is, none the less, a freshness about the show, a total disregard for all that is proper in art, a careless inconsequence that attracts by its sheer audacity. It may not be art, but it is not, at its worst, tiresome.

Wallace F. Crowley.

* Concerning Society *

THERE is, it seems, likely to be something of a "season" after all, and July promises to be a fairly busy month. At any rate, several functions which seemed out of the question a month ago are taking place, and there will be considerable social activity. Following the Horse Show at Olympia, the Royal Naval and Military Tournament opens there on June 20th, and on this date, too, the Army Pageant begins at Fulham Palace. This function, it may be remembered, was to have been postponed until next year. This change in the aspect of affairs is due, of course, to the kindly considerateness of the King, in decreeing that the public shall go out of mourning entirely on June 30th. With regard to the Army Pageant, it is taking place in accordance with His Majesty's express wish that there should be no postponement.

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Lady Fairbairn, who is settled for the season at 76 Queen's Gate, and is giving a reception there on the evening of June 14th, had an "At Home" on June 1st. Lady Fairbairn is a sister of Mr. Walter Long, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. Fitzwilliam-Hume-Dick, of Hunewood, Wicklow, and Curzon Street, one of whose two well-dowered daughters is Mrs. Hercules Langrishe. She is a delightful hostess, and usually does a fair amount of entertaining when in town at this time of the year. Lady Fairbairn has been married some years to Sir Arthur Fairbairn, but she has no children. Sir Arthur is a deaf mute, who has triumphed over his affliction and become an accomplished scholar and great collector. One of his sisters, also deaf and dumb, was the subject of a statue by Woolner which attracted the enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Gladstone.

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Sir Lewis and Lady Melver are at 25 Upper Brook Street, where Lady Melver had intended entertaining as usual during the season. She had sent out invitations for a dance, but the affair was abandoned, like dozens of others, owing to King Edward's death. Sir Lewis Melver is an old Indian Civil servant, who turned to politics in England, and has been rewarded with a baronetcy. He began as an advanced Liberal in 1885, but latterly sat for the Western Division of Edinburgh as a Unionist.

☺ ☺ ☺

Lord and Lady Wolverton intend to spend the greater part of the summer at Achdalen, Argyllshire, the shooting box they lease from Lochiel. During their occupancy of Achdalen extensive alterations and improvements have been effected at the house. Lady Wolverton, who is Lord Dudley's only sister, is tall and handsome, and always perfectly dressed. Like her husband, who is a great traveller and big game hunter, Lady Wolverton is fond of open-air life. She plays golf and croquet well, and is a fine horsewoman; indeed, as regards active pursuits, she can give most of her friends points. She is also an excellent bridge player. Lord and Lady Wolverton have a handsome town house in St. James's Place, and they rent Ditton Park, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's place, near Slough, which has been their principal country seat since Iwerne Minster was sold; but Lady Wolverton perhaps does most of her entertaining at Queensberry House, Newmarket, the red brick edifice, which at one time used to be known as "Ugly

House" after one of Lord Wolverton's racing horses. Now, however, that it is getting creeper-clad the name is undeserved.

☺ ☺ ☺

Lady Hilda Strutt, to whom a son was born the other day at her house in Onslow Square, received congratulations and deep sympathy almost at the same time, for only a few days previously her daughter Violet died of diphtheria. The little girl would have been four next month, and her death was naturally a great shock to her parents. Lady Hilda Strutt is the second of Lord Leitrim's four sisters, and her marriage to Lord Rayleigh's son and heir took place in 1905.

☺ ☺ ☺

Lord and Lady Wemyss by a curious coincidence both met with accidents the same day recently.



Photo]

Miss Maude Maitland Savile

[Rita Martin

Whilst she was returning from golfing Lady Wemyss' motor car collided with another, her caddie being rather badly hurt, and in the evening Lord Wemyss slipped in the marble hall at Gosford, East Lothian. He bruised himself and cut his face, but the incident might have had very serious consequences, as he will be ninety-two in August. But Lord Wemyss is wonderfully hale and hearty, and, like Lord Halsbury, seems to feel nothing of the great burden of his years. Tall, straight-backed, and of buoyant spirits the veteran peer possesses a brightness of demeanour that a man forty years his junior might envy. It is not generally known that Lord Wemyss is a first-rate mechanic, and not long ago he repaired his motor. He is also a sculptor of ability and a fine judge of a picture.

☺ ☺ ☺

Lady Wemyss is also a talented sculptor, and her works and her husband's have been exhibited together in London, at the New Gallery, we believe. She is the veteran peer's second wife. The first Lady Wemyss died in 1896, three years after her golden wedding, and in 1900 Lord Wemyss much astonished everybody by marrying at eighty-two the handsome Miss Grace Blackburn, a niece of the late Lord Blackburn.

☺ ☺ ☺

Mr. George Arthur Peel, who died at the end of last month, after a brief illness, was the second son of the late Sir Charles Lennox Peel and Lady Peel, and a grandson of Lady Jane Lennox, who with her sisters was at Brussels when her mother, the Duchess of Richmond, gave her famous ball on the eve of Waterloo. The dancing on this memorable occasion took place in a coalhouse, and the sisters' schoolroom was also requisitioned. One of the Duchess's daughters was Lady Louisa Tighe, who died in 1900 at the great age of ninety-seven. Two years before her death she remembered the ball perfectly, though only twelve at the time. The story runs that Lady Louisa buckled on the Duke of Wellington's sword before the battle, but this is not correct. She offered to tie his sash, and the tradition probably arose from that circumstance.

☺ ☺ ☺

Sir John and Lady Burgoyne have arrived at 45 South Street for a stay of several weeks. Sir John, who is seventy-eight in October, has no family, and in the ordinary course of events his ancient baronetcy, of which he is the tenth holder, will become extinct, as there is no heir. It was Sir John who

Concerning Society (continued)

brought the Empress Eugenie to these shores after the fall of the Second Empire. Her Majesty was flying from France on the night of Sedan, and her only chance of escape was in Sir John's small yacht, at the moment lying in a French port. At first Sir John declined to give the Empress a passage, for one reason Dr. Evans, the American who helped her to escape, almost demanded the thing as a right, and, secondly, he did not wish to be mixed up in French affairs, but the Empress's tear-stained face prevailed, and after a most stormy night, the yacht being in great danger at one time, the Empress was landed in England the next day. Napoleon was subsequently released from captivity at Wilhelmshohe, and joined his wife and son at Chislehurst, there to die three years later.



Sir John and Lady Burgoyne are among the oldest habitués of Cowes, where some years ago the former used to take a prominent part in the arrangements of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He was known as "the policeman" for his vigilance in seeing that no outsider invaded the sacred precincts of "the Castle," and he has been known to go in pursuit of some individual whom he thought had no right in the grounds, and then discover to his chagrin that he had been mistaken. There is another member of the Royal Yacht Squadron equally active in maintaining the exclusiveness of the club, but on one occasion his zeal in this respect placed him in a somewhat unenviable position, for an "offender" whom he discovered happened to be a great friend and intimate of King Edward.



Lady Avebury and Lady Grove, author of "The Human Woman," have been placed in mourning through the death of their mother, Mrs. Pitt-Rivers, widow of General Pitt-Rivers. The deceased lady, who was in her eighty-second year, was the eldest daughter of the second Lord Stanley of Alderley, and sister of Lord Sheffield, Dowager Lady Airlie, Lady Carlisle, and Miss Maud Stanley. Her eldest son is Mr. A. E. Lane-Fox-Pitt, the present owner of Rushmore, Dorsetshire, the seat of the Lords Rivers whose title became extinct in 1880, and from whom General Pitt-Rivers came into considerable property under the will of his great uncle, the second peer. There was a sequence of tragedies in the life of the fourth Lord Rivers. His three eldest sons all died young, his prettiest daughter was killed by lightning in June, 1865, whilst on her honeymoon in the Bernese Alps; Lord Rivers became ruined, and he and his wife died within a couple of days of each other in April, 1866. By the following March, too, their only surviving son, who had succeeded as fifth Lord Rivers, was dead. He was succeeded by his uncle, the sixth and last Lord Rivers.



Lady Bathurst has arranged for a life of her father, Lord Glenesk, to be published, and the volume is to make its appearance this month. The work should be of exceptional interest, as Lord Glenesk, as Mr., and afterwards Sir, Algernon Borthwick, of the *Morning Post*, came into touch with the political and social life of England and France for years. The memoir, which will be entitled "Lord Glenesk and the *Morning Post*," will be a history of the late peer's association with that newspaper for a period of more than half a century. The *Morning Post* now practically belongs to Lady Bathurst, though nominally it is owned by a small private company, formed after

the death of Lord Glenesk's only son, Mr. Oliver Borthwick, whose future career was one of singular promise.



Mr. and Mrs. Ratan Tata have arrived in London from India, and are at York House, Twickenham, for the summer. Mr. Tata is a wealthy and influential Parsee of Bombay, and son of the philanthropist who founded the Indian Institute of Science. His wife is a very handsome woman, and she is Europeanised, except that she retains her national dress, including the veil, though she does not wear it across her face, but as a mantilla. On the other hand, Mr. Tata wears English dress, he also speaks English perfectly, and is devoted to music. Mr. and Mrs. Ratan Tata go a good deal into society and entertain at their beautiful riverside home, which they purchased three or four years ago. York House takes its name from the Duke of York, brother of Charles II.



The outlook for Ascot at one time looked very gloomy, but thanks to the King, the meeting will be more enjoyable than was anticipated. This year will be more or less a black Ascot, the Royal box will be closed, and the Royal enclosure lack its usual brilliancy, nor will there be, of course, the Royal procession; but as His Majesty has expressly intimated that he does not wish the national mourning to interfere with the recreation of the people, Ascot goes will make the most under the circumstances of the meeting. The Ascot of 1909 was one of the most successful in the history of racing, being memorable for the victory of Minoru and the enthusiastic scene which followed.



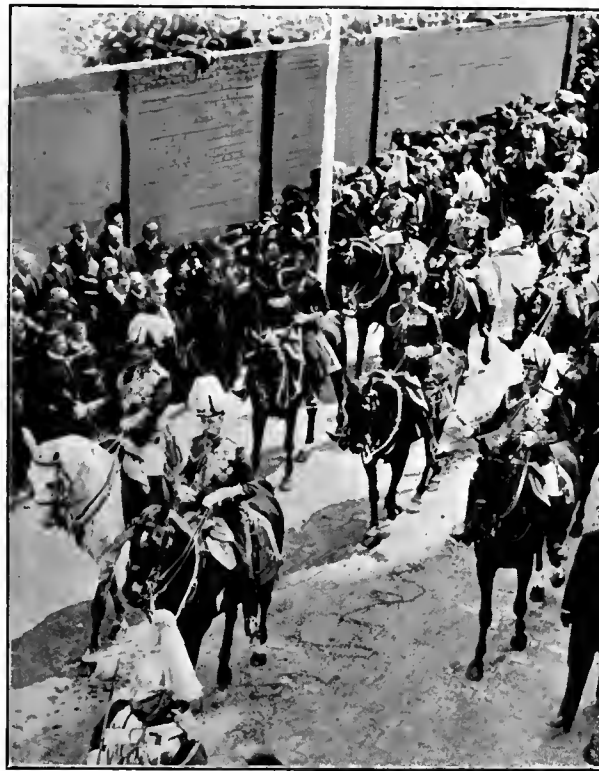
The Lords Elphinstone, of whom the present peer is the sixteenth, have played a prominent part in Scottish history, but perhaps the best known of them all was the thirteenth peer, the famous Governor of Bombay at the time of the Mutiny. In his early years he fell in love with the young Queen Victoria, and for her sake remained a life-long celibate, dying in 1860 in his fifty-fourth year.



A wide circle of friends will have heard with regret of the death of Sir Roger Palmer, which occurred at the end of May at his Welsh seat, Cefn Park, Wrexham. Sir Roger, who had just completed his seventy-eighth year, was one of the fast dwindling band of survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, in which he took part as a subaltern of the 11th Hussars. The late baronet was an extensive landowner, possessing considerably over a hundred thousand acres, mostly in Co. Mayo. He had a pleasant riverside residence—Glenisland, at Maidenhead, on the lawn of which he might often have been seen in past summers—a white-bearded, ruddy-faced old gentleman in a slouch hat, watching the boats pass by.



Lord and Lady Savile are at Rufford Abbey, Nottingham, and they will be very little in town for several months to come, as the latter is still far from being really well, and the death of King Edward was a great shock to her, too, as His late Majesty had been an intimate friend of the Saviles for years. It was an understood thing that King Edward always spent the Doncaster week at Rufford, and he was to have gone there again this September. Whilst at the Villa Edelweiss, Cannes, Lady Savile had a bad attack of diphtheria, and she is yet feeling the after effects of the malady.



[Photo]

[Topical Press]

Scene at the Royal Funeral

Concerning Society (continued)

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

A NOTABLE addition to the ranks of beautiful young peeresses will be the future Lady Carnwath, Miss Maude Savile, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Eden Savile, of 31 Clanricarde Gardens, whose engagement is just announced to the young peer who succeeded his father in the title last March. The late Lord Carnwath died suddenly in the street at Westminster whilst on his way to the House of Lords. Lord Carnwath is not wealthy, the family estates having long ago passed away by marriage to an ancestor of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, who now owns them, and he was an officer in the mercantile marine in the service of the P. and O. His title in his father's lifetime was Lord Dalzell, but he elected to be known to his associates on board as Mr. Ronald Arthur Dalzell.



Another engagement of interest is that between Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, only daughter of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, and Mr. C. Pryce Harrison, second son of the late Colonel R. T. Harrison, of Caerhowell, Montgomeryshire. Lady Lettice Cholmondeley is one of the most popular and handsomest girls in society. She sings charmingly and is a fine horsewoman, like her mother, who though one of those who have lived in the atmosphere of Court is fond of a quiet country life and spends much time in her garden. Lady Lettice Cholmondeley has two brothers, Lord Rocksavage, a captain in the 9th Lancers, and Lord George Cholmondeley, who has adopted a business career, and is in the City.



A remarkably pretty bride of the future will be Mrs. Harrington, who is engaged to Mr. T. Curtis, of the 19th Hussars. Mrs. Harrington is the widow of the late Mr. W. E. Harrington, of Worden, Lancashire, who had also a nice place close to Ryde. They were married in June, 1908, and in the February following Mr. Harrington died. Mrs. Harrington is the younger of Lord Wallscourt's two daughters. Another recent engagement in which a good deal of interest is being taken is that of Mr. C. W. Lowther, eldest son of the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther, and Miss Ina Pelly, daughter of Canon and Mrs. Pelly, of Cookham Dean Vicarage, Berks.

Miss Claire Stopford's marriage to Mr. Dougal Malcolm takes place on June 20th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Stopford, who has lately been staying in South Africa with Lord and Lady Selborne, with whom she came home, is the only daughter of Winifred Lady Arran by her first husband, Mr. J. M. Stopford, and a niece of the aged Lord Courtown and of Sir Frederick Stopford. The engagement took place in South Africa, whither Miss Stopford went on a visit last winter to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wyndham at Johannesburg, going out with the latter. The bride-elect is an immensely popular girl, and she goes everywhere, being in great request at dances, at which during the past winter she has been greatly missed.

Mr. Dougal Malcolm has been on the staff of Lord Selborne in South Africa, having been the ex-High Commissioner's private secretary. He is the son of Mr. W. R. Malcolm, of Walton Manor, near Epsom, and through his mother is connected with the Duke of Wellington's family.

An important marriage on June 22nd at St. George's, Hanover Square, will be that of Miss "Nellie" Post, the pretty and popular daughter of Lady Barrymore by her first marriage, and Mr. Montague Eliot, a son of the late Colonel Charles Eliot, and nephew of Lord St. Germans. For many years Colonel Eliot was comptroller of the household of Princess Christian. Clever and amusing, a good shot, and fine bridge player, Mr. Montague Eliot is equally as popular in society as his charming American bride-elect. After being a Gentleman Usher for some years, Mr. Montague Eliot was not long ago appointed a Groom-in-Waiting to his late Majesty. A second wedding on June 22nd will be at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, where Captain Arthur W. Craig, of the Navy, is to be married to Miss Ella Beaufort.



Baroness von Deichmann has left London for the marriage this month of her second daughter, Miss Elsa von Deichmann, to Baron Walter von Ruxleben, of Schloss Rotleben in Schwarzburg, Rudolstadt, which takes place at Schloss Bendeleben in Thuringia. Baroness von Deichmann is a sister of Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Ambassador to Spain, and the widow of that popular German whose coach at the meets of the Four-in-Hand and the Coaching Clubs was always one of the best appointed and horsed. Baron von Deichmann hunted a good deal at one time with the Bicester, but his eyesight began to fail, and he made coaching his chief interest. He spent most of his life in this country, and his house in Chesham was the scene of much pleasant hospitality, Baroness von Deichmann being an accomplished hostess.



Never perhaps have so many fashionable engagements been broken off as during the past two years. It used to be a most unusual occurrence for a young couple to change their minds, but times change, and broken engagements almost on the eve of marriage have been frequent of late. Recently in one week no fewer than five announcements to the effect that the marriage arranged between so-and-so would not take place appeared in a certain fashionable paper. Still, it is better for a couple to find out that they are

unsuited to each other and discontinue their engagement rather than realise the fact after marriage. At the same time so many rifts in the lute tends to prove that nowadays engagements are entered into with undue haste and without consideration.



Sir Charles and Lady Stirling of Glorat and their daughters have arrived in town for the wedding of Miss E. C. Stirling to Mr. Harry Guthrie Smith, which takes place at Holy Trinity, Brompton Parish Church, on June 23rd.



The engagement of the month is between Lord Elphinstone and Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Strathmore. Lady Mary is a well-known and popular girl, and sister-in-law of Lady Glamis, one of the pretty daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds. Lord Elphinstone has hitherto been regarded as a confirmed bachelor. He is a noted big game hunter, and among his most interesting trophies are some noble moose heads, which he brought home from a shooting expedition in North America. Lord Elphinstone began his sporting career when quite a boy, and when sixteen he accompanied the late J. A. Froude on his voyage round the world.



Photo]

Miss Helen Agnes Post

[Rita Martin



By MRS. HUMPHRY
("Madge")

THE International Horse Show affords one of the greatest occasions for displaying a pretty costume—to say nothing of a pretty face—that occurs in the London season. Though this year it is clouded by the national mourning, yet there is plenty to admire in the lovely toilettes. Black is becoming to Englishwomen as well as to many of other nationalities, but perhaps to Americans next after English, and the skill of our modistes turns out the lightest and coolest of costumes in chiffon, ninon, crêpon, embroidered tulle, etc., with hats that look as if blown together rather than built by fingers of even the most delicate. In Court circles the period of deep mourning forbade even a white yoke, but the general public was not hampered by this rigidly severe rule, and the admixture of white with black gives opportunities of which skill avails itself to the fullest degree. An instance of this will be seen in our illustration No. 1, which shows a black marquissette with a deep border of Cluny lace upon the tunic. A very deep band of satin edges the skirt and small silk "bobs" mark the lines of the bodice part, carried up to a transparent white guimpe. The belt is black velvet. The collar of Cluny is deep at the back and comes slightly to the front on the shoulders, and the marquissette sleeves have a deep band of satin. With this charming gown is worn a large black crin hat faced with taffetas and trimmed with a velvet band and a plume.

The dress shown in No. 2 is even more graceful. It is in black chiffon over white *crêpe-de-Chine*, which shows below it a clinging skirt of black meteor. Bands of this meteor are also arranged on the tunic and again at the waist with a corner-wise handkerchief effect in front. A very fine black insertion in the Greek key pattern shows under the chiffon and the neck is finished with embroidery. The collar is quite high, but the sleeves are short and rather loose, which gives a look of coolness to the gown. The trimming crosses the sleeves and meets at the back of the waist. The large black hat is trimmed with a tufted osprey.

Another gown typical of the very latest phase of Paris fashion is seen in No. 3, extremely novel and up-to-date. The material is black spotted muslin with tiers of soft satin, each bordered with a line of black. The style of the gown is modified Empire and it is finished with a jetted rope and tassels.

The plain, tight sleeves reach the wrists. The band round the waist is ninon, falling in long ends at the back and tied lightly in a bow. The black Spanish hat has loops of ribbon and black tufts.

No. 4 is a walking dress in black and white foulard partly veiled with an embroidered black chiffon tunic. In this gown the sleeves are two-fold, the upper part fitting the arms and well turning the elbows, the rest in the embroidered chiffon. The immense hat, with shady brim, was green in the original with trimming of cream roses, and the sunshade was green also. It is very smart to have an emphatic note of colour in this way with an all-black or all-white gown.

SOME SMART MATERIALS.

Embroidered silk net is again a favourite material, one that looks well over black, white or grey. One of these embroidered in large round spots is gathered from neck to hem in closest pleats and has long bands of jetted chiffon crossing the shoulders and extending to the hem. A few inches above the latter is a six-inch band of purple satin closely embroidered in black, and into this the fulness of the silk net is gathered, producing the requisite effect of tightness above the ankles. Belt and sleeves are in this embroidery, the latter short, but supplemented by long ones of pleated silk net like the dress.

Very successful gowns are made of soft moire or shot silk, black and grey, with a hint of purple about them. A black moire cut all in one has a belt of white satin embroidered in black and coming round the waist, but invisible in front, where it passes under a panel of similar embroidery (black silk or white satin) reaching from the neck to a wide band of the embroidery above the ankles. This is so narrow that it makes it extremely difficult for the wearer to walk. She has to toddle like a very small child, but it is the fashion, and *il faut souffrir pour être à la mode*.

One of the loveliest of the gowns made for Ascot was entirely in chiffon, first a purple, then a white, then a black skirt. The effect was a correct black, but the purple gave a certain relief which was invaluable. Another was soft white satin, veiled first with white chiffon, then with black entirely dotted over with

fine jet of the unpolished kind. Here, again, the white was invisible, but it lightened the whole effect surprisingly. Black ninon is much used for dresses just now and black crêpon is another useful material for mourning.



Figure 1. Marquissette Dress

In the Boudoir (continued)

Soft ribbed Ottoman silk is also a favourite, as well as *crêpe-de-Chine* embroidered or braided.

TAILOR-MADES AND COUNTRY GOWNS.

Though the long coat still rules in the fashionable world for town toilettes, whether in satin, cloth or chiffon, the short jacket to match the skirt is worn in country clothes, with plain, close-fitting sleeves to the wrists, the fronts open nearly to the waist and fastened with a single button, or perhaps two. The skirts are quite short and convenient for walking. Black serge with a white stripe is used for these, or tweed in some of the light-weight varieties suitable for summer wear. Some tailors are introducing the long line in front which is such a feature of smart dress this season. It may be in black satin, for which there is a perfect furor, *peau-de-soie*, or merely braiding. It is a very becoming line for those of short stature. It is cleverly managed in striped materials by arranging the stripes across for this long line, the others running perpendicularly. Carried up the front of the skirt, it also trims the coat, passing under the lapels. In a grey homespun the line is in black braid carried out in horizontal rows of three the whole way up. The revers, collar and cuffs are black satin. A white cloth is trimmed in the same way, and an all-in-one white serge has simply black silk belt, revers and cuffs.

A charming little country frock, that is also suitable for morning wear in town, is in black and white spotted muslin with overdress of black ninon, bordered with a bias band of black *peau-de-soie*, and arranged to be plain on the shoulders, but gathered at the waist, the fulness continued over the skirt, which it covers to the knees. Another in black silk muslin, spotted with white, has a deep band and yoke of black satin, the former about a quarter of a yard deep round the edge of the skirt and fastening under motifs of key-pattern silk braiding. These narrow bands at the edge of skirts could not be drawn over the head, being too narrow, unless left open and fastened afterwards.

SUNSHADES AND TOUT CAS.

Some of the new sunshades can at least boast of originality. "Chantecler" and its success has decked many of them with grey cocks darned on black coarse canvas, or black cocks on white or grey, the canvas lined with white or black silk or chiffon. Others are plain silk or moire with a band of embroidery round the edge, the design more or less unusual, for eccentricity is the note of the hour in all that appertains to dress. Some of these patterns look like a jigsaw puzzle on the wrong side or

like a set of conic sections that a child has been "arranging."

Black and grey are the colours of the moment, for the dolorous reason that influences all departments of the wardrobe. A very *chic* little lady is carrying a sunshade with grey flowers on a black ground exactly matched to the design of her stockings, openwork and embroidered in the floral pattern. Some of the sunshades have this embroidery worked on long strips, which are laid round the edge, but the most expensive ones have the design wrought on the silk itself. A handsome one is dark grey with the pattern in tiniest dull black beads, a Russian design. Others are decorated with sprays of knitted flowers, an industry of Japanese women. These are applied upon the silk and embroidered round. It is beautiful work.

Pansies in purple on a grey ground look well, or white roses on black or deep purple. The lace frill has re-appeared on sunshades. It will find a bitter enemy in hat-pins. Fringe, too, is a revival of another inconvenient mode. However, there is plenty of choice and it is easy to abstain from one of these. The horrid thing is when a friend in a mistaken moment chooses one for a present. The recipient has to suffer, gladly or sadly, according to temperament.

GOLD IN FASHION.

Gold will be much worn as trimming this season. It was even introduced into mourning in some cases. Combined with black it has a very fine effect. A gown of black charmeuse is made with the bodice composed entirely of gold lace, relieved with black net. Bands of gold coloured silk trim the skirt, piped with black net, and the sleeves are made in tucks of the gold silk veiled with black net. Another smart gown is made of black Ottoman silk in princess shape, the fronts of the bodice opening and turning back in revers to show the whole of the corsage in an embroidery of gold and jet carried out with silks and with motifs of Chantilly introduced. The upper parts of the sleeves are in similar embroidery. The yoke is transparent white ninon, without an atom of fulness. At a little distance the ninon is invisible, and the effect is as of uncovered neck.

EMBROIDERIES.

Whole bodices are made of embroidery and worn with untrimmed skirts, or with perhaps a panel of the embroidery down the front. Some of these specimens of fine needlework are exquisite. A bodice trimming with double bretelles is worked on a pale grey ground in pastel blues, mauves, pinks, and a little pale amber.

This is applied to a gown of old rose voile, and the lower part of the skirt in front is embroidered to match. The inevitable touch of black is added in a folded belt of chiffon with long ends falling at the back with rich raised embroidery, also black, finishing them at the



Figure 2
Gown in Chiffon and Crêpe de Chine

In the Boudoir (continued)

edges, and by its weight also serving the purpose of holding down the floating scarves and keeping them in position.

A good race gown is in elaborately-embroidered gold net over purple satin, both cut all in one, and the net forming sleeves as well. The mode of draping at the waist is that often followed just now, viz., arranging a few folds instead of forcing a very tight fit. The former is much more artistic. Grey could be substituted for gold if desired.

SMART MILLINERY.

Millinery is, in a sense, smarter than it has been for more than a year, and when the period of mourning shall have ended will be smarter still. Instead of the huge, floppy hats that acted as extinguishers to pretty faces and burnished hair, we now have shapes tilted at an angle that proves most becoming. And the large, high toque is perched high upon the hair instead of covering it. The loveliest flowers are used as trimming, and if feathers are preferred, they are equally beautiful. The "fountain" is the latest thing in feathers, the fronds all drooping just like the falling spray of a fountain. It is graceful in its way, and a distinct improvement upon the slatternly-looking uncurled feathers, that even on a well-dressed woman had a suggestion of St. Giles'. A high black tulle toque has one of the fountains for sole trimming. The crowns are now made large enough to admit the head, and the hat is much more comfortable and secure with this arrangement. Crin is certainly the favourite material for hats and toques, and next comes Tégall straw, so light and fine. Drawn silk net is also in favour; some are made with mob crowns

A black Leghorn hat, brim turned down at the right side, curving upwards in front and sharply turned up on the left, is trimmed with a mammoth black silk bow, and has large white roses round the crown, which is very high. A handsome picture hat is in black crinoline with folds of black chiffon round the crown, and on the right side four tall fountain feathers rising from under the knot in which the chiffon is tied. A narrow band of black velvet trims the inner side of the brim.

Black has proved astonishingly becoming to the majority of our countrywomen, but alas! only to those who are fortunate in possessing good complexions. It is very trying to others, and the best advice to offer those who would like clear skins, free from blemishes, is to pay a visit to Madame Gertrude Hope, a certificated complexion specialist, whose rooms are at 7 South Molton Street, Bond Street. She treats her clients personally, and not only for skin blemishes but for treatment of the hair and scalp, with results that are surprisingly pleasant. We all know how important to a successful appearance is an abundant chevelure, and how disastrous to good looks is a poor and shabby one. But very often thin and scanty locks are due to a cause that is easily removable, if one but knew of it. It is here that Madame Gertrude Hope steps in. She is skilful all round, for she practises electrolysis successfully at a fee that is very moderate. She makes no charge for a consultation.

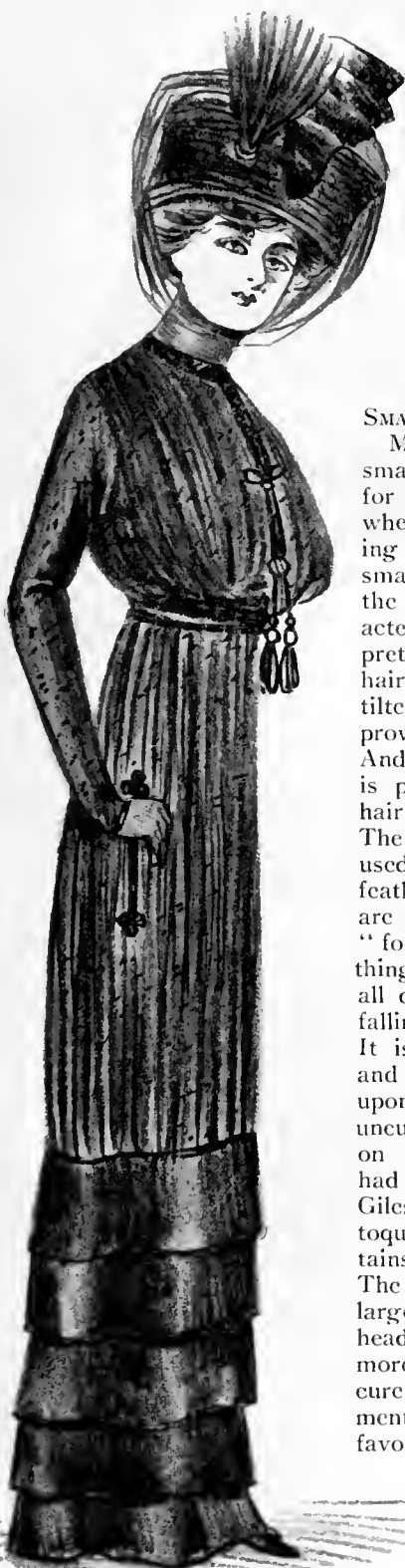


Figure 4. Spotted Muslin and Satin Gown

and a cluster of roses at one side. Chip, both white and black, is chosen by many. A pretty white hat in this fine straw is bordered with black and trimmed with pale yellow roses.



Figure 3. Black and White Foulard Dress

The new ways of doing the hair are much more becoming than the very close, tight styles that prevailed some weeks ago. Our first coiffure (A) shows the hair turned back from the face in a soft roll, not crêpe nor waved.

In the Boudoir (continued)

The forehead is almost covered by loosely-arranged loops of the hair. A large, thick plait forms the rest of this becoming coiffure. The second (B) shows the hair very loosely waved and drawn back lightly from the forehead. The rest is all small curls with a band of hair passed round behind the ears to keep the curls in position.

THE PERIOD OF MOURNING.

General mourning ends on the 30th of this month, and though many will still wear subdued colours, the great majority will be but too glad to return to normal conditions. Foulard is to be a leading material of the summer season, and quantities of it have been sold for half-mourning. Now, however, we shall see the beautiful tones of blue or pale willow green, the tender citron and primrose shades or black or dull green, and the lovely trimmings that have been devised to accompany these. The Paisley materials, too, will be a feature of the season, and few fabrics could be prettier than these when well chosen.

For evening wear, the new Russian tunic is admirable, because it can be worn over any gown, and also because it is an extremely graceful garment. It is embroidered on net in bright silks, and is sold in ivory, grey, black and old rose, also Baltic blue or pistachio green. Some of the shapes are quite décolleté, while others are of the true Russian form, rising to the base of the neck, and fastening at the left side, the embroidery massed upon bodice and sleeves and also on the edge of this fascinating garment, which falls in folds, the transparent net showing the figure through.

The tunics in net or in bead trellis are having great vogue. Some of these fall straight to the knees or lower, but most of them avoid the ugly effect of the straight line round which "cuts" the figure so, and are carried diagonally across the front, finished with a deep fringe of beads or silk. Miss Nancy Price wears one of these in "Dame Nature," and looks magnificent in it. A white silk gown, richly embroidered above the hem in gold, has a tunic of this description in gold beads with a deep gold fringe, a very effective dress.

BRIDAL DRESS.

The stiff white satin that was once the livery of brides is seldom seen now. The taste is all for softness. Liberty satin, a breadth of which could be passed through a curtain ring without crushing it, has superseded the thick Lyons make. Many brides wear chiffon gowns. Lace and chiffon combine most admirably, to some tastes even better than lace and satin. When old lace is used, as it very often is when families are fortunate enough to possess it, the

careful dressmaker lines it with chiffon to protect its fine meshes from injury, in this way strengthening it and prolonging its life indefinitely. Miss Drexel sets a new fashion with regard to wedding veils. Hers is double,

the front being tulle, which falls over the face, while the back is lace of the costliest. She is a very pretty girl and everyone knows how lace obscures the face, while tulle enhances the charm of regular features and good complexion.

Passing down Baker Street I noticed the celebrated photographer, Mr. Fall, who makes a speciality of horses and other animals. He has made a particular study of this line and has arranged to have a special electric light for photographing restless equine sitters, dogs, or other quadrupeds. This is worth making a note of, as so many like a lasting memorial of their favourite mounts or other pets.

At Debenham and Freebody's one is always sure of gowns in the very latest fashion and millinery of the most *chic* description. Their race gowns are particularly smart, and the Debenham coats, whether in cloth, satin, chiffon or ninon, can be worn without a fear that something better or newer may eclipse them. For evening dresses the reputation of this old-established and well-known firm is equally good. They were first in the field with beautiful mourning after the recent sad event, and not only with gowns and coats, but with all such etceteras as ruffles, boas, neckwear, sunshades, ties, and the hundred and one adjuncts of the perfect toilette.



A New Coiffure

Who does not wish to be well and smartly dressed? But some of us cannot afford the high prices charged at the first-rate houses and might have to abandon all ambition towards smartness were it not for such an establishment as The Ideal Dress Agency, 16 Buckingham Palace Road. Here are to be found practically new clothes of every description which may have been worn once or twice, or merely tried on, and then thrown aside at the whim of a rich woman who spends thousands on her dress. These gowns are sold at prices within the reach of a quite modest income. Many of them are Paris models or from the best London houses. Hats, furs, lace, jewellery, all in good condition, are shown in the pretty show-rooms. Those who wish to sell the garments they tire of almost as soon as bought can become subscribers to the Agency at half a guinea a year. This small fee entitles subscribers to send anything they wish to sell, but it must not be soiled or crushed. To both sellers and purchasers The Ideal Dress Agency offers many advantages, and all the more because it is well managed, a very important point in a business of this description. The light show-rooms are crowded daily with eager aspirants for gowns and coats and hats that have cost a great deal of money and are to be had for a very little.

C. S. Humphrey



A New Coiffure

THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY *ILLUSTRATED*

VOL. II. (New Series). No. 10

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[Photo]

[Dover Street Studios]

STARS OF THE OPERA: MME. SALTZMANN STEVENS AS BR UNHILDE.

The Playgoer and Society Illustrated

Vol. II.

No. 10.

NOTICE

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Notes and Impressions

Competition Comments

We draw our readers' attention to a new competition which in our opinion should prove very popular. It is the winning suggestion in our previous competition, and from personal experience in the offices of THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY we can vouch for its fascination! Incidentally, we must again urge our readers to scan the rules of each competition before entering for it. The number of people who never noticed that there was any change at all in the competition last month was quite surprising!

The Shakespeare Memorial

"The Masque of Shakespeare," held on behalf of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre, was a complete success. The beautiful grounds of the Countess of Londesborough's town residence at Regent's Park was the scene of the performances on the 30th June and 1st July, and Knoll Park, Sevenoaks, on 2nd July. The occasions were marked with enthusiasm, all the performers entering into the spirit of the thing with a whole-heartedness that can only result in the good of the cause. The delightful part of Kitty Clive was taken by Lady Eileen Wellesley, the younger of the two daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington. Lady Eileen, like many cultured English girls, is a student of Shakespeare, with a deep love for the drama. Peg Woffington was played by the dainty daughter of Lord and Lady Wenlock. As Portia, the Hon. Victoria Sackville West came through the ordeal with flying colours, while the dance of Miss Barbara Jekyll as Titania was received with well-deserved applause. Among other well-known members of Society whose efforts did so much to swell the funds of the memorial, may be men-

tioned the Hon. Frances Lyttelton, Miss Shelley, Mrs. Walter Rubins, Mrs. Godfrey Baring, Miss Martin Harvey, Miss Daisy Benson and Mr. Richard Mansfield.

The Theatrical Garden Party

The Botanic Gardens were filled with thousands of visitors to the Theatrical Garden Party held in aid of that deserving institution, the Actors' Orphanage. The "side shows" were well patronised, and the orphanage was the richer by a considerable sum accordingly. The rain that fell occasionally proved a blessing in disguise, as a rush was made for the booths for shelter, where much hay was made while the sun wasn't shining. No one could reasonably expect shelter in a booth without buying something! Much amusement was caused by Mr. Cyril Maude's side-show, the waxworks, and the cricket match. Mr. Gerald du Maurier gave an "entertainment of an exceptional character." In the Royal Palladium a continuous entertainment took place by a hundred leading actors, actresses and vaudeville artistes. Signed photos and postcards were sold in thousands, while the strawberries and cream and afternoon tea tents did roaring business. The party was a big success from start to finish.

The N. S. L. Matinee

Judging from the amount of practical sympathy shown at the Shaftesbury on June 30th, it would seem that the theatrical profession looks with decided favour on the idea of National Service. Mr. Robert Courtneidge sent the ball of assistance rolling by kindly lending the theatre for the occasion, and Mr. Arthur Wood backed him up by mustering his orchestra in full force. After Miss Cicely Courtneidge had once again informed a delighted audience of her attachment to London, and Miss Florence Smithson had made everyone hear the "Call of Arcady," Sir John Hare reappeared to a veritable tumult of applause in "A Quiet Rubber." Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Albert Chevalier, Madame Ada Crossley, Sir Charles Wyndham—who with Miss Dorothy Thomas brought down the house in "Mrs. Hilary Regrets"—etc., etc., all rendered yeoman service to the cause, and the afternoon concluded with the performance of the N.S.L. play, "The Flame," under the stage-management of Mr. Clifford Brooke. In this the authoress (Miss Marianne Stayton), Miss Helen Leyton, Mr. Eric Marzetti, Mr. Harry Welchman and Mr. H. E. Pearce pleaded for the League in most successful fashion. During an interval in the programme Lord Roberts "returned thanks" for the afternoon's entertainment, and introduced Lord Willoughby de Broke to the audience, who listened appreciatively to his lordship's spirited lecture on the *raison d'être* of the N.S.L.

The Lyceum Club

The fifth performance arranged by the Dramatic Sub-Committee equalled those it followed if it did not surpass them. An artistic reading of the letter scene from "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was given by Miss Rosalind Ivan as the petulant and passionate Julia, and Miss Sybil Ruskin as the pert Lucetta was much appreciated, although there was a vague suggestion that these two women of Shakespeare's brain were a little out of their element in an up-to-date women's club. The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, recognising that a memorial to Shakespeare is widely accepted as a necessity, made a fluent and effective speech. The production for the first time in England of "Nuit D'Orient," a one-act comedy in verse, by Mademoiselle Alice Clerc, played by the authoress, Miss Sybil Ruskin, Mr. McClintoch Clive and

Mr. Hugh Owen possessed distinct poetic, if not very strong dramatic, quality, and was enthusiastically received.

The Ibsen Club

A performance of "When the Dead Awaken" concluded a successful season at the Rehearsal Theatre, during which "Ghosts," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "Rosmerholm," as well as this play, have been produced. Although "When the Dead Awaken" outvied its predecessors in gloomy pessimism, there was no flagging in zeal on the stage nor interest in the audience. Indeed, "The Strange Lady" gave Miss Catherine Lewis the greatest opportunity for skilful impersonation in the series, and both Mr. Rathmell Wilson as Rubek and Miss Pax Robertson as Maria played with an intensity that was almost convincing. Mr. J. Cassels Cobb gave a robust reading of Ulfheim, smaller parts being taken by Miss Catherine Robertson and Mr. Stanley Roberts.

"As You Like It."

On Thursday, June 16th, a special *matinée* was given at the Court Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Clive Currie. The forest scenes from Shakespeare's "As You Like It" were chosen for the occasion, with Mr. Clive Currie as Jaques and Miss Mary Forbes as Rosalind. A new play, entitled "The Accolade," by Gaston Gervex, was successfully produced by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. Among the performers at the *matinée* were Mlle. D'Ariel, Misses Jean Graeme, Evelyn Vanderzee, Evelyn Grey, May Saker, Violet Morene, Irene Delisse, Rose Macdonald, Messrs. H. A. Saintsbury, Clarence Derwent, B. A. Pittar, W. Ringham, Fred Grove, E. Torrence, M. Mazeran, and Dennis Cleugh.

Theatrical Aspirants.

We are frequently honoured with messages, epistles and visits from ambitious young people who wish to put the memory of David Garrick in the shade—in other words, to go on the stage. Now, while we are only too delighted to give advice, we would esteem it a favour if aspirants to theatrical fame would give us warning beforehand. It is disconcerting for the Sub. to enter in the midst of a momentous private interview with some world-famous celebrity and to inform his chief, "Please, Mr. Editor, the aspirants are blocking the staircase, and the printer's boy can't get up." An appointment arranged beforehand would avert all this. The Editor will be pleased to see each caller individually, and (without in any way guaranteeing a "job") to give some valuable wrinkles.

"The Commentator"

There is one individual that we believe Sir William Gilbert forgot to put on the list, and that is the play-going plague whom, for want of a better title, we shall dub "The Commentator." This scourge is of both sexes, is found in all parts of the house—not merely in the gallery—is of quite harmless appearance, obviously means well—yea, is a very well of well-meaning—is enthusiasm incarnate, applause personified, rapture consummated, but oh!—such an excuse for homicide! He—or she—*comments*. He—or she—says, "Look, there he is!" "See, that's the one!" "Well, I never!" "Isn't she killing?" "Did you hear that?"—and you hear what you heard! Has he—or she—seen the play before? Then the world soon knows it. He—or she—but need we go on? You recognise the felon by this time if you have ever been to a theatre. By one token in particular you may tell every member of the tribe. It is the token of the ejaculatory comment. Once we took a friend to see "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and after a time we said to him, "Those people on the right are going 'tut! tut! tut!'" "Stamp on their feet," he replied.

WINNERS OF LAST MONTH'S COMPETITION

For the best suggestion, in the opinion of the Editor, for A COMPETITION SUITABLE FOR READERS OF 'THE PLAYGOER & SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED'

The first prize has been awarded to

Miss M. T. MAW,
"Ashcroft,"

Outwood Common,
Redhill

And the second prize to

Mr. E. SAVI,

1 Amherst Avenue,
Ealing

We have pleasure in adopting Miss Maw's suggestion as our

NEW COMPETITION

"Take any 6 consecutive words from 'The Playgoer & Society Illustrated' and write a short criticism of the Play of the Month, using the initial letters of the chosen words."

Example: Sentence chosen, "At whose country cottage she arrives." Criticism, "A witty comedy certainly skilfully acted."

N.B.—The six consecutive words may be taken from any part of "The Playgoer & Society Illustrated," but they must make a complete sentence or phrase.

For the best criticism, in the opinion of the Editor, will be awarded a prize of:

FREE tickets for FOUR Orchestra Stalls at any theatre in the world, to be designated by the winner (but not to exceed in value £2 2s.), together with a Cash Prize of £2 2s.

and for the second best criticism:

FREE tickets for TWO Orchestra Stalls at any theatre in the world, to be designated by the winner (but not to exceed in value £1 1s.), together with a Cash Prize of £1 1s.

The winners may thus, at our expense, take a party of friends to the theatre, and to dinner before the play, or supper afterwards.

READ THE FOLLOWING CONDITIONS CAREFULLY:

1. Criticisms will be judged according to (a) Fairness, (b) Originality. All criticisms sent in *must* be accompanied by our Special Competition Coupon, which will be found on page ix (facing page 174). There is no entrance fee.
2. A competitor may submit any number of criticisms, but each must be accompanied by a competition coupon.
3. Criticisms must reach this office on or before 9.30 a.m. on the 3rd of August, 1910.
4. Address your letter to "COMPETITION," c/o "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated," 12 Regent Street, London, S.W.

The following is an express condition of this Competition:

All competitors must accept the published decision of the Editor of "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" as final, and they enter only on this understanding.

Results will be published in our next number, published in London on 15th August, 1910.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THIS NEW COMPETITION. IF THEY WIN YOU WILL BE INCLUDED IN THEIR THEATRE AND SUPPER PARTY.

"The Breed of the Treshams." By John Rutherford.

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre on 25th June, 1910.

Mr. Martin Harvey, Miss N. de Silva, Messrs. Philip Hewland, Charles Glenney, Eric Mayne, S. Major Jones, E. Combermere, Alfred Mansfield, Denholm Muir, Leonard Craske, Percy Foster, George Cooke, A. B. McKay, B. A. Pittar, A. Wilson, D. Bain, Misses Brenda Gibson, Bessie Elder, and Sybil Wolsh.

LUCKY is the actor-manager who has always "something up his sleeve." Mr. Martin Harvey is one of these lucky ones. He is sure of a house for "The Only Way," and equally sure for "The Breed of the Treshams." The public knows what it likes, and it

her too much to marry her; he knew himself, and his worldly experience told him how utterly such a union would fail. But he must needs help her to marry his brother—the legitimate son of his father—and bear torture, shame and reproach to shield the lady's cowardly brother from disgrace for her dear sake. An audience will never fail to appreciate such noble self-sacrifice, and will forgive a man anything if he only carries himself well through it, plays the game to a woman, and holds his life as cheaply as his purse.

Miss N. de Silva, in her original part of Batty, came in for a fair share of appreciation. Miss Silva is undoubtedly one of our best "boy-actresses." She



[Photos]

[Ellis & Walery

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY
in "The Breed of the Treshams"

Miss N. de SILVA

certainly likes Mr. Martin Harvey as "the Rat." I am one of the public and I like him, too. Immensely. He gave us an original Richard III.; he triumphed in the part. But as Reresby, the Rat, he is Martin Harvey, and, after all, it was Martin Harvey we went to see.

They were good old days when the Treshams threw in the work of their swords for their king, and their breed was one to write plays around. We know, of course, that Lieutenant Reresby was an illegitimate Tresham, but he had his father's blood and nerve, his longing for a fight, his love of gambling, drinking and the other attributes of noble descent. Above all—and therein lies the secret of the success of the play—Reresby loved a woman with just that wild, reckless love that never fails to bring down the pit and the gallery. He loved

seemed to live her part and thoroughly enjoy it. Miss Brenda Gibson touched the hearts of her audience. Hers was a sweet and interesting rendering of the Hon. Margaret Hungerford, a woman who couldn't believe that it was possible for any man to serve two masters. She didn't know "the Rat" in his true colours. Mr. Charles Glenney as Colonel Hungerford and Mr. Eric Mayne as Colonel Curwen were both admirably suited.

Mr. Martin Harvey has used the vastness of the Lyceum stage to the greatest advantage in the setting of "The Breed of the Treshams." The play is put on with a mounting worthy of the best traditions of this famous playhouse, while the incidental music, played by a large orchestra, under the direction of Mr. H. Sullivan Brooke, was not the least interesting feature of the production.

Drama of the Month (continued)

"Billy's Bargain." By Robert Lascelles.

Produced at the Garrick Theatre on 24th June, 1910.

Messrs. Weedon Grossmith, John Clulow, Wilfred Forster, Oswald Marshall, A. B. Murray, Frank H. Denton, Arthur Chesney, Henry Latimer, Misses Fortescue, Lynne Fontanne, Marjorie Doré, Annie Hill, Olga Morra, and others.

BILLY ROTTERFORD is a young man who excels in nothing but a capacity for wasting his father's money and the lavish entertainment of his Bohemian friends at the expense of moneylenders. Naturally he is hard up. He owes £10,000, and his father, who disturbs one of Billy's pleasant little evenings, refuses to help him. Billy's friend puts forward a proposition that should get him out of the trouble. Billy is to be captured by Caucasian brigands. Zampassa, the chief, arranges to hand over one-half of the ransom—£20,000—to be paid by his father for his release, to his friend, who will, with the money, pay off Billy's creditors. All goes well and Billy is carried off

"Billy's Bargain" compels laughter, but once out in the open air you wonder what you laughed at. In calling the play a "sensational farce" the author shields himself from criticism. One must forgive anything in a sensational farce, but if there is still a public for this sort of thing I am afraid that those who are working for the recognition of the drama as a teacher rather than an entertainer will never live to see their ideals realised.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith made fun out of his part—but on what a part to waste his efforts! Two performances stood out from the others and are deserving of special mention: Mr. Arthur Chesney's Zampassa and Miss Olga Morra's Vera Vanderhousan. The play is well mounted and the audiences are distinctly friendly.

The scene depicted below shows Billy, captured by the brigands, just before he is carried away to the mountains. Daily expecting the attack, his bath and clothes are all ready, and he is suitably dressed for the journey.



[Photo]

[Foulsham & Banfield]

An exciting scene from "Billy's Bargain"

to the mountains, where he amuses himself by falling in love with the wife of the second in command. Then the trouble arises. Billy's father won't pay the ransom and he finds himself in peril. The lady, who seems to have been as much in love with Billy as he with her, pleads for his release, and Zampassa promises that he shall go that day. A meeting of the brigands is held and Billy is allowed to go. "But," says Zampassa, "he must go by the shortest route!" The "shortest route" is a drop of several hundred feet down a precipice, and amid the excitement Billy is dropped over! Falling on a snow bank he is, however, saved, and returns to his father. Now Billy is an amateur actor, and, determined to revenge himself on his father, disguises himself as Zampassa, and with a few choice friends surprises the old man at his country house. With knives and revolvers a sum of £20,000 is demanded, and in fear and trembling Rotterford, senior, pays up. Tearing off his false beard, Billy reveals himself, and his father, who appreciates the joke, allows him to keep the money and forgives the past.

"Priscilla Runs Away." By Elizabeth Arnim.

Produced at the Haymarket Theatre on 28th June, 1910.

Miss Neilson-Terry, Messrs. E. Lyall Swete, Edward Rigby, E. A. Warburton, Charles Maude, Chas. V. France, Louis Goodrich, Donald Calthrop, J. Fisher White, H. R. Hignett, Misses Helen Hays, Amy Lamborn, Sydney Fairbrother, Agnes Thomas, Frances Ivor, Victoria Addison, Margaret Murray, and Enid Rose.

THE Princess Priscilla objects to being forced into a marriage with anyone, whether she loves him or not. That's why she runs away from the Grand Ducal castle of her loving father. She takes her tutor with her and her maid, Annalise. She comes to England, where all the beautiful (and unbeautiful) fugitives come. After a fortnight in a country cottage in England, where she tries to do good, but with disastrous results, the Prince of Lucerne follows her and breaks in upon a scene of wretchedness. All the available cash has been given away by the Princess; neither she nor her tutor know how to get more without disclosing their whereabouts. The Prince saves the situation, and in despair the Princess

Drama of the Month (continued)

runs away again, this time home to her father. There she learns that it has been given out that she is ill and confined to her room. The Prince follows her and is surprised to find that his affections are reciprocated. But he tells her that he is going back to do good. Her distress is alarming! She has seen her mistake, the result of her bungling, and implores him to stay, or not to go alone.

A really amusing and jolly little play. Miss Neilson-Terry (much better name than Phillida Terson, isn't it?) acts splendidly and looks her part of a noble Princess to the letter. Mr. E. Lyall Swete as the tutor, Herr Fritzing, is interesting—rather a sad picture, but distinctly interesting. An amusing piece of acting was that of Miss Sydney Fairbrother as Mrs. Jones. Mr. Charles Maude, Mr. Charles V. France and Mr. Donald Calthrop also gave performances worthy of special mention.

"Don César de Bazan." At the Lyric.

Adapted by Gerald Du Maurier. Produced at the Lyric Theatre on 31st May, 1910.

Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Madge Titheradge, Messrs. Leon Quartermaine, William Haviland, Alec F. Thompson, Frank Woolfe, H. B. Tabberer, A. Baxendell, Henry Stevens, Canon Woodville, Cronin Wilson, Lewis Broughton, Reginald Danc, Patrick Degan, Arthur Ansell, Misses Beryl Mercer and Minnie Griffen.

MR. LEWIS WALLER'S plays may be classified under three headings: Wallerish, Wallerer and Wallerest. I like the first best and the last least. "Don César de Bazan" must be included among the Wallerest. I like a breezy Waller: not one that blows half a gale. Don César was a devil-may-care, wild, irresponsible sort of a fellow, but Mr. Waller showed him in the light of a blusterer, which Don César never was. There were moments when we saw the true Don César, and then Mr. Waller was at his best. His defiance of the King of Spain was splendid. Miss Madge Titheradge was responsible for most of the nice things said about the play as a whole. She lent to the character of Marita that suggestion of quick, impulsive fire which is one of the greatest attractions of the women of Southern climates. Her dance in the opening scene was just as characteristic of the Spanish woman of the lower classes as her acting. It was inspiring.

It was a finely-drawn character, this woman who sang and danced in the streets of Madrid, who was loved by a king, and whose ambition to serve her queen led to her mysterious marriage with Don César de Bazan. It is difficult to imagine such a period of life in any civilised country (if Spain *could* be called civilised in those days) when the circumstances leading up to the happy union of Marita and Don César were possible, but that quite as strange, and even stranger, happenings did occur is common history.

In these days of "tuppenny-tubes," aeroplanes and taxi-cabs, one feels a nasty jar on stepping out of the atmosphere of wild love and romance at the Lyric into the mud and drizzle of Shaftesbury Avenue, while the mere sight of a policeman infuses the longing for a sword and a fight.

A clever little playlet, by W. Cronin Wilson, "The Great Game," preceded "Don César de Bazan." A burglar is hiding from the police in the house of a thief. Their landlady has gone out shopping, and meanwhile her supposed nephew arrives. He is only a Yorkshire yokel on a holiday, but his talking upsets the burglar, who threatens him with a revolver. Suddenly the nephew seizes the revolver and turns it on the other two. He is Jim Marsh, the famous detective, and takes his prisoner captive. Messrs. A. F. Thompson, W. Cronin Wilson and Stanley Logan give interesting performances in this little drama.

"Die Fledermaus." By Johann Strauss.

Produced at His Majesty's Theatre on 4th July, 1910.

Messrs. Joseph O'Mara, Frederick Ranalow, John Bardsley, Arthur Royd, R. Scrope, — Quentin, Arthur Wynn, Walter Passmore, Misses Muriel Terry, Carrie Tubb, and Beatrice La Palme.

"DIE FLEDERMAUS"—known in English as "The Bat"—produced by the Beecham Opera Comique Company, is probably the only opera comique ever sung by the great operatic stars of the world. The book has been translated by Mr. Alfred Kalisch. The opera is one of the gems of the Beecham productions. "Die Fledermaus" is the work of Johann Strauss the second. He died in 1899 and inherited much of the wonderful talent of his father. He was the composer of over four hundred delightful waltzes, of which perhaps the most popular to-day is "The Blue Danube." It is not surprising, therefore, that the music of this work is full of the spirit of Viennese waltz. In itself it sums up all the gaiety of Vienna, her love of beauty and art. The story of the play is centred around a gentleman of independent means, whose fiery temper has led him to a breach of the peace. He is sentenced to eight days in prison. He is persuaded by a friend, who is known as "The Bat," to spend his last night of freedom at a masque ball in the villa of a Russian Prince. So soon as her husband leaves her—ostensibly for prison—a former lover who taught her singing pays the wife a visit, and to save her name he takes the place of the husband when the officers call to take him to prison. Hearing that her husband is at the ball the lady goes also, disguised as a Hungarian Princess. Here she discovers her maid posing as a French artiste and her husband posing as a Count. In the last act we find the prison governor in a state of intoxication, which makes explanations and forgiveness possible.

Mr. Walter Passmore was responsible for most of the fun of the evening as Frank, the governor of the prison. He kept the audience in roars of laughter. The fine singing of Miss Carrie Tubb met with well-earned recognition, as did the work of Miss Beatrice La Palme as Adele the maid, and Miss Muriel Terry as Prince Orlofsky.

The opera was capitally produced, the stage-management being particularly good. As in most comic operas, the book was much below the music in quality, but in a translation it is impossible to introduce the proper atmosphere. Making all due allowances, therefore, the production must be recorded a complete success.

The Thomas Beecham Opera Comique season, which closes this month, has received a welcome seldom given to similar performances. It would be impossible to write failure against any of the productions, while phenomenal success has been achieved by many. "Mignette," "Tales of Hoffmann," and "Shamus O'Brien" must, I suppose, top the list, with "Werther," "Hänsel and Gretel," "Il Seraglio," "Cosi Fan Tutte," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Feuersnot" very close in popularity. Among the noble army of artistes who have raised the echoes of His Majesty's may be mentioned the principals, Betty Booker, Edith Evans, Zélie de Lussan, Muriel Terry, Maggie Teyte, Alice Verlet, Nera d'Argel, Caroline Hatchard, Agnes Nicholls, Beatrice La Palme, Carrie Tubb, Ruth Vincent, John Bardsley, John Coates, Ellison Van Hoose, Wilson Pembroke, D. Byndon-Ayres, Walter Hyde, Joseph O'Mara, Arthur Royd, Leon de Sousa, Albert Archdeacon, Harry Dearth, Alfred Kaufmann, Robert Radford, Frederic Austin, Lewys James, Robert Maitland, and Frederick Ranalow.

H. V. M.

A Country Fair on behalf of "Our Dumb Friends' League"

DESPITE the unpropitious weather on both days of the Fair at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on July 1st and 2nd, there was a good attendance, and the proceeds, which go to "Our Dumb Friends' League," should be well up to the average. Even with both days wet a sum of about £1,600 was raised, while the net amount derived from the "Country Fairs" in the previous four years just averaged £1,500 a year.

The "Fair" was opened on July 1st by the Duchess of



Photo]

The Opening Ceremony

[Topical Press

Portland, who for some weeks had been energetically concerning herself with its promotion. The Duchess has not only, as is well known, a kindly and sympathetic feeling for poor humans, but also, like her husband, a great love for animals, and the poor broken-down horse claims her special pity. One of her great hobbies is the Home of Rest for Horses, another is "Our Dumb Friends' League," and her interest in the latter secured the assistance at the "Country Fair" of a large number of Society people.

Katharine Duchess of Westminster opened the fair on the second day, and Sir John Clifton Robinson presided. On both occasions the opening was signalled to the public by the firing of a rocket—quite a novel idea. Among those interested in the fête, and who were present on one of the two days, were the Duchess of Beaufort, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon. The latter was president of the Good Luck booth, and had with her Miss Janotha, whose celebrated black cat "White Heather" was very much admired, and was no doubt the means of many donations finding their way to the collection box. The Duchess of Portland was president of the Flower booth, where was also Mrs. Leopold Albu. An attractive booth was the miscellaneous stall, in charge of Princess Lowenstein Wertheim, who had quite a host of assistants; whilst the miscellaneous booth was under the presidency of the Ranee of Sarawak, others here being Mrs. Henry Ash and Miss Ash, and Mrs. O'Donnell.

Very handsome looked Mrs. Claude Watney, who was at the Thatched Cottage, where cigars and cigarettes were sold with the able assistance of Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Mr. Lambelet, and Mr. Claude Watney. Another much frequented stall was the book booth, notwithstanding the fact that when people are on amusement bent they do not as a rule trouble about literature. Here Lady Warwick, Mrs. Gertie de S. Wentworth-James, and Mrs. Maud Churton Braby, with a number of assistants, did brisk business. One of the greatest centres of attraction was the Parisian novelty booth, presided over by Miss Lily Elsie.

In the Conservatory the clever artists at the Café Chantant and the Stella Theatre attracted many customers, as also did the roundabouts and music and picture postcards booth, which was in charge of Miss Margaret Cooper, with a number of business-like assistants.

Lady Ormonde was president of the Irish booth, where was also Lady Donegall, the assistants including the former's handsome unmarried daughter, Lady Constance Butler, Lady Alice Mahon, Lady Dorothy Walpole, Lady Edward Spencer Churchill and her daughter, Mrs. Ben Bathurst. Here little Lord Donegall, the youngest Marquis in the peerage, collected on behalf of "Our Dumb Friends' League" Animals' Hospital. At the French provisions booth pretty Lady Townshend had her sister, Miss Marjorie Sutherst, and Dowager Lady St. Levan—Lord Townshend's aunt, Lady Tenterden, Mrs. Adrian Hope, Mrs. Ponsonby, Miss Jacquelin Hope, and Miss Violet Stopford were all down as assistants. Other stallholders were Dowager Lady Guilford, Lady Duckworth, Lady Clifton Robinson, the Countess of Kinnoull, the Countess of Warwick, Florence Lady Clarke-Jervoise, Lady Collen, Lady William Lennox, Lady Evelyn Ewart, Lady de Rutzen, Lady Parsons, and Lady Malcolm of Pottalloch, who with the Duchess de Lousada had the "Horse Ambulance" booth.

The Horse Ambulance is perhaps the one that appeals most to the public of the many schemes initiated by "Our Dumb Friends' League" for benefiting "those that cannot speak for themselves." Through the prompt arrival of the ambulance on the scene of a street accident the sufferings of many an injured horse have been alleviated. The ambulance, too, has been the means of saving numerous equine lives, as before "Our Dumb



The Horse Ambulance

Friends' League" thought of the humane idea the badly injured horse was as a rule quickly despatched in the street without being given a chance of recovery.

Most of the leading actresses and actors were to be seen there. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden Coffin, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Decima Moore, and Miss Margaret Cooper held stalls; Mrs. Jack Harrison, as in previous years, had charge of the American Bar, assisted by a score of ladies, and also by Mr. Boriani, of the Pall Mall Restaurant, so noted for his American cocktails.

Mr. Arthur J. Coke, the secretary, is an admirable organizer of a bazaar or charity fête, for he makes it his strict rule that visitors shall not be pestered to buy, whereby he invariably secures a very large attendance. Thanks to his tact and energy the League is not only known all over the country, but is one of the most favoured recipients of Royalty's and Society's patronage; which is as it should be, for the object of the League—to encourage kindness to animals—must appeal to every right-minded person. The League has 16 horse ambulances, an animals' hospital, six shelters for stray cats, and this year it has granted 600 dog licences in deserving cases. None the less it is most urgently in need of funds, and subscriptions or donations will be most gratefully received by Mr. Arthur J. Coke, secretary, "Our Dumb Friends' League," 118 Victoria Street, S.W. The editor of the PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY trusts that a word to the charitable will be sufficient!

The International Horse Show

A GREAT SOCIAL FUNCTION

IN spite of the sad death of the King the International Horse Show at Olympia was undoubtedly a great success. Although the show was not, of course, honoured by the presence of Royalty, many of the leaders of Society availed themselves of the opportunity of attending afforded by the wishes of King George. With tactful



Mr. A. G. VANDERBILT
One of the Judges at the Horse Show

foresight His Majesty saw that the closing of the show would mean a loss of thousands of pounds to exhibitors, contractors, and employees, and it was his special desire that the great social function should take place.

As the names of the horses and their owners have been already published in the columns of the daily and weekly Press it would be superfluous to repeat them here.

Considerable interest was taken by the visitors in the exhibits on the stands, and between the performances the beautifully decorated corridors were thronged with spectators.

The stand of *THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED* aroused a great deal of attention. The colour scheme was in gold and mauve, the front and side of the stand being reproductions of the well-known front cover of the magazine. A mechanical dancing doll caused much amusement to the little ones, and in many instances not the little ones only, but their parents! Ladies who visited the stand were presented with fans, which were very acceptable in the hot weather that prevailed during the early part of the show.

One of the most novel exhibits at the show was that of Mrs. Burn, of Langham, Oakham, the designer and producer of sporting weather cocks. These picture weather vanes, cut out of zinc, suitable for the roof of a stable, are quite picturesque. The designs are after Alkin and from various old prints, including illustrations from that celebrated book "Jorrockes." It was an honour of which Mrs. Burn might well be proud that she was able to claim Queen Alexandra among her patrons some time ago, and really at the Horse Show she booked orders far in advance of her expectations.

During the whole of the Horse Show the beautifully situated Royal Palace Hotel was crowded with guests, including Mr. Walter Winans, who is well known as owning some of the finest horses in the country, and was one of the principal prize-winners. The hotel is not only most popular during the season, but all the year round. The management is perfect and provides every comfort, and with the fine view over Kensington Gardens, and its Empress Rooms, where dances are held, also smart wedding receptions, it is quite an ideal place to stay at.

Ross, the well-known tailor, of Exeter and London, exhibited his "Exmoor" safety habit, which has gained the greatest favour, and many of the smartest ladies in the "crack" meets are now seen wearing them. It has not only the advantage of safety, but is most comely when walking. Mr. Ross is most energetic in all movements for the progress of Exeter, and was one of the most prominent helpers in the great pageant held there.

Brown & Son, with a business established 100 years ago, are still to the fore with their special polish for boots and leather, which, unlike so many others which give a fine polish but destroy the leather, gives the best effect and preserves it. Mr. Brown is an ardent sportsman, and well known in the horse world.

"Asplinto" called the attention of visitors by having their little Shetland pony in their stand, a chubby little fellow, which showed far more breed than is usual in this type. The "Asplinto" remedy is a cure for splints, bone spavin, curb, etc.; it is not only harmless, and does not remove the hair, but the horse can be used while under treatment.

One of the most noted exhibits at the Horse Show was that of Thomas & Sons, of 6 Brook Street, Hanover Square, who are the pioneers of Ladies' Ride-astride Habits and Apron Side-saddle Safety Skirts, and to demonstrate their equestrienne attire they had two ladies sitting on horses throughout the day.

It has been a vexed question for years: "Should a woman ride astride?" for it naturally seems unfeminine and looks awkward; but a woman should have the same comfort as a man, and to get over this difficulty, Mr. Thomas so designs and arranges the habit that a lady riding astride retains her elegance, which is proved by the fact that many of the smartest and most exclusive in Society are now seen in the hunting field wearing his habits. The illustration, however, will show that Mr. Thomas also caters for those who still prefer the side-saddle.



Horse Show Notes

By WALTER WINANS

HAVING been asked by the Editor to give my views on Horse Shows in general, I am jotting down a few things which seem to me capable of improvement.

To begin with, the thing that I am always harping on, the rings in which the horses are judged, *must* be improved if committees of Horse Shows want to get exhibitors to show good horses and if they want to avoid accidents.

The general idea—of course, I am not alluding to shows like the International and Richmond—is that any piece of waste ground is good enough, if it is surrounded by hurdles or ropes. The result is that exhibitors are

justice to our horses, give the public a good show and not be in dread of breaking down our horses.

Another point; it is too often considered at small shows that *anyone* can judge the jumpers, and the result is that there is great dissatisfaction among the competitors.

This is the reason why at some shows there is such a poor entry in jumping classes.

Speaking of jumping, it was curious at the International Horse Show to notice how few people understand what the jumping in pairs was intended for; in fact, one writer complained that a good horse would be handicapped if his mate was a bad jumper and caused their combined scores to be bad.

This is the same as if a man complained that a high stepper harnessed in a pair with one that did not step high could not win a prize against a pair that stepped alike.

The idea of jumping in pairs, on the Continental system, is, primarily, to show good horsemanship, points counting for perfect dressing at the jumps. Often there



Photo]

"Lonsdale" and "Londesborough." Champion Tandem at Richmond

[W. A. Rouch

expected to drive valuable horses, worth several thousand pounds apiece, and, in the case of "pace and action" horses, at great speed, on a rough field, over which it is dangerous and unfit to drive a cab horse, and the grass is cut much too short, making it slippery.

Personally, I have made up my mind not to exhibit my horses on such rings in future, and if other exhibitors will follow my example we may perhaps be able to get things remedied.

One drives for pleasure, and there is no pleasure in being nearly bumped out of the carriage and breaking one's wheels (I have had several carriages break under me owing to the rough ground). Some shows are held even in ridge and furrow fields.

Another thing, it is very dangerous to go round turns fast, even where the ground is level. It ought to be banked up, but at some shows the ground actually slopes the wrong way at the turns, causing ridden horses to slip and driven horses to upset the carriages.

I am not referring to the case where one of my trotters had an upset lately, as I was not there and know nothing of the circumstances. But all turns should be made easy, and sweeping, and banked up if possible, then we can do

are competitions for four horses to jump in line; it is, in fact, a military test, and, secondarily, a test of horses' jumping. Also, the way to win such a prize is not only to have the men well drilled, but to choose horses of the same build and stride, who will take off together and land together, not have one horse who, in steeplechasing language, "gains at every fence."

One result of the various Marathon races and Corinthian races for coaches is that it has for ever killed the superstition that "American trotters cannot pull weight or stay," as all the winning teams were American trotters.

Shows have also proved that four wheels are better than two for showing a horse. In no class, except those specially made for two-wheeled carriages, have I seen a single horse driven in a two-wheeled carriage. The reason, of course, is that the "knee action" of a two-wheeler, however well balanced, throws a horse out of his stride, just like rising in the stirrups, instead of "bumping," often makes a horse seem to trot lame if he is fresh. People are also beginning to appreciate the light American carriages, as a horse can show better hock action when he is not pulling weight.

WALTER WINANS.

Mr. Walter Winans' Horses



[Photos]

[W. A. Rouch]

1. Mr. Walter Winans in his Russian Calesh
2. "Coker's Rosador" and "Proserpine," driven by Miss Vera Morris
3. "Invicta," 1st prize, Roadsters or Trotters' Class

Mr. Walter Winans' Horses



Photo]

[W. A. Rouch

"Bugle March," ridden by Mr. F. V. Gooch



Photo]

[W. A. Rouch

"Joe W.," an enormous trotter. 17.2 high

Mr. Walter Winans' Horses



Photo,

Mr. Walter Winans on his Russian Racing Droshki

W. A. Rouch.



Photo

Mr. Walter Winans' Galloping Polish Team

W. A. Rouch



By CLILVERD YOUNG

The Wyndham D.C. in "The Undercurrent." The work of this club is well known for its finish and general excellence, but in this production they beat their own record. The only fault to be found was slight indistinctness on the part of some of the players, notably Mrs. H. St. John Oliver as the foreign Countess, who allowed her broken English to make her at times inaudible to those at the back of the stalls, but who otherwise gave a fine sympathetic performance. Mr. Godfrey Washington, who played Sir Frank Keniston in capable fashion, and Mr. Frank Mead, who gave a polished Gresham Banthorpe. The opening of the play was considerably weakened by the error of judgment on the part of these players. With the entry of Mrs. J. E. McCulloch as the bright American heiress the pitch of the voices was raised, and from thence to the end of the play the production was truly excellent. The Joshua Sapcott of Mr. W. Harold Squire was inimitable, his scenes with the fractious Colonel, delightfully played by Mr. W. Ellis Reynolds, causing hearty amusement, whilst his plaintive proposal to the Countess was quite touching. Some of the finest work was done by Miss Nora J. Cattley and Mr. Hermann Erskine as Lord and Lady Shelmerdine, the characterisation of these parts being extremely good, as also was the Marquis of Mr. Malcolm Child. The youthful characters were in the capable hands of Messrs. Herbert T. Bolingbroke, Edward Samuel, and Miss Norah Gregory Jones, Miss Madge Smyth and Mr. R. W. Windus being responsible for the two servants. The stage management, which was excellent, was in the hands of Mr. Leonard Graves.

The Robins D.C. in "My Innocent Boy." Was this club suffering from end-of-the-season depression, or was it that the play was ill-chosen? Remembering the excellent work done by this club in the past, we think the very poor show on this occasion must be due to some definite cause. The best work was done by Mr. H. G. Gafford, who did well as Valentine Smith, except for occasional stumbling over "lines"; Dr. H. M. Spoor as Commodore Smith, who would do well to cultivate greater restraint; Mr. Jack Puttock, who did not make love with his usual buoyancy; Mr. Herbert H. Bangs as Rev. Titus Tremlett, who, with Miss Grace Jones as Mrs. Jutsam, gave the best readings of the evening; Miss Grace Robinson, a little stiff as Hypatia; Miss Blanche E. Cresswell, who was good as Miss Porter Magnus; and Miss Nan McNab, who was ill-suited as Dulcie. We look forward to seeing this club in one of its usual successes next season. A word of praise must be recorded for the very excellent musical selections by the Kia Ora Orchestra.

The part of Florizel in the Globe D.C. performance of "The Winter's Tale" was played by Mr. R. Malcolm Morley, not by Mr. Malcolm Child, as reported in our last number.

The Manor D.S. in "Hamlet," at the Cripplegate. The club's production of this exacting Shakespearean play was justified by the excellent work done by Mr. A. Phillippeaux-Larke as the melancholy Prince of Denmark, his interpretation being quite one of the best we have seen on the amateur stage. Mr. Harry Barratt was a fluent Polonius, and gave a thoughtful reading of the part. Mr. Frances Venables played Laertes, his son, with sincerity and confidence. Mr. Leonard Sedgwick's clear enunciation and familiarity with the play hardly made up for constant rehearsal with the rest of the cast when he undertook the part of Horatio at short notice in place of Mr. Cyril Howard. Mr. F. H. Barron was hardly wily enough for the King. Miss

Eleanor Trevillion, as the Queen, played with distinction and fine sense of character. Miss Dorothy Turner was sweetly pathetic as Ophelia. Mr. Frank Clarke was an impressive ghost.

The Hampstead O.S. in "The Pirates of Penzance," at the Wellington Hall. This proved to be a performance of all-round merit, relieved by one or two dashes of real excellence supplied by Miss Dorothy Jaynes as Ruth, Miss Alice M. Lilley as Mabel, and Mr. Hubert de Courcey as the Sergeant of Police. Each of these artists is to be congratulated on a sound and artistic impersonation. Mr. Fred H. Isitt was rather too sincere as the impossible general. Mr. Bernard Stutfield sang with fine effect as the Pirate King, as also did Mr. W. Leslie Balchin as Frederick and Mr. George F. Mulroy as Samuel. "Tilda's New Hat" was capably presented by Misses Ethel Hibberdine, May Landsberg, Edith Carter, and Mr. Fred H. Isitt.

The Martin Harvey D.C. in "Mrs. Dot," at the Court Theatre. A finished performance was given of this play. Mr. Frank P. Allworth was capital as the cynical Blenkinsop; Mr. Frank Rolison was charming both as the sincere lover and the unwilling fiancé; Mr. Hermann Erskine tackled the difficult part of Freddy Perkins with skill and spirit, which added considerably to the success of the production; Miss Winifred Sadler was the designing mamma, Lady Sellinger, to the life; Miss Winifred Kemp playing the *ingénue* Nellie Sellenger with dainty charm. Mrs. Bruce-Smith proved herself a true artist in her handling of Mrs. Dot, and gave her audience great enjoyment. The smaller parts were each excellently cast. The play was produced by Mr. Colley Salter.

Balham O. and D.S. in "Mirette." We have seen this Society to better advantage in other productions. The performance, on the whole, dragged rather, in which it was assisted by injudicious encores, and gave the impression of under, or too considerate, rehearsals. Mr. Gordon Bonney was stiff without being dignified as the Baron; Mr. Jack S. Gaston sang much better than he played as Gerard, his singing being amongst the most artistic in the cast. Of the four Gypsies, played by Messrs. James Hammond, William H. Struthers, Sydney Carnall, and Douglas Macbride, the Bobinet of Mr. Struthers deserves special mention. Miss May Cornell would do well to govern a tendency to self-consciousness which at present mars her work. Neither Miss Lucy Brydon nor Miss Florence Wilcox was particularly well cast. Miss Dorothy Browne possesses a good soprano voice, which she uses with effect; but we could only with difficulty follow the words of her songs. Mr. W. Smythe Cooper conducted the rather too vigorous orchestra, and is to be congratulated upon the chorus work, which was more finished than that of some of the soloists. Mr. Geo. Fenton is the Society's stage manager.

Students of the Hampstead Conservatoire and members of Mr. Charles Fry's Shakespearean Company in "Love's Labour Lost." A most enjoyable evening was spent by a large audience on this occasion, in spite of the fact that the voices of the players did not carry well in the hall. The performance was given on a draped stage, and was capitally dressed and stage-managed. Mr. D. Bueno de Mesquita was well cast as Ferdinand, and played with dignity. Of his three lords the Biron of Mr. T. Rowbotham was the most natural and effective. Mr. T. A. McIntyre played the intriguing Lord Boyet

Amateur Theatricals (continued)

with a spirit which was most contagious. Mr. Herbert Rourke was really excellent in the difficult part of the fantastic Spaniard. Miss Evelyn Althaus made a beautiful Princess of France, and spoke her lines with womanly charm and dignity. Her three ladies were played with vivacity by Miss Gwladys Mawer, Dulcia Elwood, and Grace Tame. The smaller parts were each capably played, the whole performance reflecting great credit on the management of Mr. Charles Fry.

The London O. and D.S. closed their spring season with a Bohemian Concert, which drew a large audience to the



The Anomalies D.C. in "Arms and the Man"

Cripplegate Institute. Each item was capably rendered, such favourites as Messrs. Cuthbert Sledmore, Theo Ager, Edmund Starky, and Misses Kate Hedges, Rhoda Whitey, and Frances Glenister giving of their best in song. Recitations were rendered by Mr. Vernon Leftwich, Miss Esmé Proudfoot, Mr. A. O. Butler, and Mr. F. C. Hennequin, the latter giving one of the best readings of "Gunga Din" (Kipling) we have heard. Miss Helen Burnaby danced her way into favour; Miss Eva Amstell gave an excellent pianoforte solo; Mr. Sydney Smith proved himself master of the violin. The Standard Part-singers played a worthy part in the programme, the L.O. & D.S. Orchestra acquitting themselves with their accustomed vigour and confidence. The production of two new valses—delightfully tuneful compositions by Gaston de Brèville—was not the least interesting item in a long and varied programme.

"The Royal Family" was just as entertaining if as unconvincing as ever in the recent production at the Court Theatre. Several in the cast were quite old friends, and attacked their parts in a familiar and confident style. Mr. W. Ellis Reynolds was an excellent King of Arcadia, fussy, affectionate and quaintly dignified. Miss Cynthia Cook repeated a capable impersonation of Prince Charles; Mr. Malcolm Child played with an air of restraint as Prince Victor, although his love-making was sincere. Mr. Herbert Lawford, except for sundry tussles with the train of his official gown, played the Cardinal with a fine sense of character. Mr. Lionel Cornish was the young priest, disturbed by his affections and the obligations of his youth to the life. Mr. Francis Parkes was a good Prime Minister; Mr. Walter Brumwell repeated a fine performance of the Chief of Police; the Comptroller of the Household and his subordinates being capably represented by Messrs. A. Brownrigg-Tyers, S. H. Stanley-Adams, and Oliver M. Imray. Of the ladies, the credit as well as the work go to Miss Janet Onam, as the Princess Angela, who played the part prettily, if with no deep sense of character. Mrs. R. Hancock-Nunn was thrown away on the Queen, and Miss Jessie Neill made the most of the unthankful part of the reminiscent Queen Dowager. The small parts were capably filled, the whole reflecting great credit on the producer, Mr. Herbert Lawford.

"Mary Pennington, Spinster's," acquaintance was well worth the making at the Court Theatre in the postponed performance in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital. As a charm-

ing woman obviously on the wrong tack, as portrayed with some skill by Miss Hilda Honiss, she was the pleasant companion of a few hours, and as such we must leave her. The play, produced some years ago, did not seem quite convincing, and certainly not wide enough of interest for four acts. Miss Clare Harris struggled gamely with the wobbly part of Lady Maitland. At first she seemed a good sort, but later—C. Berkley Jeaffreson could not make much of the impossible junior partner in love with the feminine Head, though he obviously did his best. It is strange in these up-to-date times that the average audience has an instinctive dislike to see a man play second fiddle to a woman. Mr. Walter Herbage gave a good reading of the rather commonplace doctor. The gems of the piece were in the hands of the young couple Prudence Dering and Algy Blomfield, as played by Miss Beatrice Thrift—a young lady with a future, we think—and Mr. Philip S. Streatfield. Slight sketches were given of mill-hands and the office-porter by Mrs. G. H. Moore-Lane, Miss Hilda Jameson, and Mr. John K. Boddy. The play was capably produced by the author, and was admirably played throughout.

An Excellent Performance of "Give Heed," a modern morality play by Miss Blanche G. Vulliamy, was given by a cast selected from amongst the students of the Guildhall School of Music. The work in each case was thoughtful and artistic, that of Miss Joan Temple as the Thoughtless Soul; Miss Madge Spencer as Sense of Humour; Miss Winifred Rose as Satan, and Mr. Frank Cane as Honest Labour, being specially so.

Clifford Young

The Shakespeare Reading Society

The Shakespeare Reading Society concluded a most successful season by the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Royal Albert Hall Theatre on June 7th, and a reception by Mrs. Hylton Dale at her house in Onslow Gardens, S.W., on June 15th. The dramatic event was distinguished by the fine performance of Bassanio by Mr. Denis E. Watson, a most enthusiastic Shakespearean student, the dignified and thoughtful Shylock of Mr. Alexander Watson, and the gracious Portia of Mrs. Hancock-Nunn. The work of these artists left little to be desired. Mr. G. Blagrove was well suited in the part of the Duke of Venice, Mr. H. Clifford played the Prince of Morocco impressively, Mr. R. Hedley was a somewhat colourless Antonio. Mr. Murray Stuart and Mr. F. Corbin were responsible for the young and old Gobbo respectively, the latter being particularly successful. Messrs. Walter A. Moss, H. Sunley, Emil Hardy and Charles Rivers Gadsby were excellent as the young Venetians, Salanio, Salario, Gratiano and Lorenzo. Mr. R. Barton was a good Balthasar, a subtle reading of Jubal being given by an artist whose name was omitted from the programme. Miss M. King was a somewhat expressionless Nerissa, although her elocution was excellent. Miss J. M. Cazalet Bloxam, the youthful daughter of the Society's energetic treasurer, played Jessica with natural girlish charm.

An excellent programme, which included recitations by Misses E. Digby O'Neill, Ethel Hollis, Dorothy Apthorpe, and Penelope Iken, Messrs. Harry Corbin, and Denis E. Watson; dances by the Misses Olivieri, and musical items by Mr. C. Rivers Gadsby and Miss Elsie Bennett, A.R.A.M., was made doubly interesting by the presentation of a handsome volume of "The Merchant of Venice" to Mr. Thos. L. Adamson, who acted as honorary stage manager and director at the production of that play.



Photo

Franc

Miss Cazalet Bloxam

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE

THE SPECKLED BAND

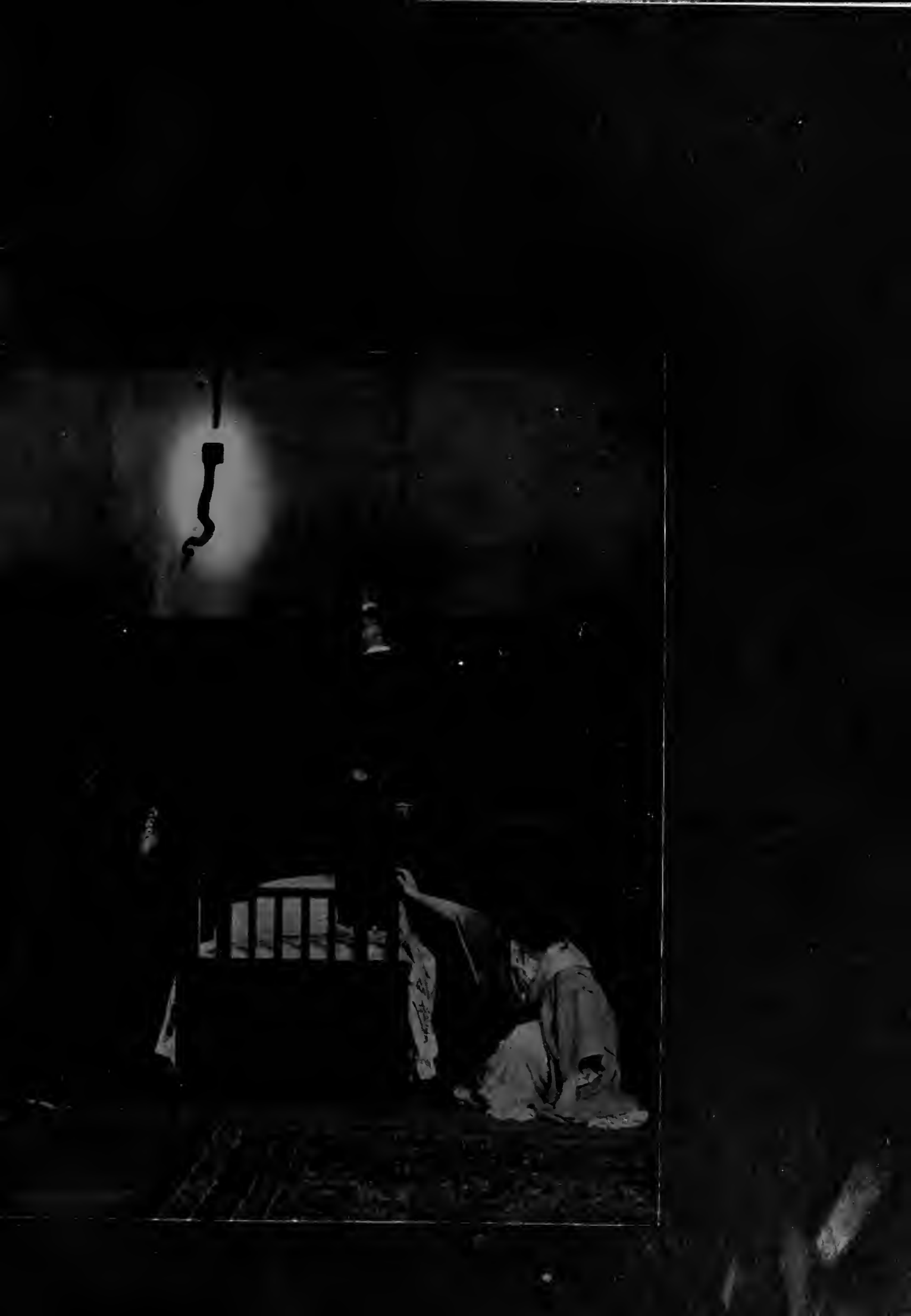
AN ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.
By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Dr. Grimesby Rylott (<i>a retired Anglo-Indian Surgeon, owner of Stoke Place</i>)	Mr. LYN HARDING
Enid Stonor (<i>Dr. Rylott's Step-daughter</i>)	Miss CHRISTINE SILVER
Mrs. Staunton (<i>Housekeeper to Dr. Rylott</i>)	(By kind permission of Mr. HERBERT TRENCH) Miss AGNES THOMAS
Rodgers (<i>Butler to Dr. Rylott</i>)	Mr. A. S. HOMEWOOD
Ali, an Indian (<i>Valet to Dr. Rylott</i>)	Mr. WILTON ROSS
Mr. Scott Wilson (<i>engaged to Enid's Sister</i>)	Mr. ARTHUR BURNIE
Mr. Armitage (<i>the Village Grocer</i>)	Mr. SPENCER TREVOR
Mr. Longbrace (<i>Coroner</i>)	Mr. J. J. BARTLETT
Mr. Brewer (<i>Foreman of the Jury</i>)	Mr. FRANK RIDLEY
Inspector Downing	Mr. GEOFFREY HILL
Coroner's Officer	Mr. GEORGE LAUNDY
Mr. Holt Loaming	Mr. A. G. CRAIG
Mrs. Soames	Miss GWENDOLEN FLOYD
Mr. James B. Montague	Mr. A. CORNEY GRAIN
Mr. Milverton	Mr. FRANK RIDLEY
Billy (<i>Page to Mr. Sherlock Holmes</i>)	Master CECIL F. LOWRIE
Dr. Watson	Mr. CLAUDE KING
Peters (<i>a Butler</i>)	Mr. C. LATER
Mr. Sherlock Holmes	Mr. H. A. SAINTSBURY

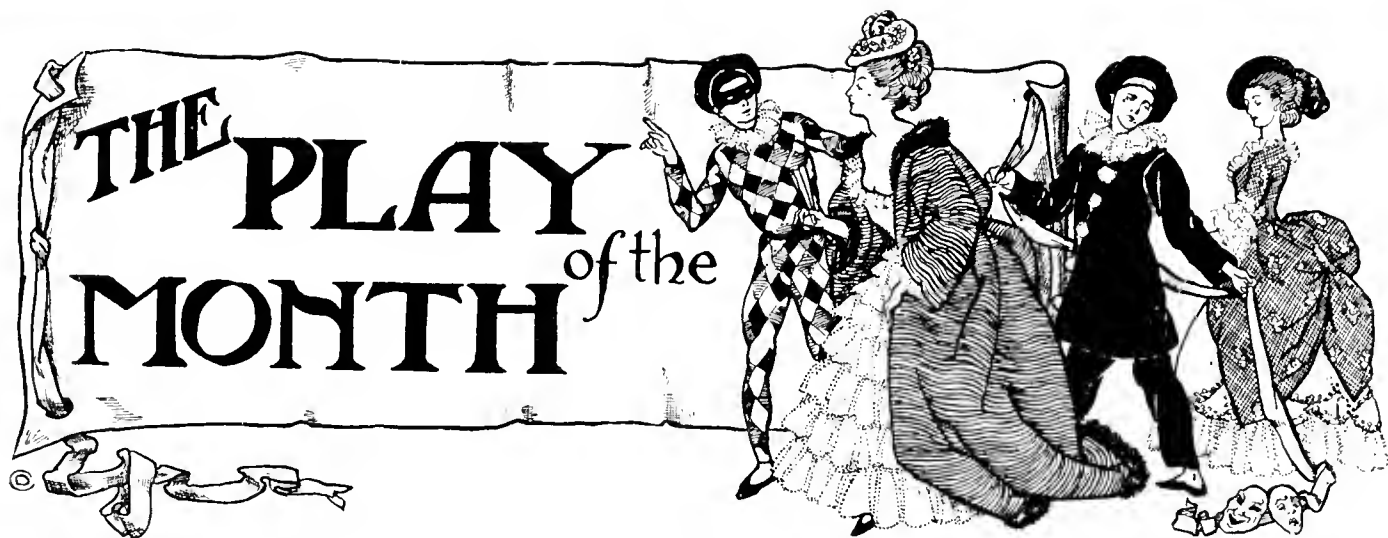
Jurors at the Inquest.

ACT I.	The Hall of Stoke Place, Stoke Moran (Two Years are supposed to elapse.)
ACT II.	Scene 1	Dr. Rylott's Study, Stoke Place (Interval of Two Minutes.)
	Scene 2	Mr. Sherlock Holmes' Rooms, Upper Baker St., London
ACT III.	Scene 1	The Hall of Stoke Place (Interval of Four Minutes.)
	Scene 2	Enid's Bedroom, Stoke Place

Manager (for Mr. George Edwardes)	Mr. J. A. E. MALONE
Acting Manager (for Mr. George Edwardes)	Mr. CHARLTON MANN
Stage Manager	Mr. W. W. KEENE
Assistant Stage Manager	Mr. A. BACHNER







“THE SPECKLED BAND”

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Produced at the Adelphi Theatre on 4th July, 1910. (Transferred to the Globe Theatre on 8th August, 1910)



Photo

Photo

Mr. LYN HARDING as Dr. Grimesby Rylott

"The Speckled Band," at the Adelphi Theatre

By EDWARD MORTON ("Mordred" of *The Referee*)

"ADELPHI drama" was once a generic term for sensational plays of a certain class, as the supernumerary characters who figured awkwardly in the drawing-rooms of such plays were commonly known as "Adelphi guests." Now the Adelphi drama, new style—of which "The Speckled Band," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is an excellent example—is not the kind of play which is specially addressed to the unsophisticated, but is likely to interest all playgoers who can enjoy a good story, well told; and who is there—old or young, simple or sophisticated—who cannot? While other writers for the stage are searching for the new form of the drama to which the old order must yield in the natural course, since the drama is subject to the same law of everlasting change as everything else in the universal system; while other writers are searching for the new form, and are simply feeling their way in the dark, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle may be said to have discovered a new vein of Adelphi drama. The new school of Adelphi drama, in which probability is not defied nor the graces of literary expression disdained, was started with "The House of Temperley," a fine, spirited work; and "The House of Temperley" has been followed by "The Speckled Band," by the same author, in which the fascinating Sherlock Holmes appears once more as the active agent in a desperate adventure in a play which is conspicuously well ordered, well written and well acted.

To be sure, Sherlock Holmes is not the hero of the story; indeed, it is one of the distinctive characteristics of the new school of Adelphi drama that the formal hero, who was a prodigy of valour and of all the virtues, has disappeared from the scheme of the play, and along with him has gone the love-lorn heroine whose persecutions and sufferings used to end only in the last act, when the conventional villain of the piece was finally brought to book. In the Adelphi drama, according to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, there is nothing overdone; it is sensational without being over-charged with sentiment; the persons of the play are not drawn larger than life, but act and speak as human beings might naturally act and speak in the peculiar circumstances in which the author has placed them. Even the auxiliary characters have all a life-likeness, which was the last thing we used to look for in the "supers" of the old Adelphi drama. Take, for instance, the opening scene of "The Speckled Band." It is a coroner's inquiry, and the scene is most skilfully conducted by the dramatist, who does not condescend to any of the paltry humours which are usually introduced into legal proceedings on the stage, and it is at the same time a most impressive and artistic achievement in stage-management.

Not only the foreman of the jury and the village grocer, who sits on the jury, and is very persistent in putting searching questions, but every individual member of the jury and all the people in the Court contribute, in a measure, to the composition of an extraordinarily vivid and realistic picture. The inquiry is directed to the elucidation of the mystery of the death of Dr. Grimesby Rylott's step-daughter, or one of his step-daughters, for the other, Enid Stonor, is called to give evidence, and although the direct cause of the death is not established, Enid says quite enough to arouse the suspicion of the audience that Dr. Rylott is not as blameless in the matter as he is able to make out. The doctor, a nervous and excitable man, acknowledges that he benefits under the will of the mother by the death of his step-daughter, but he protests that it is not his intention to take advantage of that, but to make over the property to her surviving sister. That is enough to satisfy the coroner of the doctor's sincerity. But the audience are still prepared to believe the worst of him, and their misgivings, it will be seen, are more than amply justified.

The adventure of "The Speckled Band" is already known in narrative form to the enormous circle of readers who have eagerly followed the career of Sherlock Holmes, and while they may derive a particular pleasure from seeing the story brought to life, as it were, it is perhaps the best proof of the exceptionally satisfactory manner in which a story has for once been turned into a play that no such previous acquaintance with the plot is implied in the work of the dramatist. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle leaves nothing to be taken for granted. If one had never heard of Sherlock Holmes before it would detract nothing from the value and

interest and excitement of the mystery of "The Speckled Band," as it is developed in the three acts of the play. From the coroner's inquiry, which is held at Dr. Rylott's country place in the first act, we pass to the doctor's study, where we learn something more of the domestic life and character of the doctor, and nothing to his advantage. Rylott is a terrible fellow, who practises all sorts of rascality, aided and abetted by Mrs. Staunton, his housekeeper—to whom he is under a promise of marriage which he is in no hurry to redeem—and Ali, his Indian valet. With Ali, he has brought back with him from service in India a fancy for snake-charming, which he pursues to deadly purpose. Ali's weird music, with which he charms the snake, is alone enough to induce a creepy sensation, although the full horror of the business is only realised when we see to what uses the snake is put. The aim of the wicked doctor is to get Enid to assign her property to him; by cajolery, by cruelty, by



Photo]

Mr. H. A. Saintsbury as Sherlock Holmes

[Elis & Walery

Act I.

Dr. Watson (Mr. CLAUDE KING)
and Miss Enid Stonor
(Miss CHRISTINE SILVER).



Ali (Mr. WILTON ROSS):
"This way, sir."



[Photos]

[Ellis & Walery]

Enid breaks down in giving evidence at the inquest

Play of the Month (continued)

threats, he endeavours vainly to induce her to yield to his wishes, and she finds herself a prisoner in her own home and in fear of her life. She is enabled, however, to make her escape, and the terrified girl goes up to London at the instance of Dr. Watson—who, as everybody knows, is the bosom friend of Sherlock Holmes—to seek the advice of the most eminent detective who never lived.

The scene at Sherlock Holmes' rooms in Upper Baker Street admits us to the intimacy of the great detective's daily life, as it has been detailed so many times in the wonderful stories of his adventures. We see Sherlock Holmes in his habit as he lived—in his dressing-gown, to be exact; we see him smoking a pipe; we see him indulging in his weakness for cocaine; we see him, in the interviews with intending clients, exercising his strength in that particular form of inductive ratiocination which has made him famous. You would say that if Sherlock Holmes saw a man eating honey at his breakfast he would at once jump to the conclusion that he kept bees; but there, of course, Sherlock Holmes might be wrong; and Sherlock Holmes makes no mistakes. When Enid arrives he scents a mystery such as he delights in, and he agrees at once to take up her case. Dr. Rylott is the next visitor; he comes to Sherlock Holmes for news of his daughter, and here is a fine scene between the deliberate, imperturbable detective and the furious, indignant doctor, whose violent passion does not for one moment deter Holmes from his project to visit the doctor's country place at once. But how he is going to obtain admission to the

house of mystery, Heaven (or Sherlock Holmes) only knows; yet we know that if Sherlock Holmes once starts to do a thing he will find out the way to do it, and do it thoroughly. We are not surprised, therefore, to see Sherlock Holmes at the doctor's country house in the third act, although we are astonished to learn that he has managed to do it quite easily by pretending to be the new butler engaged by the doctor. He finds his way to Enid's bedroom, and there the detective gives us a marvellous exhibition of his exhaustive method, his readiness and resourcefulness and his powers. The music of the snake-charmer instantly arrests his attention, and nothing, indeed, escapes his notice in the course of the thorough inspection he makes of the room. He examines the window, the floor, and everything he touches seems to reveal some secret to him. He springs up to the bell-rope at the head of Enid's bed, and discovers that it is a rope which is connected with no bell at all; it is, in effect, but

a rope round which a poisonous snake shall coil itself when once it has been introduced through a hidden aperture in the wall. It is a thrilling scene, which reaches its height when the doctor is heard knocking at Enid's door, and Sherlock Holmes, with a lantern in his hand, stands in the darkened room, beside the unhappy girl he has inspired with so much courage and confidence. After a few moments of anxiety, in which the eyes and ears of the audience are strained to catch any sight or sound, the snake gradually reveals itself. But, before it is through, Sherlock Holmes, ready for any emergency, is at it with a stick, and the angry, loathsome creature with-

draws itself, and thus Enid is saved from the fate of her sister, from the death which her stepfather had prepared for her that night. But the breathless excitement is not yet over. One moment more. A fearful cry is heard without, and Dr. Rylott is admitted into Enid's room. He reels in, a doomed man. He has been attacked by the snake; the speckled band is seen round his head; and so he dies by the very poison he had himself so cunningly prepared.

Only two female characters appear in "The Speckled Band"—the doctor's grim housekeeper, acted with decision by Miss Alice Beet, and his stepdaughter, Enid, who is very graciously represented by Miss Christine Silver—but this is a play in which there is no time nor place for the expression of tender sentiment. Mr. Lyn Harding's Dr. Rylott is a study of a nervous temperament; the restlessness, the irritability of the doctor and his violent explosions of rage, are all very naturally expressed by the actor. Mr. H. A. Saintsbury's study of

Sherlock Holmes is the very picture of the famous detective, and it is something more, for all the salient attributes of the character, mental and physical, are reproduced to a nicety by the actor. The slim, sleek figure is the outward expression of the man Mr. Saintsbury represents; shrewd, alert, invincible. Mr. A. S. Homewood, a most accomplished actor, who has appeared at the Adelphi under the present management in a variety of small parts, to every one of which he has given a distinct individuality, again disguises his own personality most effectually in the character of Rodgers, the doctor's servant, and Ali, the Indian valet, is played by Mr. William Ross with an air of Oriental gravity and servility.



Photo

Ellis & Walery

Miss Christine Silver as Enid Stonor

Edward Morton

Scenes at the Inquest

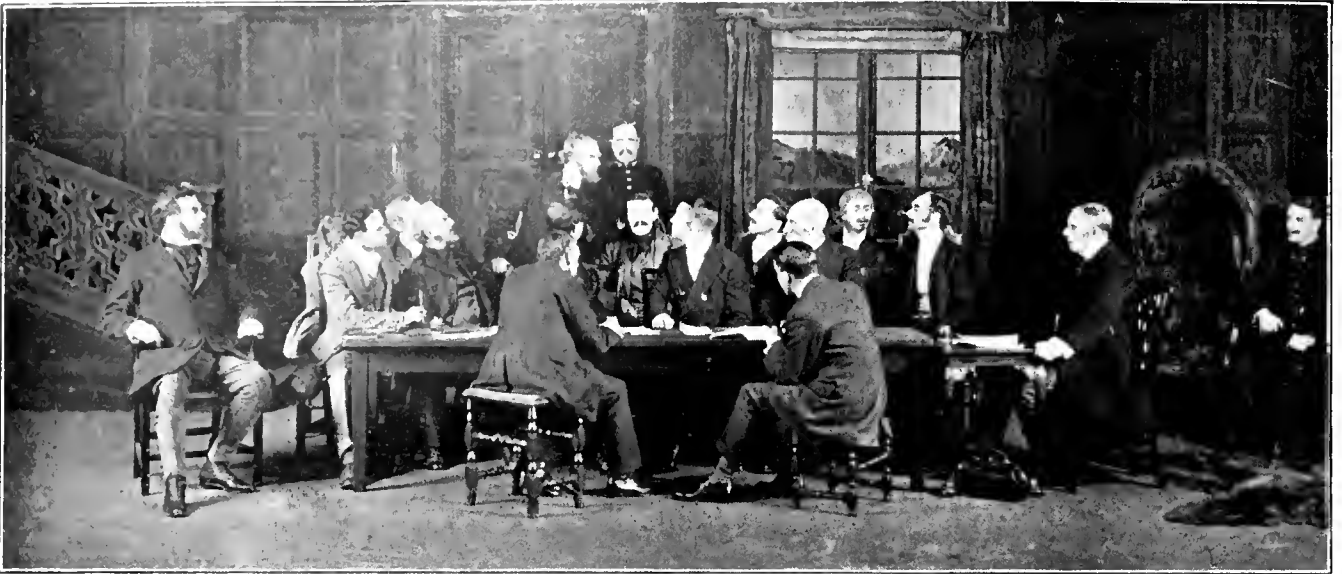
[Eltis & Watery

Mrs. Staunton (the housekeeper), Rodgers (the butler), Dr. Watson and Mr. Scott Wilson also give evidence at the inquest.

Photos]



Dr. Rylott gives evidence



Mr. Armitage, the local grocer (Mr. SPENCER TREVOR), interrupting the coroner (Mr. J. J. BARTLETT): "I am a Methodist; the son of a Methodist."



Mr. Armitage expresses his dissatisfaction at the finding of the Jury



[Photos]

Dr. Rylott gives evidence amongst each other at the close of the inquest

[Ellis & Walery

The Closing Scenes of Act I.



Mr. Armitage's attitude offends the doctor

Dr. Rylott: "Get out of my house; do you hear!"



[Photos]

Dr. Watson to Enid: "Don't forget that you have a friend."

Ellis & Watery

Act II. Scene 1.



Mr. Armitage to Mrs. Staunton (Miss AGNES THOMAS): "Two is company; three is none."



Photos]

Mr. Armitage:

"Promise me that you will see Mr. Sherlock Holmes."



[Ellis & Watery

Dr. Rylott:

"Tell me, then, how *did* she die?"



Dr. Rylott:
"Old Rodgers has
been behaving badly;
I must get rid of
him."

Dr. Rylott: "Put my milk on
the table, Ali."



The Snake-
Charmers
at Work.

Photos!

Ellis & Walery

End of the Scene.

Act II. Scene II.



The "man" who came to mend the gas bracket at Mr. Sherlock Holmes' flat



Sherlock Holmes (Mr. H. J. WINTSBURY) reveals himself to the "excellent Watson" (Ellis & Walery)

A Light Morning's Work for Sherlock Holmes



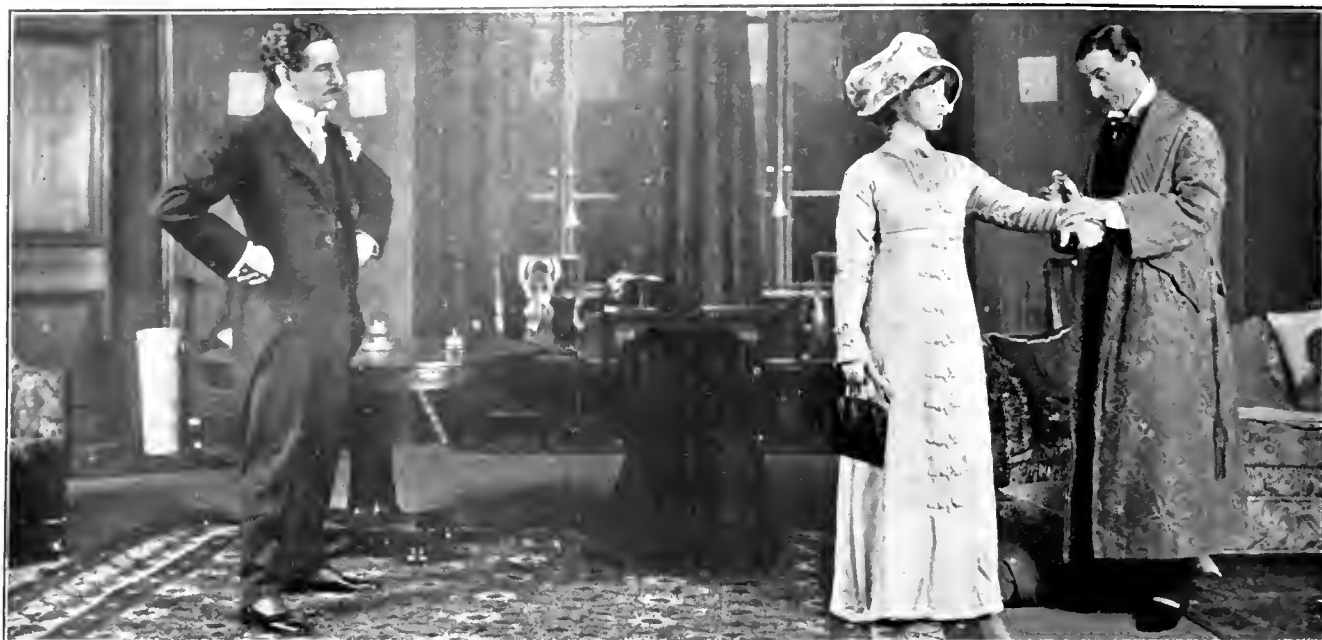
[Photos]

[Ellis & Walter]

The widow, the "sporting gent," the murderer, and the blackmailer consult the great detective

Enid seeks the help of Sherlock Holmes

Sherlock Holmes: "A white horse and a clay soil are indicated."



[Photos]

Sherlock Holmes: "Watson, the fire does want poking."

[Ellis & Watery]

Act III. Scene I.



Enid finds herself a prisoner at Stoke Moran



Rodgers is displaced by the new butler, Peters



Photos]

Enid: "Why do you stand there? Are you a spy set to watch me?"

[Ellis & Watery

The Plot progresses

Enid asks Rodgers to send a telegram to Sherlock Holmes



Peters intervenes at an opportune moment

Peters and his orphaned "A"

at Stoke Moran

Ali prevails on the doctor to refrain from shooting Sherlock Holmes



ia" arrive with Dr. Rylott

Enid defies her stepfather

Act III. Scene II.

Dr. Rydott. "Tell me, have you any idea of your own about how your sister died?"



[902] Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Rydott. Dr. Rydott. is trying to solve the mystery of the "Speckled Band."

[Ellis & Walery

The Mysterious Ventilator



Sherlock Holmes :—"Curious fad to ventilate one room into another."



Photos

Sherlock Holmes :—"The 'Speckled Band,' Watson!"

Photo

The End of the Play

PLAYGOER
AND SOCIETY
ILLUSTRATED



Photo]

The snake, having been driven back by Sherlock Holmes, turns on its master, who, rushing into the room, falls to the floor.
Dr. Watson : "The brute (*the snake*) is dead."
Sherlock Holmes: "So is the other."

[Ellis & Walery

About the Players

Mr. LYN HARDING

THERE are few more pleasant methods of passing away an idle hour or two than in the society of several actors who represent the "ancient and modern" school. Time flies quickly, as with deadly earnestness they voice their opinions on the future of the drama, the decadence of acting, the twentieth century preacher-playwright, etc. All these questions, however, fail to arouse such argumentative discussion as subjects like "Are Dramatic Academies Necessary?" or "Should the controlling power in acting be the heart or the brain?" As an outsider, speaking quite dispassionately, I have more faith in the artiste who has gone through the mill of hard experience in provincial companies, and observation compels me to believe such performers unconsciously become possessed of a controlled reserve force which, judiciously used, is capable of achieving marvellously realistic effects. "Be natural," is the cry of the up-to-date theatrical professor, forgetting that when the emotions run riot passion becomes a paroxysm, sympathy but an in-

articulate chokiness. A notable example of the former class is Mr. Lyn Harding, whose masterly study of Dr. Rylott in "The Speckled Band" has been one of the sensations of the present season. It is some years ago since I was present at His Majesty's on the first night of "The Darling of the Gods." During the progress of the play I was greatly impressed by a young actor who enacted the dumb slave, Inu. Glancing down my programme I found his name was Lyn Harding. Silently impressive, he glided dominantly through scene after scene, conveying such an Eastern atmosphere across the footlights that the audience were quick to recognise the genius which could thrill them with a gesture or produce a heart-throb with a look. Since then he has progressed by leaps and bounds, until he stands to-day among the foremost actors in London. The versatility of his work is amazing, and I shall never forget seeing him play Sir Andrew Ague-cheek in "Twelfth Night" at a *matinée*, and the same night give a crowded audience creeps as Bill Sikes in "Oliver Twist." He himself puts it down to his twelve years in the provinces, when his parts ranged from Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" to Ned Drayton in "In the Ranks."

Chatting the other evening over his early struggles, he remarked how few people knew he made his first success in London at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, in 1902. "The piece was called 'The

Prophecy,' by Richard Ganthony, and I played David Lundiar. David was so lovably gentle, yet so full of manly courage, that he appealed to me as few characters have done. To appear in a part so full of sympathy was indeed a pleasure. Shortly after this Sir Herbert Tree engaged me, and at His Majesty's I was in the cast of nearly every important production till 1907. Among the many parts, I represented Brutus in 'Julius Caesar,' Prospero in 'The Tempest,' and General Morakoff in 'The Red Lamp' gave me ample scope.

"Lately I have been associated with a certain stage type which I am pleased to say good-bye to early in August, when I leave to support Miss Winifred Emery on tour as Sir Walter Raleigh in Mr. W. Devereux's stirring drama. Do I take a hopeful view of the British stage? Most decidedly. There's plenty of genuine talent about, especially in the country, and I think managers in town might take a little trouble to discover it, instead of isolating themselves on lofty pedestals like so many Nelson statues. Let them come to earth and get more into touch with touring provincial managers. Yes, my stage travels have been world-wide, but Japan was the country whose acting gripped me most. Many were the hours I spent studying their methods, which, strange to say, constantly reminded me of the Italian school. Danjaro was a magnificent actor, a perfect master of stage-craft. What a wonderful race they are. Why, in 1894 the theatre at Tokio had an electric light installation.

"How do I study a part? I read the script carefully over, then there generally flashes across my mind some live human being whom I can take as my model. For instance, Dr. Rylott is a stage portrait of a man I met in Scotland twenty years ago, while Bill Sikes was the outcome of frequent visits I paid to different criminal courts.

"Yes, I'm aware it has been said I am desirous of going into management on my own account. Honestly, I have no such desire, but my position in London will, I'm afraid, force me to do so sooner or later. When that time comes my ambition is to give my good friends the public the opportunity of seeing me as Benedick in Shakespeare's prose poem, 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

May it be soon, for Lyn Harding is the leader in that band of stalwart future actor-managers in whom the play-going public place their confidence to keep flying mast-high the flag of British acting.



As General Morakoff



As Bill Sikes



As Brutus

About the Players (continued)

MISS CHRISTINE SILVER Let me relate her theatrical history in her own words. "My parents were non-theatrical. How did I go on the stage? When a girl of 15 the late Mr. Addison Bright was copy-righting a play of his at the Criterion Theatre, and one of the ladies who had promised to read failing to turn up, I was pressed into service. I did my best, returning the same night to my school at Lausanne, in Switzerland. Personally, I thought my performance was poor, but Mr. Bright evidently thought otherwise, for when he formed a company with Mr. Walter Maxwell four years later to tour Mr. Barrie's 'Quality Street' he sent for me, and induced my parents to allow me to accept a small part with the understudy of the lead. Shortly before the opening of the tour the leading lady fell seriously ill, and so, much to my surprise, I made my first appearance on the legitimate stage as Phœbe Throssell. It is my favourite part, not, perhaps, because it is the one I like most, but because it was the one I liked first. You will say this is very feminine. Well, I admit the soft impeachment; it's a woman's privilege. A man lives and forgets; a woman lives and remembers. Shortly afterwards Miss Ashwell took the Kingsway Theatre, where I played Linda Hetheridge in 'Irene Wycherley.' Then followed 'Diana of Dobson's,' by Miss Cicely Hamilton, in which I played Kitty Brant, taking Miss Ashwell's part when she was ill in the title rôle. In 'An Englishman's Home,' at Wyndham's, Mr. Curzon gave me the part of Ada Jones. How well I remember reading it. From an acting point of view it seemed to me a bit thin. So I set my brains to work. This is distinctly a case for reincarnation, said I, so here goes. She must have a lisp, a pair of eye-glasses, and other oddities. I got my points with the audience, no lectures from headquarters, so came to the conclusion my conception was correct. Yes, I consider every actress ought to marry—the man she loves, if she can. I'm fortunate in this respect, for my husband has been connected with theatrical business for years. No, I don't care for touring, although it has its humorous side. Once when up North I gave my landlady—a widow—two complimentary tickets. After the performance I asked her how she had enjoyed it. 'Not so bad; not so bad,' she replied funereally. 'But it's quite true what my old man used to say. "Sarah," sez he, "doan't you have anything to do with the stage, it's most deceivin'." Them were his very last words, Miss, and lor, when I looked at you to-night standin' there so lovely and beautiful, I just thinks, "Sam, you're right."'" It is hardly necessary to state that the public do not agree with Sam, and Miss Silver's "Enid," full of pathos and fascination, has reached the hearts of the audience. Why? Because they love her.

MR. SPENCER TREVOR Mr. Spencer Trevor has crammed a wonderful lot of work into his sixteen years of stage life, which he started with Miss Zara Thorne, at Margate, from whose nursery has sprung so many of our leading players. As a stage sportsman, I think he holds the record for long innings. The following records are pretty good. He has played "Charley's Aunt" 1,200 times on tour, and in "Are You a Mason?" he appeared nearly as frequently. Then followed a spell of musical comedy. When in "Lady Madcap" the great G. P. Huntley fell ill, Mr. Trevor took his place for six weeks. His performances in "The Flag Lieutenant" and "The Fires of Fate" added considerably to his reputation, while as the Methodist village grocer, Mr. Armitage, in "The Speckled Band," he has proved himself a virile character-actor, for he "gets there."

MR. H. A. SAINTS. BURY Mr. Saintsbury would be the first to admit that the striking performance he gives as the cool, resourceful Sherlock Holmes is in no small degree due to the fact of his having played it

times without number in the provinces. He possesses a most interesting souvenir of this in a magnificent meerschaum pipe. It was presented to him by Mr. Charles Frohman, on December 21st, 1903, on which date he made his 500th appearance as the famous detective. The bowl is unique, being a beautifully-carved reproduction of the young actor's own features. Starting life in a solicitor's office, he soon deserted Law for Banking. Finding this rather monotonous, he secured the position of assistant secretary to the Athenæum Club, but the stage in the end drew him into her fold, even although it was only as a super he started at the Opera Comique during the run of "Masks and Faces." The brilliant cast included Miss Kate Vaughan, Mr. Lewis Waller and the late Lal Brough.

"Shortly after," he said, "I was appointed assistant stage manager, but only kept the position a week, because my duties were neglected while I gloated over the performance from the wings. Strange to say, six years after I had the pleasure of acting with Miss Kate Vaughan in the same piece. Various engagements followed, a memorable one taking me out to South Africa with the first company who went there, carrying their own scenery, etc. My hobby? Acting. My favourite part? Well, Sherlock Holmes wants a lot of beating." Now Mr. Saintsbury has "arrived" in London play-goers will await with interest his future work.

MR. CLAUDE KING Mr. Claude King is an ideal Dr. Watson. In private life there is an open-air, sportsmanlike attractiveness about him, which tells tremendously in portraying a part like this on the stage. A game, intrepid horseman, most of his spare moments are spent riding any mount anywhere. Anywhere covers some ground, for he has been well-nigh all round the world since fourteen years ago he became an actor. A regular cosmopolitan, theatrical globe-trotter, he feels quite at home in Australia, India or the centre of China. "But I'm always glad to get a whiff of London, with its fog, buses and bustle. Yes, I've had some quaint happenings in my stage history. Here is one. It was in India with a repertoire company. On Monday we played 'The Sign of the Cross,' and had a huge native audience. Later in the week 'The Morals of Marcus' was billed, and the house was packed. Afterwards we discovered that they had come thinking it was a sequel showing the true strength of Marcus's morals." His many friends all over the world will be pleased to learn his manly acting has contributed in no small degree towards making "The Speckled Band" a winner.

THE AUTHOR.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE To-day he is the most popular writer, yet as a dramatist Sir Conan Doyle bids fair to make the man in the street—who, after all, keeps the theatres going—forget he ever wrote "Sherlock Holmes." The son of an artist, whose brother was Richard Doyle, of *Punch*, it is not surprising, although he took his Edinburgh M.D., to find him later on adopting literature. His novels and short stories are read all over the world, but he first flashed across the dramatic horizon when the late Sir Henry Irving produced "A Story of Waterloo." True to life, this one-act tabloid marked the arrival of a new virile dramatist. This has been borne out by his subsequent works, popular successes, such as "Fire of Fate," "The House of Temperley," and "The Speckled Band," stamping Sir Conan Doyle as an author who has the gift of characterisation, crisp dialogue and telling situations.

John Wigham



The Poetic Twilight

By JAMES DOUGLAS

THE state of poetry is alarming. The poetic twilight is lasting a long time. There is no sign of a new poet, and the habit of doing without poetry is becoming fixed. We no longer look for surprises in song. There is a thin trickle of feeble verse which nobody troubles to read. The poems published in our magazines are steadfastly vapid, and the little volumes printed by our little poets are both negligible and neglected. There is no energy in our weary songsters. They twitter languid imitations and reiterations that deceive no one. So dreadful is the poetic dearth that we pounce on the tiniest crumbs of doggerel, and make the most of the poorest poetaster and the feeblest poeticule. There never was such a chance for a young poet. The laurels are there for the plucking, and yet there is hardly a hand outstretched.

Rivalry is good for poets, and it is a pity that Mr. William Watson should be allowed to reign without an antagonist. There is nobody left to put him on his mettle. Mr. Stephen Phillips has been silent for many a year. John Davidson is dead. Mr. Yeats has dedicated to the Irish drama the sacred gift of song. What is the cause of this poetic decay? Have all the songs been sung? Can our poets find no songworthy theme? Can they discover in the life of our day no impulse and no inspiration? Is the past drained to the dregs? Are there no passions fit to be set to deathless music? Is love a spent force? Is beauty dead and gone? Have we ceased to possess the vision and the faculty divine? Is poetry strangled by the materialistic cynicism of a commercial and mechanical age?

These are easy questions to ask but hard to answer. But after reading Mr. William Watson's new volume, "Sable and Purple" (Eveleigh Nash), I cannot help wondering whether the dearth of poetry is due to the dearth of poetic themes. Mr. Watson has the technique of poetry at his finger-tips, but he is condemned to make bricks without straw. Nobody can make bricks without straw more skilfully, but I feel that he makes them reluctantly. His craftsmanship is superb, but it is cold. He sings truthfully about King Edward and King George, about King Alfred and the Atlantic ocean, about Cuba and the House of Lords, but he sings with no flame on his lips and with no fire in his heart. He files his phrases with consummate art. When he says that King Edward "pretended not to greatness yet was great," he says the obvious with absolute felicity. But in his soul there is no tumult of song. The terrible languor and lethargy of our time weighs heavily on his imagination.

Where there is no vision the poet perishes, and I think the decay of poetry in our day is due to the universal decay of passionate faith in the great simplicities of life. There is nothing left to live for and less than nothing to die for. Enthusiasm is out of date, ideals are ridiculous, ardour is absurd. Mr. Watson opens his volume with a confession which is an abdication:

I sing not Death. Death is too great a thing
For me to dare to sing.

The poet who is afraid to sing Death is also afraid to sing Life, for silence about Death is also silence about Life. The modern poet shrinks from reality, and he might truthfully say:

I sing not Life. Life is too great a thing
For me to dare to sing.

All the great poets sang Death and Life. Shakespeare was always harping on these strings. So was Swinburne, and so were all the poets between Shakespeare and Swinburne. But our poets have turned away from Death and Life and contented themselves with singing about nothing in particular. Little themes make little poets, and the triviality of our thoughts is reflected in the triviality of our singers.

It is strange that our poets shirk the task of interpreting the life of their own time, for the power of a poet is based upon the gift of living life more intensely than his fellows. The life of our age is not being expressed in our poetry. Let me cite two examples which show how abjectly our poets fail to utter the passionate fever of their generation. The South African war shook our national life to its foundations. It was seething with the stuff of poetry. Yet posterity will search in vain for a record of its ferment and its fever in our verse. There was an epical theme, but where is the epic? So far as our poetry is concerned the war was pure waste. One of the excuses for war is its value as a breeder of poets and a fertiliser of poetry. The South African war lacked even that pretext.

Take another illustration of the inability of our poets to express national passions. There is now in full swing the insurrection of womanhood. Woman is challenging our civilisation. Our poets have here a theme that teems and tingles with a hundred emotions, and yet they go on mouthing their musty metaphors and sifting the dust of poetic diction. It is hard to sing a new song unless you are in touch with life as it is being lived, but our poets take infinite pains to keep life out of their poetry. I do not ask them to stain their verses with their own life-blood, but I do ask them to stain them with the life-blood of their time. Swinburne sang the agonies and ecstasies of his age. Our poets sing nothing but secondhand agonies and secondhand ecstasies. They contract out of life, and it is not surprising that their poetry is contracted. What they need is courage and sincerity and a reckless daring. They ought not to admit that either Life or Death is too great a thing for them to dare to sing. It is their business to pour the splendour of their day into song, to beat music out of their time, and to clothe their generation in singing-robos.

James Douglas

From the Bookshelves (continued)

Ragna. By ANNA COSTANTINI. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

WHAT a pity that mothers are so narrow-minded! Without wishing unduly to advertise *Ragna*, it may safely be said that few of them will approve of their daughters reading it. It is too true to life. It demonstrates too graphically that virtue pays—that a woman *must* be good!

In this novel Signora Costantini has preached a convincing sermon on *The Girl Who Let a Man Go Too Far*. *Ragna* Andersen was a child of the Vikings—a lithe-limbed Norwegian with long golden hair and sea-blue eyes, that gleamed their gladdest in a storm. She went to a convent in Paris to finish her education, and came out of it about as ignorant of things that matter as when she went in. On the way back to Norway she was thrown in daily contact with a Prince—His Royal Highness of Montegria—and he put what are commonly called “silly notions” into her head. For all that she reached Norway a pure and happy girl. Then a year or two later she went on a trip to Italy, came across the Prince again, and the trouble began.

There is one noble woman in this story—*Ragna*—and several miserable men. Count Angelescu and Dr. Ferrati, however, fail to confirm the verdict of Assunta, the Italian cook, “All men are pigs.”

The Origins of Popular Superstitions and Customs. By T. SHARPER KNOWLSON. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THIS is a fascinating work by the author of that alluring handbook, *Writing for Money*—which is not, by the way, a guide to young men at the ‘Varsity! The present volume is based on Brand’s *Popular Antiquities*, published in 1841, and after perusing it one gathers that the mind of the world is not very much stronger than it was 69 years ago. Still certain days and certain numbers are supposed to bring death, disease, debt, or some other worry in their train. Still actors fight shy of ostriches and refuse to kick a cat. Still on Ascension Day the London Corporation sends round a uniformed servant to supervise two or three boys belabouring the walls with sticks. Still—though this sounds like sarcasm—to hear hens cackle in your dreams signifies love.”

“Why this thushness?” is the question that Mr. Knowlson sets himself to answer, and he answers it most effectively. He is always interesting, and not less so for occasionally making you laugh where he never meant to. For instance, he includes “Selling Wives” under the heading “Marriage Superstitions and Customs.” Which is this—a Superstition or a Custom?

The Career of Freda. By G. RUSSELL BEARDMORE. (John Long, Ltd., 6s.)

IF one has a fault to find with *The Career of Freda* it is that the author kills his best character too soon. Miss Priscilla Dale was a dear, antiquated, little lady, who stayed an old maid for the simple reason that since her fiancé’s death fifteen years ago she never had the heart to be anything else. She spent her time healing her own sorrow by healing the sorrow of others. Where-



Dr. George Russell Beardmore

ever she went she shed peace. One day a letter arrived that sent her off in a flutter to London. It was from one who but for the mockery of fate would have been her sister-in-law. It told of misery, of a dying mother, and a helpless child. The child was Freda.

Miss Priscilla took Freda to her breast, and brought her up like her own daughter. Freda never wanted for anything—not so her foster-mother. When Miss Priscilla died, it was found that her subsequent private life had been one long silent record of pinch, stint, and grind—self-sacrifice intensi-

fied by the semi-blackmailing tactics of Freda’s sponging father.

The rest of the book is concerned with the career of Freda. While ready to give honour where honour is due, one cannot help wishing that the career of Miss Priscilla had been allowed to go on unchecked.

Told in the Dog Watches. By FRANK T. BULLEN. (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.)

TO commend *Told in the Dog Watches* is superfluous. It is by Mr. Bullen. Suffice it to offer a few descriptive hints.

There are thirty-five subjects of discussion, reminiscence, or invention in the book, and they vary in subject from *My Cats*—a particularly charming dissertation—to *Life on Board a Battleship*; from *Some Obscure Perils to The Whale’s Ghost*; from *The Tightest Place I ever Was In* to *Comedy at Sea*.

The Best Seafaring Nation consists of six as disquieting pages as ever you are likely to come across. After dismissing the claims of France and the United States almost contemptuously, Mr. Bullen says a few words about the Germans. Here are some of the words: “It is a bitter pill for men like myself to swallow, who see clearly Germany’s aims, her ruthless hatred of anything and everything British, to be compelled to recognise that in the very profession that we have long considered peculiarly our own province we are daily being beaten by the Germans.”

Reader, the address of the Imperial Maritime League is 2, Westminster Palace Gardens; and of the National Service League 72, Victoria Street!

Peggy the Aeronaut. By J. L. J. CARTER. (Everett & Co., 2s.)

HAVING absorbed a wholesome dread of Germany on land and sea, it is a small matter to go a shake further and shiver over Germany’s prowess in the air. A perusal of Mr. Carter’s bantling of the imagination makes life hardly worth living. The only consolation is that towards the end of the book the whole aerial fleet of the Fatherland is by the direct intervention of Peggy the Aeronaut and the resourcefulness of her lover, Justin Burnet, completely wiped out in its descent upon England. Even so you have to hum the “British Grenadiers” over several times before you can breathe freely again.

The Fall of a Saint. By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT. (Greening and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

THIS book might have been expressly written for readers of *The Playgoer and Society*, for it is concerned with theatricals in high places. The plot centres round the death of the Comte de la Merthe in a stage duel with Lord Norton, a famous amateur actor, in the latter’s private theatre. How leaden bullets were substituted for blank charges, why the substitution took place, who was responsible for it, and by what uncanny trick only one of the bullets took effect—this is the mystery with which the book opens and with the solution of which it closes.

The story, however, is something more than a mere murder puzzle. It is an illustration of the author’s theory that a saint with a leaning towards priggishness is all the better for a resounding fall. “It tends to soften the harsh, blinding light of goodness.” The saint is “a better, because a more sympathetic, man.” Who shall say the author nay? Few students of human nature, at any rate!

One may well speak approvingly of this novel. Not only has Mr. Scott caught the exact spirit of his own theme—a not over-common achievement—but he has also presented us



Photo] [Yales
Mr. Eric Clement Scott

From the Bookshelves (continued)

with at least five distinctly striking characters—the Hon. Claud Maitland, the saint of the story; Comtesse de la Merthe, the siren; Mr. Elkin Smith, criminal journalist and black-mailer; "Sport" Jenkinson, hooligan and detective; and Katie Thimm, a slum-girl with the heart, brain, and instincts of what she ultimately became—an aristocrat.

Captain Fraser's Profession. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. (F. V. White & Co., 6s.)



Photo] [Vandyk
"John Strange Winter"

CAPTAIN FRASER was a distinguished member of a lucrative profession. He was managing director of Crimes Unlimited. He was also that happiest of happy mortals—a man without a conscience. He set himself to steal Sir Edward Wedderburn's promised wife as complacently as he set his subordinates to steal his lady friends' valuables. Equally light-heartedly he schemed to represent Sir Edward as a burglar of curios, butchered an innocent old man to escape detection, and allowed his rival to stand his trial for the murder. Neither the innocent nor the guilty suffered, however. By one of those lifelike touches which are so convincing, Captain

Fraser is shown to have had one thing in life to his credit—one thing of which he might be proud. He had made his chief confederate, Peters, love him like a dog. Peters died in the last chapter, but before he did so he "put things right." After his death Sir Edward was restored to his true love's arms, and Captain Fraser set off for Egypt without a stain on his character.

Do you want to be told that *Captain Fraser's Profession* is absorbing? Or will you take John Strange Winter on trust?

A Gentleman of Virginia. By PERCY JAMES BREBNER. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

THERE is something wonderfully fascinating about the name "Virginia." It suggests haughty American gentlemen, veritable idolators of honour, with aristocratic features and sternly democratic sentiments—the type of man one instinctively reveres. It is a trifle disappointing, then, to find that the title of Mr. Brebner's historical romance has so little to do with the plot. The accident of birth that makes the hero and the hero's devoted henchman natives of Virginia is really the only justification for the use of the romantic name. The narrative itself centres round Paris at the time when

"France was glorious and blood-red, fair
With dust of battle and death of kings,
A queen of men, with helmeted hair."

Still it is quite possible that the French Revolution may be your "pet period," and that you would rather read about the troubles into which sympathy with the cause of freedom, crossed with love for a beautiful aristocrat, led a chivalrous American than any amount of narrative about Virginia. If so, the sooner you make the acquaintance of Richard Barrington, Mademoiselle St. Clair, and the rest, the sooner you will be enjoying a story to your taste.

Young Nick and Old Nick. Yarns for the Year's End. By S. R. CROCKETT. (Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.)

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO. are nothing if not progressive, and for so young a firm their list contains quite a surprising number of notable names. The latest is that of the Kale-Yard King, as one might fittingly, if irreverently, style the author of *Young Nick and Old Nick*. Under this heading Mr. Crockett groups a collection of yarns which his admirers will certainly not wait till the "year's end" to read and appraise.

Those whose education and general upbringing have not qualified them to appreciate the Kale-Yard will be glad to hear that seven out of the thirteen yarns are about ordinary earthly subjects. *The Diary of Mr. Hewer*, in which we see Mr.

Samuel Pepys from another point of view than his own, may be awarded the honour of special mention. So may *The Blue Eyes of Ailee*. So indeed may every other story—if your individual taste dictates it!

Just one challenge. On page 17 Mr. Crockett says, "The prettiest women are the readiest to appreciate beauty in their peers." Pretty women have no peers. They have rivals—and rivals are always cats!

The Duke's Vengeance. By MICHAEL W. KAYE. (Greening and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

TO all true sportsmen—and the term includes all who play the game of life sportingly—revenge is practically a word without meaning. This, which may be taken as a definition, will serve to show that a true sportsman is not very far removed from a true Christian. It will also serve to show that the Marquis de Prévaux was anything but a true sportsman.

In fact he was one of the vilest vipers imaginable. He had loved a maid who spurned him with unnecessary—but not unaccountable—rudeness for a better man, and in the venom of his heart he kidnapped the child of their marriage, whom he henceforth brought up as his own nephew. After thirty years Fortune and Louis XIth between them furnished him with the chance of a lifetime—the chance of using his own daughter as an unwitting instrument to bring about the downfall of his "nephew" (whom she loved) and the latter's father. How a fool in motley discovered the treachery and helped the heroine to bring it to naught is the plot of *The Duke's Vengeance*.

Downward. A "Slice of Life." By MAUD CHURTON BRABY. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

MRS. BRABY, like Signora Costantini, knows what she is talking about, and like her she believes the best way to preach is to look facts in the face. The result? Another of those "shocking books which I hope no girl of mine will ever read, my dear!"

Why is it that a novel which opens your eyes, makes you think, and leaves you the better for reading it, is, if you are a young person, considered a fast sort of book to get hold of? Mrs. Grundy doubtless has some reason suffocating away within her tight laces. Common-sense has none.

The heroine of *Downward* is a human, lovable creature named Dolly. Her mother never married her father. She



Photo] [Cassels
Mrs. Maud Churton Braby

never married her son's father. For a moment's madness and a man's calculating baseness each paid the penalty of which no man knows anything. Each went through a hell to which only women have the entry.

Perhaps you will sneer if you are told that Dolly's heart was pure—pure as her mother's. If you read *Downward* you will sneer no longer.

E. W. M.



A CONNOISSEUR'S NOTE BOOK



By WALLACE L. CROWDY

AT the outset I must acknowledge indebtedness to Mr. Newton Veitch for the sight of a silver salver which has peculiar interest for all playgoers. So much as can be gained from the usual high-flown inscription is to the effect that it was given to Macready at the close of his season at Covent Garden in 1838. But the names upon it mark an interesting chapter in theatrical history. They include one at least most interesting to me in that of Clarkson Stanfield. Some-

where in the dark purlieus of Drury Lane Theatre are yards, if not roods, of Clarkson Stanfield's work as a scene-painter. They may be forgotten, but what is ever to be remembered is that this same scene-painter was always an artist of worth, and that his water-colours never smell of the footlights at all, which is a coincidence not without food for reflection. Other names there are which may be identified by the curious, and here is the list: G. Bartley, C. C. Stanfield, Mary Amelia Warner, J. P. Harley, H. Phillips, C. Diddear, S. Phelps, J. Willmott, W. J. Hammond, Priscilla Horton, T. J. Serle, G. Bennett, Maria

Clifford, J. R. Anderson, C. Manvers, W. Thomas, Cecelia Serle, R. Strickland, A. Leffler, W. Bradwell, P. Bedford, Sarah Jane Garrick, R. Waldron, J. East, Anne Humby, Ellen Clifford, W. C. Notter, E. Ransford, W. H. Tilbury, C. Marshall, Elisa Phillips, E. Yarnold, H. B. Roberts, W. H. Payne, Jane Shirreff, H. Robertson, H. Howe, T. Power, F. Vining, Helen Fawcett, E. W. Elton, J. S. Knowles, D. Meadows, Harriet Taylor, E. Land, J. P. Ward.

As for the salver itself, it is not over remarkable in design, although it might be much worse—of its period! The date is 1791 and the makers were J. C. (John Crouch) and T. H. (Thomas Harman). It is just one of those links with the past, of a time when the actor was

more regarded within his own circle than without it, which should find a place in the museum of the Garrick Club—if that comfortable institution has so far remembered its obligations to future generations as to establish one.

But to pass from history to commerce, have we not all food for thought in the recent Alexander Young sale at

Christie's, and in what may be called the Corot finale to it? The whole sale has been a vindication of those sound judges and collectors—many of whom are to be found in Scotland—who purchased and retained works by the French Romanticists long before the public at large gave much attention to the school. The prices obtained for these Barbizon and modern Dutch pictures appear to indicate that good art must sooner or later find its way to the top. It is encouraging to all but the painters of modern exhibition pictures, who really are in a very poor way. The 153,891 pounds sterling which this collection fetched would go a long way to relieve the heartburnings of

the majority of the occupants of London studios, and one of the lessons to be learnt from the present situation is that artists to succeed must change their present-day methods. They must give up the subject picture and return with sincerity to Nature. This has been said before, and must be cried aloud again.

It is not without interest that the very thing which sent Jean Baptiste-Camille Corot to Ville d'Avray, the forest of Fontainebleau and the Valley of the Seine, or which induced the wealthy and well-connected Pierre Etienne Théodore Rousseau to appear as one of the champions of the new school of 1830 when Delacroix and Géricault, leading the Romanticists, made their great battle with tradition and Classicism, was the same which influenced



Silver Salver given to Macready in 1838

A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

a totally different group of men. Towards the close of the first volume of "Modern Painters" John Ruskin makes a special appeal to the young artists of England. He asks them to "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, neglecting nothing, and scorning nothing." It is significant also that of the band of youthful and gifted painters who responded to the call, chief among whom were Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais, Ford Madox Brown, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a work by one of the last survivors, the ever-beautiful "Chill October," marked a considerable appreciation—tested by the money standard—upon its recent reappearance in the auction-room.

Nothing so indicative as the prices fetched by the pictures in the Young sale of the change in modern taste from the stupendous minuteness of Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, and the still-life insincerity of Laurence Alma Tadema to the work of Jules Bastien Lepage, of—shall I instance?—"The Sheep-Shearers" by Jean François Millet, the astounding and beautiful "Bordighera" by Claude Monet, or the "Mantes la jolie" by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot (which cost Mr. Lockett Agnew 4,150 guineas on the last day), has come my way of late. The work of these men so lately dead has come into its

is the touchstone of their immortality? The good an artist does lives after him.

This note of sincerity has always led me to place the work of Gainsborough and Raeburn on a higher plane than that upon which I would place Reynolds or Romney: which leads to a greater faith in the final



A Conversation Piece, by Wright, of Derby



A Conversation Piece, by Wright, of Derby

kingdom with almost too great a glamour. The pity of it has by some been thought to be that these Romantics reaped so little reward—material reward, that is—in their time. But is it probable that if Corot, Troyon, Diaz, and Daubigny, instead of living on sweet French bread and the milk of goats brought personally to their door, had built themselves palaces in Melbury Road and Fitzjohn's Avenue their art would have retained that sincerity which

all-satisfying quality of Constable than in the glorious imaginings of town-bred Turner, even. This is, possibly, rank heresy—but we shall see. My sympathies in art are entirely with the men who do not evade difficulties in portraying Nature. If I place Corot, in my mind, at the head of all landscape painters it is from a conviction that in one of his pictures at least, the "Biblis," Corot succeeded in creating a work that surpasses all other landscapes I have ever seen in poetic beauty combined with truth to Nature. No one with a just appreciation of art and of a great man can deny that Corot's work is uneven and at times superficial, especially in his later period; but he produced several masterpieces. You cannot look at a Corot without being reminded of the valley of the Seine, any more than you can look at a typical Constable without feeling around you the typical cultivated English scenery which enfolds the valley of the Stour. The landscape painter, the latter painter said in one of his lectures, must walk in the fields with a humble mind. No arrogant mind was ever permitted to see Nature in all her beauty. It was Sterne's advice not to trouble about doctrines and systems, but to go straight before you and obey the promptings of Nature.

A little more about Corot and I have done with this fascinating theme—for the present. If Turner was the son of a barber in Maiden Lane, Corot was the son of a hairdresser in the rue du Bac. But it was Nature which

A Connoisseur's Note Book (*continued*)

made both of them the giants that they were, and more than a touch of poetry which gave the Frenchman his abiding claim upon our gratitude. It was more sympathy than cold correctness which gave a nobility of form, a charm and beauty to his work which all true lovers of art now appreciate to the full. His work is, moreover, exceptionally individual and personal in its spirit, and



Maud Allan. A Statuette by Mrs. Bert Longworth

on no one of his canvases is there discomfort or suffering. Corot belongs to a category of painters, not large, that possess what is called "charm." They do not take themselves too seriously. In them there is nothing of the pedant, and they are, perhaps, often reproached for their lack of intellectuality. But before one of their canvases we stop involuntarily. It breathes forth so much honesty and simple radiance; it has not been painted by cold-blooded skill, but has painted itself. Corot sometimes actually outwitted Nature. His work is founded on truth, but he had his own way at times of diluting it, modifying it, conceding it, to make its hidden force felt more strongly by his marvellous synthetic power. The requirements of his *parti-pris* sometimes carried him a long way from truth, and sometimes, to speak plainly, he painted "pot-boilers," which clever craftsmen have found it easy to imitate so well that dozens of Corots have been seen that were never touched by his brush. We may throw aside as unworthy the inferior canvases that are genuine and yet have the production of a life-time that enchants and amazes by its variety, sincerity, inherent beauty, and poetic feeling.

Much, then, as I appreciate the purchase by Mr. Reginald Young of Josef Israels' "Shipwrecked Fishermen" for presentation to the National Gallery, I would far rather have heard the good news applied to a work of Corot—which is necessary to us. Israels' is sad, and would fain hang the harp of joy upon the tree. Great modern Dutchman that he is, deeply pathetic as his outlook upon life is, it is not the joyous side of art and Nature which the happy heart would retain a memory of.

Of the forty Corots included in the dispersal thirteen totalled 33,050 guineas; seven Daubignys made 15,850 guineas; four Israels, 10,500 guineas; five James Marises, 9,350 guineas; four Mauves, 8,250 guineas; two Troyons, 7,650 guineas; two William Marises, 2,000 guineas; a Harpignies, 1,450 guineas; and two Millets, 2,000 guineas. Thus forty pictures alone realised 90,100 guineas, which in itself constitutes a remarkable record.

It is interesting to note that "The Moat," which was sold in 1899 for 900 guineas, reached 1,900 on this occasion. Corot's record is 13,000 guineas, for England, paid a month ago, whilst the Yerkes Corot sold in New York last May for 16,000 guineas, which, so far, is the highest price paid at an auction. "The Evening Glow" went for no less a sum than 4,500 guineas, and it is to be regretted that this picture has gone to America. The only serious set-back to the Barbizon School was Breton's "Haymaker," which failed to raise more than 270 guineas, a price which is extremely interesting as showing that the buyers of pictures by the French Romantics are not always merely affected by the glamour of the painter's name, but use discrimination as to the quality of the picture presented.

So far I have heard no rumour as to the acquisition of any of these French pictures for the National Gallery. It is, of course, impossible that Trafalgar Square should possess every fine picture that comes into the market, but it is equally deplorable that so much money has been spent upon such a picture as the Rokeby "Venus" as



H. B. Irving. A Statuette by Mrs. Bert Longworth

to practically prevent the acquisition of other works in other schools in which the nation is notably deficient.

Before the acquisition of the Wallace Collection few pictures of really great value (except a few quite charming examples comprised in the Jones' Bequest to South Kensington) of the French painters were to be found in this country. The Wallace Collection removed this

A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

reproach, and placed the English nation in a position almost superior to the National Collection which finds its home in the Louvre. In fact, it would be almost accurate to say that between London and Berlin the best pictures of the French eighteenth century painters are divided. It is time, then, that we should bestir ourselves, before the market becomes too prohibited, to secure really fine examples of the French Romanticists of the latter half of the last century. Particularly it would be of exceptional educational value to make consistent efforts to secure, when they come into the market, the early sketches of Corot, as their refreshing directness is most luminous and interesting. In view of the somewhat conventional habit of purchasing mainly what are called "the old

and this is easily attributed to the fact that he studied under Hudson, the master of Reynolds and Mortimer, and naturally imbibed a good deal of that particular way of looking at his subjects. Nevertheless, it was a typically British and straightforward way, and one which painters of to-day seem to have lost, the touch of which has helped much towards that school of British portrait painters of which we are properly proud. Hudson is, practically, the whole story of the art of Wright of Derby. Nevertheless, the student was much freer than the master: a truly personal painter, and one who saw his subjects in his own way. I have chosen for illustration what is quaintly called a conversation piece, which as composition is quite admirable. In its present condition it is a little over-clean and fresh, and the handling is perhaps a little lacking in the breadth and dignity which one never misses from the canvases of Gainsborough and Raeburn. The other, which is also described as a conversation piece, representing the two sons of Mr. Thornhill Stanton, is quite delightful in its ingenuous simplicity, and should prove of historical interest, as it shows a game of cricket as it was played 150 years ago.



"Les Baigneuses." French School

masters" for our national collection it is probably difficult to persuade those in authority to extend their outlook; but it is equally obvious, after such a sale as that of the Alexander Young collection, that no time should be lost if examples of Corot, Daubigny, Troyon, Diaz, and others of that extremely interesting group of painters are to be secured.

That very sincerity of painting upon which I have already insisted attracts me to the collection of paintings by Wright of Derby, which has recently been held at the Graves Gallery, and of which a certain number are to be subsequently reproduced in colours by the Graves firm. Wright of Derby was above everything a conscientious painter, and when he had once got over the desire to continue a reputation made by the use of a trick of artificial lighting, and had devoted himself chiefly to the painting of portraits, he became quite a serious and interesting painter. I think it was the late Cosmo Monkhouse who said of him that, in comparison with Reynolds and Gainsborough, he was a homely and almost a domestic portrait painter. But his pictures have the great merit of sincerity and thoroughness, and show a true insight into character, are finely modelled and well painted. He, of course, belonged essentially to a school,

In the quiet seclusion of the Opera Arcade—one of those sheltered wayfares with which London is too poorly supplied—is a small bow-window overfilled with "Impressions"—the word is used with advantageous felicity—in sculpture, or may I correct the owner and say modelling? There are many things of interest. The great Sphinx and Rameses—which leave me cold; but very virile and personal impressions of other persons and things—mainly persons. The H. B. Irving and the Maud Allen, especially the Irving, have quality and personality, and Mrs. Bert Longworth, who does these most interesting impressions, has but to continue in the way of good art to find an appreciation which may in course of time recompense her for her bravery in attempting to induce a callous British public to interest itself in sculpture.

Again, and within a strong man's stone's-throw is the exhibition of Messrs. Shepherd's early British artists and foreign painters. Messrs. Shepherd have so long concealed these treasures behind a modest frontage in St. James's that only the keen collector seeks them out. Just now, however, they have in their charge more than one canvas and water-colour painting of exceptional interest. There is a most interesting and typical landscape by Gainsborough, an Allan Ramsey, of which I may have more to say, a portrait of John Crome by Ozias Humphrey, and, above all of interest to me, this picture of "Les Baigneuses" modestly ascribed to the French school. French, and of the eighteenth century, it undoubtedly is; weak in its figures but fascinatingly rich and certain in the beautiful quality and the easy elegance of brushwork in the landscape. This is, indeed, its chief claim upon me. It is a landscape with figures; and it is more. It is a most interesting example of the best work of the period. It might be Fragonard, and it might be Fantin. But for its individual quality of brushwork it might even be Monticelli in a Watteau or Pater mood. It remains, however, without label or definite ascription; but it can never be other than a picture of peculiar charm and interest—and it is by no means the only work of note in this small but well-chosen collection.

Wallace F. Crowdy.

* Concerning Society *

LORD and Lady Strathmore will be spending part of the summer and autumn at Glamis Castle, in Forfar, the most picturesque building in Scotland, with quaint pepper-box turrets and full of the most romantic interest. A winding staircase leads to the principal apartments. There is a weird chamber yet shown in which Duncan, the Thane of Glamis, murdered King Duncan of Scotland, as narrated by Shakespeare; and in the depth of the walls there is another chamber, the whereabouts of which is known to three persons only, and which undoubtedly contained at one period a ghastly secret, probably a monstrosity born into the family. There is a tradition that an Earl of Crawford sits for ever in the room playing with dice and drinking, and that at midnight a fearful person from the lower regions joins him; but this is, of course, legend. The secret chamber is thought to be concealed through a painted panel in the chapel, though others maintain that it is entered from Lord Strathmore's study, and occupies the space above the crypt, an armour-hung hall where the guests all meet for dinner, or did so in the late Earl's time, at which is produced the old Lion of

Hamiltons at all, except in the female line, but really Douglasses.

☺ ☺ ☺

The American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid held, on July 4th, their usual annual reception, which was attended by practically all the Americans in London. It is amusing to watch, at a big reception at Dorchester House, the contrasts in the people coming up the noble staircase of white marble, which is like that of an old Genoese palace. Some seem to shrink at the stately grandeur of the place, others put on a *déagée* manner, and a very few walk up with dignity. The beautiful staircase leads on to broad landings with alabaster balustrades, from which open magnificent reception-rooms worthy of a palace.

☺ ☺ ☺

Lord and Lady Erne intend spending the summer at Crom Castle, their delightful place on Lough Erne, where they will have, as usual, several members of their family with them. Crom Castle is a comparatively modern structure, built to take the place of the old home of the Crichtons, destroyed by fire



Glamis Castle

Lyon gold for holding a whole bottle of claret, which the old lords used to toss off at a draught. There are lions everywhere; huge gilt animals stand on either side of the fireplace, a lion sits on the letter-box, lions on nutcrackers, and even the door-scraper is guarded by two lions. As the visitor drives up to the castle, particularly on a moonlight night, the many turrets of Glamis look most weird. The whole place, indeed, has a solemn effect, and strangely impresses most people.

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The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton have left Wiltshire for Scotland, and they are already installed with their children at Dungavel House, Lanarkshire, where they will remain until well on in the autumn. In Lanarkshire the Duke and Duchess have, in Hamilton Palace, one of the stateliest homes in the kingdom, but the place would be most expensive to keep up, so they are very little there, preferring Dungavel, once an ordinary shooting-box but now a handsome mansion with wings. The Duke and Duchess spent last Christmas at Hamilton Palace. There is an impression that the palace is practically dismantled, but, though the huge state-rooms are somewhat bare owing to the effects of the sale in 1882 which realised nearly £400,000, the living rooms are beautifully fitted and furnished. It is interesting to note that for some two hundred and twenty years since, about the time of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, the Dukes of Hamilton have not been

in 1764, and it is beautifully situated on the shores of the Lough, on which there is splendid sailing, and in the late summer season numerous regattas are held. The old castle, now a picturesque ruin, was besieged by a force supporting the cause of James II. against William of Orange, and the rebel leader sought to intimidate the garrison by parading a number of dummy cannon, each drawn by eight horses, but the ruse failed, and the discomfited rebels withdrew. Not far away from Crom was fought a sanguinary battle during James's brief try for the kingdom.

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Lord Erne is a model Irish landlord, and he spends most of his time at Crom. When Lord Crichton, he sat in Parliament for nearly twenty years and did good service as a Conservative Whip, but since he succeeded his father he has taken little part in public life. Lord Erne now finds his chief interests in his estate, and it is his boast that neither he nor his father ever raised a rental, and that in times of agricultural depression their tenants have always been the first to receive substantial abatements. Besides his landed estates, Lord Erne owns some valuable urban property in Dublin. Lady Erne is a sister of Lord Enniskillen, their neighbour in co. Fermanagh.

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There is a tendency by people who still keep up their London residence to spend less time each succeeding year in town, and

Concerning Society (continued)

this season the fact has been more noticeable than ever, though, of course, the death of King Edward stopped a great many people from occupying their town houses as they would otherwise have done. Some years ago, even a decade back, it was the custom for those who had their house in town to come to London with the opening of Parliament, and religiously remain until the very end of the season, but to do this is now the exception. People come and go half a dozen times during the season, and numbers have given up their London residence altogether, preferring on their frequent visits to the Metropolis to make use of the great hotels which have sprung up of recent years. Others, instead of an expensive house, now content themselves with a small flat. Some of the "best" people have no town house, making their home entirely in the country, and among these are Lord and Lady Pembroke.

Lord and Lady Pembroke have not had a house in town for some years, and nowadays the latter confines her hospitalities to Wilton, where they remain throughout the summer and have an almost constant succession of guests. When, however, Lord Pembroke was Lord Steward he had a London house, and about the time of the Eton and Harrow match, Lady Pembroke gave a dance for young people. It is difficult to imagine a more delightful place in the summer than the noble mansion where Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia." Part is designed by Holbein and the idea of the Italian garden front was suggested by Charles I. There are glorious gardens and some world-famous cedars of Lebanon, brought from the Holy Land about 1640, and in all probability the first specimens ever introduced into this country. The German Emperor greatly admired them when at Wilton, and Lord Pembroke subsequently sent His Majesty a number of young trees.

Sir William and Lady Vincent are among those who prefer their country place during the most enjoyable part of the year, and at the end of June they returned to D'Abernon Chase, Surrey, for the summer. The Vincents have flourished at Stoke D'Abernon, a delightful village on the River Mole, two or three miles west of Leatherhead, since the time of Henry VIII., but for generations before they were established in Northamptonshire.

Not far away from D'Abernon Chase, Sir William's half-brother, Sir Edgar Vincent, and his beautiful wife, Lady Helen Vincent, are settled at Esher Place, also on the "Sullen Mole." Here Lady Helen, who is one of the lovely daughters of Lord and Lady Feversham, has indulged in her love of flowers and gardening, and has made the grounds a perfect floral paradise. There is a "cottage" garden with old-world flowers; a scented garden, which in the early part of the year is full of fragrant blooms; a rose garden, and a kitchen garden, shut in by yew hedges and ornamented with a quaint sundial. Here, too, Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent are passing the summer, though they are frequently at their town house in Portland Place. Tall and slender, with a delicately poised head, Lady Helen is of a rather different type from the loveliest of her sisters, the late Duchess of Leinster, and though no longer in

her first youth she still holds her own among the younger generation.

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, with their children, have been making a stay in London. Last year they spent the summer at Llangattock Park in Breconshire, which Major and Mrs. Noel Cory had been renting; but this season Badminton has been their headquarters since the hunting season. The Duchess is a graceful and fearless horsewoman, and with her trim figure and small regular features she looks best on horseback. She comes of a sporting and horse-loving stock—the Harfords, and has all the love of hunting so characteristic of the ducal family into which she married. But though the Duchess of Beaufort is a bold rider and fond of sport, she is one of the most gentle and feminine of women, and her children are like herself—kind and considerate to every living thing. Like a few others, the Duchess remains faithful to the tall hat both when riding in London and in the hunting field.



[Photo]

The Duchess of Beaufort and her Daughters

[Topical Press]

Lord and Lady Saltoun are spending this month at a small place at Epsom, and then, after a brief stay in Hereford Gardens, they will go north to Philorth, Aberdeenshire, for the shooting season. Philorth, which is famous for its great rabbit shoots—thousands of which little animals are sometimes shot in a day—is situated in a rather bleak district near Fraserburgh, though the estate itself is well wooded, and it is the residence of Lord and Lady Saltoun for most of the year. At one time Lord Saltoun, when in the Grenadier Guards, used to be known as "Satan," though he subsequently got the nickname of "The Dove." His brother, the late Captain A. Fraser, who was in the Scots Guards, was known as "Pagan."

Fraser, to distinguish him from his distant kinsman, a Lovat Fraser, in the same regiment, who, being a Catholic, was "Pope" Fraser.

Lord and Lady Selborne received an enthusiastic welcome on their arrival at Blackmoor Park, Hampshire, after their absence in South Africa, where Lord Selborne has been Lord High Commissioner for the last five years. They were met by the tenants and others on the estate, and the carriage was drawn some distance by employees up to the mansion. Blackmoor is a great modern mediæval house of grey stone, built by Lord Chancellor Selborne, and surrounded by pleasant Scotchified views of heath and fir plantations. Over the main entrance there is an inscription in Latin, written in ancient characters, of the verse: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

Lady Nicolson, whose husband has been appointed to succeed Sir Charles Hardinge as Permanent Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, will be glad to be settled in this country, as she has found the Russian climate trying. Lady Nicolson

Concerning Society (continued)

is a sister of the Dowager Lady Dufferin and a daughter of that wonderful old lady Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton, of Shanganagh Castle, near Bray. Despite the fact that she is a nonagenarian, Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton, who possesses much talent and charm, still enjoys society. Sir Arthur Nicolson succeeded Sir Charles Hardinge as ambassador at St. Petersburg, going there from Spain, and he now follows him at the Foreign Office. Will the sequence be continued, we wonder, by Sir Arthur following him to India?



Sir Arthur Nicolson is home on leave, and with Lady Nicolson is visiting relatives in Ireland. They stay a good deal at Shanganagh Castle, which Sir Arthur purchased some time ago, though his mother-in-law has the place for life. Sir Arthur, who is sixty, went to St. Petersburg in 1906, and his term in Russia has been marked with complete success. When he succeeded Sir Charles Hardinge, the relations between Russia and this country were far from good, but that he soon began to work in the right direction was shown by the royal meeting at Reval and the visit last year to Cowes of the Tsar and Tsaritsa.



Believers in the old superstition against the number "13" will be interested in noting the fatalism of this mystic number with regard to the Murat family, as related by Princess Caroline Murat—granddaughter of Napoleon's favourite brother-in-law, the strikingly handsome and chivalrous beau sabreur, Joachim Murat—in her memoirs published a few days ago. The initial letter of their name is the thirteenth of the alphabet; Princess Caroline's mother was born, and her father buried, on the 13th day of the month, Princess Caroline herself took to her bed on the 13th, passing away ten days later on July 23rd, 1902, and her grandfather—the brilliant cavalry leader, whom the conqueror of Europe made Grand Admiral, Prince of the Empire, Grand Duke de Berg and Cleves, and, finally, King of Naples—was shot by order of King Ferdinand on October 13th, 1815. Little wonder that the superstition about "13" should be intensified with the Murats, and that Princess Caroline always had a fear of the number.



Much interest has been taken in the Isle of Wight in the selection of Mr. Francis J. S. Hay-Newton to be Deputy-Lieutenant of the island in succession to Mr. T. B. H. Cochrane, who resigned the office under rather unfortunate circumstances. The post is in the gift of Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Governor of the Isle of Wight, who has also appointed Mr. Hay-Newton Deputy-Governor of the Castle of Carisbrooke and Deputy-Steward of the Isle of Wight. Mr. and Mrs. Hay-Newton are on terms of intimacy with Her Royal Highness, who not long ago made the latter an extra lady-in-waiting in succession to Miss Freda Biddulph. Mr. Hay-Newton was formerly a captain in the 14th Hussars, and for some years until lately he was Consul-General at Algiers. His wife was the widow of Captain A. Fraser.



Captain and Lady Susan FitzClarence have taken a small house in Lower Phillimore Place. Theirs was a love match in every way, and the young couple have begun married life on a very moderate income. Captain FitzClarence and Lady Susan Yorke were engaged a rather long time, for these days, before their marriage in the spring. *À propos* of houses, Lord and Lady Chesterfield have not yet taken possession of

Cambridge House, Regent's Park, which they bought from Sir Walter Gilbey. A good deal is being done to the place, and meantime they are residing in Chesham Place.



One of the prettiest and most charming brides of the season will be Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon, who is being married on July 14th at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Lord Elphinstone. Lady Mary is the eldest of Lord and Lady Strathmore's daughters, and a year older than her brother, Lord Glamis, who married last year Lady Dorothy Godolphin-Osborne. Lord and Lady Elphinstone will make their home principally at Carberry Tower, the Elphinstone family place, near Edinburgh.



An engagement of considerable interest to Shropshire people is that of Mr. J. Dumville Lees, eldest son of the late Mr. G. J. Dumville Lees, of Woodhill, Oswestry, and of Mrs. Dumville Lees, of Okehampton Park, Devonshire, and Miss Sybil White, eldest daughter of the late Captain W. Graham White, R.N., and of Mrs. Graham White, of Hill House, Sherborne. The bridegroom elect's father was the victim of a hunting accident, being killed a few years ago by a fall whilst out with his harriers near Oswestry, through his horse getting entangled in wire. On the spot Mrs. Dumville Lees erected a stone in remembrance of her husband.



Two brief engagements have been those of Lady Alexandra Carrington, second daughter of Lord and Lady Carrington, and Mr. H. L. Palmer, of the 10th Hussars; and of Lady Lilian Campbell, third daughter of Lord and Lady Cawdor, and the Rev. R. W. Beresford-Peirse, younger son of Sir Henry Beresford-Peirse, of Bedale Hall, Yorkshire. Scarcely were the announcements made when the dates of the weddings were given out, both being arranged to take place at that now very fashionable church Holy Trinity, Brompton; the first on June 30th, and Lady Lilian Campbell's on July 21st. Mr. Palmer and his bride are proceeding immediately to India, as he has to rejoin his regiment, of which he is adjutant.



Miss Helen Best, youngest daughter of the Dowager Lady Wynford and sister of the present peer, is to be married on July 12th, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, to

Mr. Gerald Wilson, son of the Rev. Charles Wilson, of Bickley, Kent. The bride-elect is one of the ten children of the fifth Lord Wynford, who, before succeeding to the title, conferred upon his distinguished grandfather, Sir William Best, the eminent lawyer and Chief Justice, was in the Royal Horse Artillery.



An extremely pretty bride of the near future will be Miss Eve Gerard, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gerard-Dicconson, and a cousin of Lord Gerard, who is engaged to Colonel J. E. H. Balfour, late 11th Hussars, eldest son of the late Mr. G. E. Balfour, of Sidmouth Manor, Devon. Miss Gerard's elder sister was married in the autumn of the year before last to Colonel Capper, Commandant of the Indian Staff College at Quetta, and she is now at home on a visit.



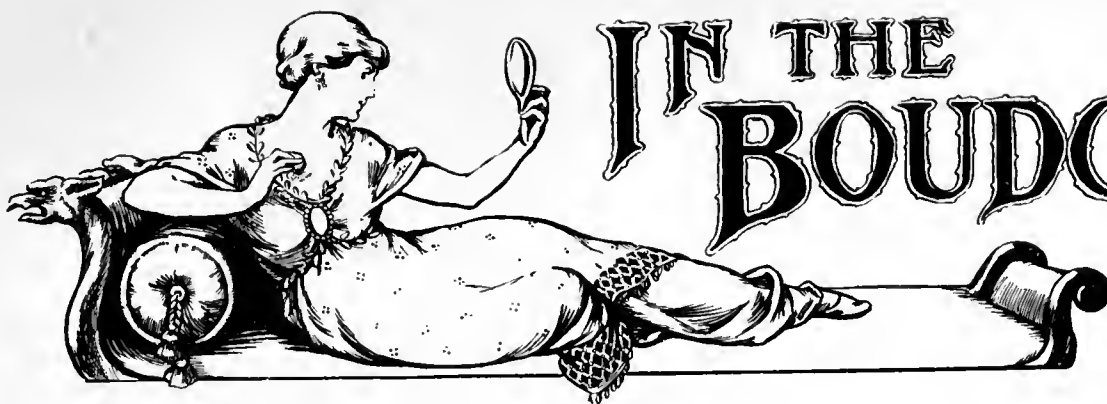
There will be an interesting wedding on July 19th at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where Mr. Ernest Dresden is to be married to Miss Maud Coleridge. The latter is the talented artist, and Mr. Dresden is well known in racing circles. Lately he has purchased a nice place at Newmarket, where he and his bride will spend a good deal of their time.



Photo)

Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon

[Naudin



By MRS. HUMPHRY
("Madge")

WILL ridicule kill the tube skirt? Or is it, as was crinoline, proof against the gibes of all, even of the majority of women themselves? If it were even becoming, it might be partly excusable, but not the most perfect figure can make it graceful. In one or two instances, when the shape of the wearer is beyond criticism and her feet and ankles slender and fine, the yard-round skirt is just tolerable on the flat, but it cannot, even in these favourable circumstances, pass the test of walking upstairs or even stepping into a carriage.

That there is a tendency to longer and rather fuller skirts is beyond question, especially in very light, thin materials, such as the patterned gauzes and crêpes, so soft and fine that they can be passed through a curtain ring without being crushed. The tadpole outline would be impossible in these, and even when the folds are allowed to fall to the figure with some attempt at grace the edges of the drapery have often to be piped with satin in order to give them strength to keep in position. Lingerie gowns, the season for which is now at its height, are given "body," so to phrase it, by insertions of lace or embroidery, which enable the lawn or net to keep their outlines.

There is a possibility of the transference of the fulness in the lower part of a skirt and of the band that holds it from the back to the front, where it would be much less ungraceful. It would keep the folds perfectly flat in front. A going-away dress for a recent bride was made in this way. The material is a silk voile in wisteria mauve, and just about the line of the knees it is gathered into a band of embroidery some five inches wide, which slopes slightly downward at the sides and edges the skirt at the back, giving the idea of a kind of tunic.

The shaped flounce has been revived on gowns of very thin material, such as foulard. It has scarcely any fulness, except such as is provided by the circular cut, and it has a very graceful effect when not allowed to bunch out unduly. One of the developments of the very tight skirt resolves itself into a tunic long enough to reach the ankles, but turned up à la laveuse and showing a pleated skirt beneath. This

allows the wearer to walk with freedom and at the same time preserve the much-abused yet coveted silhouette. Our illustrations, copied from French models of the most up-to-date, show some attractive gowns.

No. 2 is a black marquise walking dress, with black and white foulard in a design of large round spots. The bodice shows the vest of fancy net and écu thread lace. The skirt is of the new length which Parisiennes have begun to prefer to the very short ones. The sleeves are partly tucked, partly frilled, and fit closely to the arms. The hat is fine black straw, faced with velvet and swathed with tulle.

Yet another promenade dress is shown in No. 3, the material black and white striped crêpon, with a deep band of meteor crêpe-de-chine trimmed with cretonne veiled with black chiffon. This is repeated on the revers and cuffs, supplemented by black buttons and loops. The turban-toque is black crinoline.

No. 1 is a very lovely high-necked dinner gown in shell-pink net, embroidered in coral beads of various sizes intermixed with silk work. This net overdress is over satin in a paler shade of pink. The corsage allows a vest of dull gold lace to be seen, finished with a transparent chemisette. The tunic is fringed with coral beads and the belt is in coral satin with a handsome coral clasp. The hair is swathed with coral chiffon twisted with gold tissue and edged with coral beads. No. 4 illustrates a chic evening dress in white charmeuse, embroidered with shaded crystal and paste relieved with touches of black velvet at the waist and shoulders.

THE BOUDOIR CAP.

This dainty and becoming little cap is a descendant of the night cap of long ago, but it is sublimised and refined and is sometimes very costly. Everybody knows that the older and the finer lace is the better it sets forth beauty. Consequently the very best of lace is devoted to the boudoir cap, and with great advantage to the lovely looks of the wearers. The Duchess of Rutland once, when Lady Granby, had her portrait taken in a kind of cap which fitted closely round the head, but had a deep fall of



1. Lace and Ninon Evening Gown

and with great advantage to the lovely looks of the wearers. The Duchess of Rutland once, when Lady Granby, had her portrait taken in a kind of cap which fitted closely round the head, but had a deep fall of

In the Boudoir (continued)

exquisite old lace. Even her beautiful face had never looked lovelier. The fortunate ones who have old portraits from which to copy their caps need go no further for patterns. But she must not spoil the whole by economising in materials. The softest and finest of lawn must be provided, and if any old pieces of embroidered lawn are available they will be found exactly right for this purpose.

The boudoir cap is but a new name for the night-cap of the last few seasons, so-called though never worn at night, but donned for the early cup of tea and for the hour's "pottering" that so often follows the bath before the toilette for the morning is begun. Some of the new caps are in the Charlotte Corday style, almost completely hiding the hair. Others are coquettish combinations of lawn, lace and ribbons, showing the burnished hair and, when skilfully chosen as to colour, enhancing its tint.

THE GUIMPE TO DATE.

The guimpe is as much in demand as ever this year for wear with the all-in-one and the pinafore gowns. It may be high-necked or cut away at the base of the throat and run through with a ribbon. Some of the finest guimpes are in renaissance lace or in Honiton over lawn, and others are in exquisitely fine embroidery. A few have the bishop sleeve with its cuff, while others have short sleeves, now in again. It is a good plan with these guimpes to sew a narrow tape to the last fastening at the back on either side and to tie this fastening firmly in front. Nothing else keeps the back pulled straight down under the bodice.

THIS SEASON'S SUNSHADES.

Flax thread, with its silky-looking gloss, is used for embroidering some of the newest sunshades in flower designs. A fine white batiste is embroidered in this way with harebells in their tender tone of purplish blue, and another, in rose batiste, has marguerites in a rather small size in white flax thread, with yellow for the centres. Some of the plain silk sunshades are bordered with a band of gold or silver filet, darned with a conventionalised flower design in faint colour. Handles are longer than they were last year, and quaint animal or bird heads are the adornments. Toy bulldogs and pugs are favourites and parrots rival Chanterleer cocks in popularity.

THE HATPIN TO DATE.

Dyed horn is the favourite material for hatpins, which grow larger and larger and also more varied in

shape. A central flower in the natural colour with foliage twisted round it in a pierced pattern looks very well, a tulip, for instance, with miniature leaves in their lovely grey-green, or a pink poppy with grasses round it in a sort of whorl. Old silver buttons mounted as hatpins look very well, and, in fact, any kind of good fancy button can be utilised in this way.

A NEW COAT.

Very smart and *chic* is a new coat representing an original idea. It consists of two plastrons of satin, one forming the front, the other the back, joined on the shoulders and caught in at the waist by a shaped satin belt. These plastrons are embroidered all round and fall below the waist some nine inches, slightly widening. A bride had her satin gown made with one of these, embroidered with orange-blossom. Another dainty and useful little coat, useful on chilly evenings, is in black velvet with short cape sleeves, and a black satin vest edged with a line of narrow gold braid and ornamented with gilt buttons and button-holes in the braid. Lined with soft silk it is slipped on in a moment, and as it comes up to the neck at the back it is a protection for the frilenses in *décolleté* toilette.

THE COIFFURE.

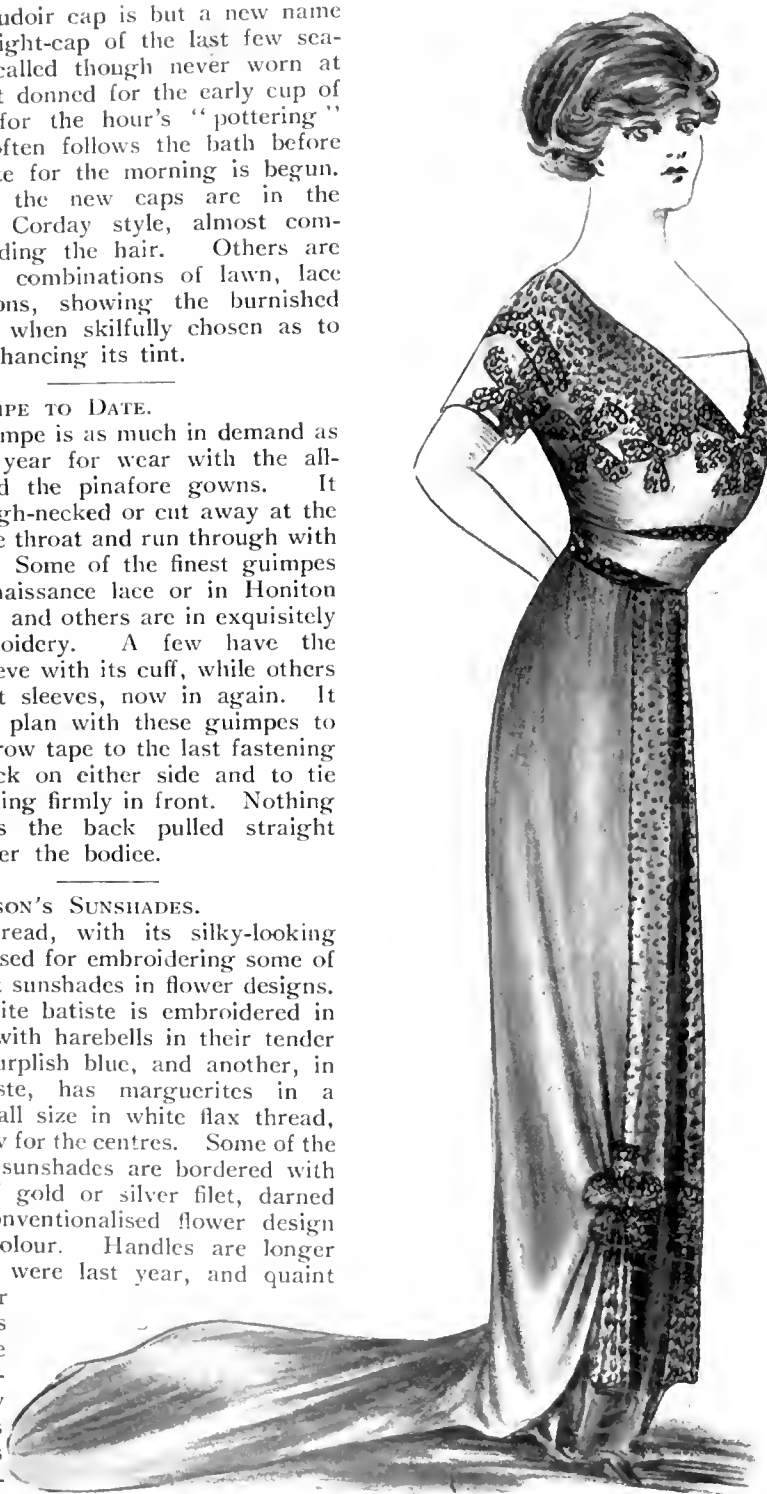
Apropos to evening dress, the style of coiffure is shown in our two sketches. The first is a simple way of arranging naturally curly hair. It is parted in the middle and loosely knotted at the back, the knot held in position by a large tortoise-shell comb. Two flowers are fastened low on the left side. The second coiffure shows the hair carefully *ondulé* over a frame and caught at the back under a bunch of curls. At the opera some beautiful coiffures are to be seen, and all these have a certain simplicity of line about them, showing the shape of the head either in the curve on the top or on the forehead. There are many over-elaborate coiffures just now, an error so frequently fallen into. The width of some of the heads is out of all proportion with that of the shoulders, and this is a vital fault.

OF HATS.

What pen could do justice to the portentous hats of the hour and their variety of curve? North, south, east and west they point, and some repose upon the wearer's shoulders, while others lie down upon her forehead and almost touch her nose. Among novel trimmings for country hats is black patent leather, shaped into rosettes and flowers. They certainly cannot spoil with rain.

Tégal straw, chip and crinoline

are still the favourite materials, though many hats are seen in satin and some have velvet linings, unsuitable as this material may seem when allied with chip or crin. Hats for the seaside season are in Tuscan straw,



4. Evening Dress in White Charmeuse

In the Boudoir (continued)

burnt straw, white crin with immense Charlotte Corday crowns in white *broderie anglaise*, or Charlottes without any brim, the lace falling in a cascade over the hair and round the face. Almost all the Leghorns and burnt straws are trimmed with black, but wreaths of coloured flowers are preferred by some. Casino hats are in soft, pale colours, in crin or tulle with flowers or feathers,

the latter chiefly in the Lancer or "fountain" form. Small roses are the flowers best liked. The French casino gown is unusually *décolleté*

this season, being cut out at the throat like an up-to-date tea-gown. When there is a crossing bodice—and they are much in favour—there is a little vest or guimpe in very fine, transparent lace, usually lined with softest chiffon white or cream. Pink, lemon, sky blue and mauve are in favour for Casino gowns in satin, voile, net and charmerse. Very handsome embroideries are lavished on the bodices and sometimes form the long, fashionable line down the front. Some of these embroideries are carried across the bodice in an upward curve and the line of this followed out with a band of embroidery on the sleeves, the line re-appearing at the back, where it dips downwards in a point or crosses in a straight line from shoulder to shoulder. Sleeves almost always turn the elbows in this type of gown, which in England is so useful for theatre,

restaurant or Bridge parties, forming a semi-evening toilette. Excessive tightness, or, rather, closeness of fit to the figure, with an extraordinary flatness

THE SCARF.

The majority of evening gowns is now supplemented by a scarf. For the Casino it is very ample, forming a protection against the night air. For the opera it is less wide and is made of very light, transparent materials, such as lace or gauze. For the afternoon the favourite scarf continues to be soft black satin lined with white, the ends drawn into a knot of ribbon or a chenille tassel.

BATHING COSTUMES.

Shade of Mrs. Grundy, the smart material for bathing costumes, is soft satin, thin and clinging. It is often black, sometimes navy blue and sometimes rifle green. All the well-turned-out bathers have their costumes braided or embroidered, and lace is lavished in insertion on some of the satin ones. A mignonne alpaca has a braided design in white round the cut-away neck and down the front. The shape is princess and so closely fitting that it looks as if the gown must be peeled off, after the fashion of the now forgotten jersey. A Prussian blue serge is princess in cut and has the fashionable line down the front carried out in indigo braiding on linen of the same shade. The skirt is long enough to cover the knickerbockers, and it has a band of the indigo linen all round it. Black alpaca is the texture of another made in Russian blouse fashion,



2. Marquissette in Foulard Promenade Dress

which seems impossible, characterises many of the dresses, and taken in combination with the pulled-in skirts lead one to wonder what kind of development is to follow these curious extremes.



3. Striped Crêpon Walking Dress

In the Boudoir (continued)

a band of scarlet braid two inches wide being carried down from the left shoulder to cover the flat fastenings. Narrower braid finishes the neck and short sleeves. Very smart is a French bathing suit in black taffetas relieved with a little white embroidery round the neck and sleeves, the latter being long enough to reach the wrists. The idea of this is to keep the arms from being sunburned or freckled. For an analogous reason the cut-away neck is filled in with a very coquettishly disposed half handkerchief, silk like the gown, but of much softer quality and in a tone of sea-blue. The cap had a scarf to match this carried round it and tied in a n Alsatian bow in front. Becoming? I should think so! French ladies do not often bathe much, but like to spend an hour or so sitting in basket chairs and occasionally wet their feet in the little waves which



Simple Coiffure

bring the tide in. The Geisha cap, in any colour, with a rosette at either side, is a new shape this season and has rather the form of the Russian headdress. Chintz and cretonne are used for these becoming bathing caps. A khaki satin suit is made with a Magyar blouse effect and a favourite combination of colour is black with starch blue.

Cretonnes with a soft finish are made expressly for dress trimmings and are often very effective. An instance occurs in a very charming gown, a walking dress in black and white striped crêpon with a deep band of black meteor *crêpe-de-chine* ornamented with rose-flowered cretonne veiled with black chiffon, a trimming that is repeated on the revers and cuffs. A lovely dress in grey tucked chiffon has belt, bretelles and cuffs in azalea-pink cretonne veiled with a single fold of the soft grey. The large black crin hat worn with it has a band of veiled cretonne round the crown and the grey sunshade has also a band of it and is lined with azalea-pink silk.

A pretty gown for Goodwood has a very closely fitting white satin foundation veiled first with pink voile, then with grey, then with black. The satin skirt is carried up into a low bodice and the three veilings are brought up over this and set into a yoke of beautifully imitated Venetian point lined with pink and grey.

THE NEW COLOURS.

Blue in various soft, greyish shades is a great favourite. A charming gown in mist-blue is in silk cashmere as to the skirt and in ninon of precisely the same tint in the bodice. The ninon is closely tucked by hand and there are bretelles of the cashmere with rat-tail satin embroideries mingled with floss silk. These give the gown a very rich and handsome appearance. The embroideries are carried down the back of the kimono sleeves and round the arms midway between shoulder and elbow, where the ninon sleeves stop and are supple-

mented by rather puffed ones of fine cream-coloured lace matching the high collar.

The new shades for autumn dress and millinery have been issued by the Bradford Dyers' Association. They include two beautiful tones of green called "pelouse" and two in mulberry colours, rich and glowing, named Beauvais. "Truffe" is a deep earth-brown with much warm colour in it, the lighter of the two approaching to khaki, but much softer of tint. "Comète" is blue, one of the shades recalling an Italian summer sky, the other the soft darkness of a summer night just after sunset. "Raisin sec" is a clever name for a couple of shades that have the peculiar reddish tint of raisins, both inside and without. "Copenhagen" is an intense blue, both paler and brighter than our rather trying royal blue. There are also shades of purple that are called "vanille." Both dark and pale are in soft and beautiful tones. Autumn will bring us some incomparable materials, and these from our own home manufacturers, which is satisfactory. They lost the lead some twenty years ago, but have now secured a position, both for colouring and textures, that is prominent enough to please the most patriotic

THE CORSET.

Never was a well-cut corset more necessary to a smart outline than now, when gowns are worn so tight. The difficulty is to know what kind to choose, as there are many of indifferent cut upon the market. The Royal Worcester may be strongly recommended in this particular, and also for good wear, owing to the firmness and strength of the materials. The long line, now indispensable to the fashionable silhouette, can be attained without difficulty by wearing these. They are sold by Messrs. Debenham & Freebody, a long established and well-known firm whose name is a guarantee of excellence. Measurements can be sent by any lady who finds it impossible to come to town to be fitted.

BIEN COIFFÉE.

One of the three essentials of the well-dressed woman is to be *bien coiffée*, and when Nature has been niggardly in her bestowal of hair, the aid of supplementary locks has to be invoked for the dainty and coquettish little curls now worn. The art of making these look absolutely natural and at the same time of keeping them light of weight is an important one, and it has been mastered by M. André Hugo, whose hair arrangements are as varied in form as they are in colour. Even when there is an abundant crop of hair the locks on the forehead are sometimes unruly and it is found wise to use a small addition, which proves a marvelously effective difference in the appearance. It is far from easy to arrange the hair on the forehead without either stiffness or untidiness, and the clever little "Scalpettini" of Hugo solve the problem.



Coiffure Ondulée

C. S. Humphrey

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Photo]

[Dover Street Studios

STARS OF THE OPERA: MME. JANE BOURGEOIS AS SANTUZZA

The Playgoer and Society Illustrated

Vol. II.

No. II.

NOTICE

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Notes and Impressions

Competition Winners

Our new competition shows every sign of "catching on" and proving as gratifying a success as its predecessor. Last month's winners are:—

FIRST PRIZE:

Mr. J. B. Rankin,
6 Harold Road,
Leytonstone.

SECOND PRIZE:

Mr. H. Bertram Morgan,
Elsinore,
King's Norton,
Worcestershire.

Mr. Rankin's criticism is: "Powerful melodrama—thrilling plot—admirably staged" (from the initials of the sentence, "Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY.") Mr. Morgan's criticism is: "Has real inspiration, a dramatic masterpiece" (from the initials of the sentence on page 158: "He reels in a doomed man").

Mr. Geo. Kennett, New Cubbington, Leamington Spa, and Miss M. Landale, c/o Mrs. King, 8 Leamington Road Villas, are awarded honourable mention. Their respective criticisms are: "Weird story, having subtlety and power" (page 158, left-hand column: "We see him smoking a pipe"). "Sensational, interesting, and realistic beyond description" (page 183, right-hand column: "situated in a rather bleak district").

As there appears to be an objection in many quarters to mutilating the pages of THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED we have decided not to make the inclusion of a coupon a condition of the competition. Criticisms may be sent in written on post-cards, letter-cards, or in sealed envelopes. We make a point of mentioning this as competitors do not always read the rules carefully. Remember, then, no coupon is necessary and there is no entrance fee.

This Month's Souvenir

In selecting "The Importance of Being Earnest" as the "Play of the Month" for this issue we feel that we are giving our readers a souvenir of one of the most interesting and remarkable plays ever written. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is regarded in many quarters as Oscar Wilde's masterpiece. Even those who so unjustly exaggerate the evil in the man can express nothing but admiration for his work. What wonderful life, what subtle power, must there be in a play which, after fifteen years, is revived in its entirety, and runs continuously to full houses for the greater part of a year! What work of the modern dramatist will live like that? When you have seen and heard "The Importance of Being Earnest" sit down quietly and read "Salomé" and "De Profundis." If you can admire beauty and soul in a work you will find it there. It was with no boastfulness that Oscar Wilde, reflecting upon his past, referred to himself as "once a lord of language." His most prejudiced detractor will allow him that.

The "House Full" Boards

At this period of the year even the most enterprising manager has not the face to put out his "House Full" boards. Nobody would believe him if he did. We never could see the sense of doing it at all—unless the boards formed a truthful statement as to the condition of the house. The custom is surely one of those that the advance of the drama and the improvement of the theatre have left in all its ancient vulgarity. The idea is, of course, to lead the public to believe that the play is well patronised. We live in an age when individuality is the exception rather than the rule, and we follow one another like sheep through a gap in the hedge. If we hear that Smith and Brown have seen a play we find it incumbent upon us to see it also, because Smith and Brown can talk about it and we cannot. If we believe that everybody else is rushing to a play we feel that we must rush as well. On the other hand, the manager must often lose money if he displays a "House Full" board before a half-empty house. Many late comers will not trouble to test the accuracy of the statement on the board and will pass on to find room at another theatre. It cuts both ways.

The Next Season

The season which has just closed has not proved so disastrous as was anticipated when the country was thrown into mourning, and theatrical managers owe a debt of gratitude to King George for his kindly thought for others during that sad period. The plans for the future are so varied and so much at present hidden by the mists of uncertainty that it would indeed be a bold prophet who ventured to predict the fortunes of the next theatrical season. One of the principal events of the autumn will undoubtedly be Sir Herbert Tree's production of "King Henry VIII." at His Majesty's. With Mr. Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh in the cast this magnificent playhouse should be filled to overflowing for some time. Another feature of the new season will be Mr. Hall Caine's play, "The Bishop's Son," at the Garrick, due early in September. Then we are promised a new play, in which Mr. Gerald du Maurier will appear, while the preparations for the much-talked-of "Chocolate Soldier" seem to augur well for a big success. Yes, there will be plenty going on when the world returns from its holiday. Just now the majority of playgoers prefer sitting on the rocks that are "swilled by the wild and wasteful ocean" to sitting in the stalls; they would rather wait at the station for the next train to the country than in the queue outside the pit. They are buying pier tickets instead of programmes, or listening to the band on the promenade instead of the orchestral selection between the acts. Well, here's to a happy holiday for all our readers!

DRAMA of the MONTH

By *Ded Ned*

"Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner." By Robert Milson Stephens and E. Lyall Swete

Revived at the Lyric Theatre on 1st July, 1910

Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Madge Titheradge, Messrs. Frank Woolfe, Cronin-Wilson, Herbert Jarman, Caton Woodville, George Welsh, Charles Keene, Misses Lottie Venne, and Gordon Lee.

"NO thank you," from a guest when offered a second or third helping, is not necessarily an insult to the host's cuisine. The guest may be fed up. That was why "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" failed to

custom of war. The fiery-spirited Elizabeth calls upon her *fiancé*, Major John Colden, to avenge the insult, but the cowardly Major doesn't see fit to do so. Later, Captain Peyton is brought back wounded by the horse he has commandeered, and is made a prisoner by Miss Elizabeth. She sends for the guard, and with only half an hour between him and the gallows the Captain lays siege to her heart. In a burlesque love-scene between them the lady's heart softens, and when the Major and his men rush in to claim their prisoner she tells them he has fled. Later on she discovers that he was only mocking her in his protestations of love, and he, taking his de-



[Photo]

[Ellis & Walery

Mr. Lewis Waller as Captain Harry Peyton

arouse the customary enthusiasm in the "keen-on-Waller" element at the Lyric. Mr. Waller's patrons are fed up with dare-devilry and the scorn of death, and if he would, in his next play, only allow himself to be slain, his admirers would have time to cultivate a fresh appetite. I venture to predict the utter failure of the play in which such a catastrophe occurred, but a wonderful success for the next.

As the prisoner of Miss Elizabeth Phillips the gallant Captain Harry Peyton finds himself in all sorts of impossible situations, and gets out of them by quite as impossible means. He excuses his action in buying Miss Elizabeth's horse against her will by calling it the

parture with a broken heart, leaves the house, only to return again after capture by the lady's servants. Once more in shadow of the gallows he challenges Major John Colden to fight, and once more he is refused the opportunity of crossing swords. Then true love enters upon the scene, and the pair are happy in each other's arms.

Miss Madge Titheradge, as Miss Elizabeth Phillips, made as charming a heroine as I have ever seen on the stage. Her fire and dash were worthy of so noble a warrior as Captain Harry Peyton. Mr. Frank Woolfe played his thankless character excellently, and Miss Lottie Venne, as Mistress Sarah Williams, was as amusing as ever.

Drama of the Month (continued)

"Glass Houses." By Paul Hervieu. Adapted by Kenneth Barnes from "Connais-toi"

Produced at the Globe Theatre on 6th June, 1910

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Herbert Sleath, Mr. Norman Trevor, Mr. George Bealby, and Miss Muriel Beaumont.

THE only excuse I can offer for applying such a moth-eaten phrase as "a storm in a tea-cup" to "Glass Houses" is that I do not know of one more apt. General Sir Paul Carteret is a fiery, hot-tempered old warrior, who has stringent ideas on the subject of a wife's honour. It is suggested to him that his aide-de-camp has been endeavouring to create "a past" for a lady guest at his house. The General's advice to the lady's husband is to commence proceedings for divorce at once. He discovers that his own son is the guilty person, and that his own wife has been carrying on a secret flirtation with the suspected aide-de-camp. The General enters the room just as the young man kisses his wife. Learning

The most interesting study in the piece was that given by Mr. Bouchier as the stern General. Later, Miss Enid Sass replaced Miss Violet Vanbrugh as the young wife, and Mr. Dallas Cairns took upon himself the rôle of the son John, in place of Mr. Herbert Sleath. Not one of the four ever seemed to be at ease in this rather milk-and-watery play. "Glass Houses" was another failure to introduce French episodes on the English stage without the French atmosphere. Only once in a blue moon does it come off, and this time it certainly did not.

The play was preceded by a somewhat gruesome curtain-raiser, "The Trap," by Arthur Eckersley and Arthur Curtis, in which Messrs. James Lindsay and William Burchill, and Misses Daisy Markham and May Holland acquitted themselves creditably. I do not think we want to see crime and the methods of those who follow it for a living given such prominence on the stage. It is repulsive to the stalls and pandering to a morbid taste in the gallery.



Photo]

[Foutsham & Banfield

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Norman Trevor and Miss Violet Vanbrugh in "Glass Houses"

that the supposed lover is taking his son's blame and is going away to save him, the fiery old man's views on the subject of divorce are greatly altered. Explanations follow, and the couples come together again.

Now, there was enough in a plot like this to draw the society of London to the Globe for months, but the drawback, from the point of view of London society, was that there was really and truly no guilty person at all. The General's son had done nothing, and the General's guest had done nothing. The General's wife had done nothing, and, beyond a rather vehement protestation of undying love, the General's aide-de-camp had done nothing. Cold-blooded philosophers tell us that we all find a secret pleasure in the troubles of other people, and perhaps that was why we were disappointed to find that Captain Bernard O'Brien, the General's aide-de-camp, was only a lamb in wolf's clothing. There would have been more snap in the piece had Lady Carteret followed her heart and not her head, and defied her fierce husband, but she didn't. She did nothing more than thousands of ordinary wives—lived a loveless life because it was the proper thing to do.

"The Case of Rebellious Susan." By Henry Arthur Jones

Revived at the Criterion Theatre on 1st June, 1910

Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, Messrs. Alfred Bishop, Sam Sothorn, Leslie Hamer, Charles Quartermaine, Reginald Walter, King Fordham, Lawrence White, S. Bond, Misses Marie Illington, Athene Seyler, and Ellis Jeffreys.

THE case of rebellious Susan was indeed a hard one, and when Sir Charles Wyndham revived it at the Criterion he found that it still interested a great number of people. Lady Susan Harabin has a weak husband, who fell when temptation crossed his path. All the eloquent persuasiveness of Sir Richard Kato, K.C., is unavailing. Lady Susan rebels. Forgiveness is out of the question. She will go away and leave her husband. One almost expected her to say, "You go your way; I'll go mine!" But she didn't. Henry Arthur Jones doesn't write plays like that. To resume, she goes away and carries on a mild flirtation with a certain Lucien Endensor—oh, yes, quite a mild flirtation! They went to church

Drama of the Month (continued)

together, or were supposed to have gone to church together. But they couldn't make facts agree as to the sermon, other than that it was a very long one. After two years both Lady Susan and her husband are getting a little tired of living away from one another, and by a lucky chance they happen to meet at Sir Richard Kato's house in Harley Street. When the meek and mild James Harabin hears that his wife has been admired and reciprocates the admiration his wrath is unbounded, but Sir Richard offers them the pipe of peace. They smoke it and are happy. Meanwhile Sir Richard has been making love to Lady Susan's friend, Mrs. Quesnel. She returns his affection, and they entertain one another for some time in recounting the colours of the hair, eyes and the shade of skin possessed by their various sweethearts in the past. A diversion is introduced by the love, courtship and marriage of Fergusson Pybus. He is a young man with an artistic temperament, who hates the thought of money. He only wants to "stamp himself on the age," as it were. His wife is a "new woman," with strong views on woman's rights, and the author has not been slow to grasp the humour of such an alliance.

"The Case of Rebellious Susan" was well worth seeing. The acting of Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore was as fresh and charming as ever. Indeed, every character in this clever little comedy was in most capable hands.

"A White Man." By Edwin Milton Royle

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre on 20th July, 1910

Messrs. Herbert Sleath, Eric Mayne, Frank Elliott, Wm. F. Grant, Harry Cane, R. A. Brandon, Gerald Valentine, Stanley Warmington, Hugh Taylor, F. Thornton, Frederick Ross, Frank Mayo, J. Floyd, S. Major Jones, Gerald Earle, John Rogerson, Misses Georgina Wynter, Violet Vorley, Gladys Storey, Dora Mordant, and Little Kitty Rogers.

THE story of "A White Man" is ancient history—to those who have seen it before. Those who have not may be interested to learn that Captain James Wynnegate, V.C., is the "white man." Thus has he been dubbed by the wild boys of the West, who mean to convey in the term everything that is just and fearless. Captain James, in the first act, is in love with his cousin's handsome wife. It is not that kind of love that makes you forget to dot your "i's" and cross your "t's"; that breeds in you a contempt for meals and shakes your system with frame-racking sighs. Nothing of the sort! It is the love of a man who is willing to give up the sweets and pleasures of love for the sake of the woman who cannot be his because she is another's. Rather than she should learn of her husband's theft, Captain Wynnegate takes the blame on his own shoulders and flies to the romantic land of the cowboy, there to make his way in the world, bearing the disgrace that should properly belong to the owner of Maudsley Towers, Norfolk, England—the Earl of Kerhill. Out in these wilds of the earth we find Captain Wynnegate, now known as Jim Carston, the popular man of the district. Hated by his enemy, Cash Hawkins, a greatly-feared desperado, Jim arrives at the "Long Horn" saloon, Maverick, where the two men come face to face. The cattle-stealer attempts to murder Jim, but a shot rings out, from the pistol of Nat-u-rich, and Cash falls dead. Accused of the murder of Cash Hawkins, he nearly finds a rope round his neck, but his friend, Big Bill, saves the situation, and Jim's neck as well. Next we see him on his lonely ranch with an Indian wife, Nat-u-rich, and a child, poor but happy. Here his friends from England find him, and here the family solicitor asks him to return. The suggestion that his Indian wife can be bought off, leaving him to marry the widow of the dead Earl of Kerhill, is put aside by Jim, for Jim is a white man. The dusky lady, however, having been informed how things stand, and losing her

boy, who is sent to England to be educated, solves the problem by shooting herself, and the curtain falls on the happy union of twin souls and joy and peace for ever and ever.

The Lyceum production of "A White Man" struck me as more inspiring than that at the Lyric. Mr. Herbert Sleath has charms, as the white man, different to those of Mr. Lewis Waller, although his delivery was not, perhaps, quite so heroic. I have a bone to pick with Mr. Eric Mayne. The Earl of Kerhill was not a villain of the melodramatic stage type, but quite an ordinary sort of individual. There was too much of the "I love her, curse her!" about Mr. Mayne. A word of praise for Mr. R. A. Brandon's rendering of Big Bill, and a few metaphorical slaps on the back for Miss Georgina Wynter as the Countess of Kerhill, and Miss Violet Vorley as Nat-u-rich, and I am done.

THE VARIETY THEATRES

The Tivoli.—Little Tich has come back to the Tivoli. That always means big business. The month has seen many stars in this "all-star" house, and one of the most brilliant was certainly Lilian Herlein, the beautiful American songstress. She told us, in one of her lively turns, that she was "after Madame Tetrazzini's job." She deserved to get it. One of the funniest turns on the Tivoli programme was "The Coster's Courtship," in which Duncan and Godfrey appear. The little scena was worth all the applause it received. Miss Carrie Moore, in a series of musical comedy songs, was a success. This clever artiste responded to her numerous calls for encores. Mary Law, an exquisite manipulator of the violin; Rosie Lloyd, comedienne, and Hall and Earle, acrobats, were interesting and amusing.

The Pavilion.—Malcolm Scott has somewhat changed the character of his turn. He apologised, on the occasion of my visit, for not appearing in the garb of a woman—the "woman who knows." Instead of this he dances and talks at the same time upon absolutely nothing in particular and everything in general. Mr. Scott's impression of the shape of the new tight skirt adopted by ladies of fashion of to-day was described by him with his hands. "I feel as though I'd like to get a whip," he said, "and say, 'Spin, you cat, spin!'" Whit Culliffe, the popular light comedian at the Pavilion, is as popular as ever, and Elsie Southgate, accompanied by James Coward at the Mustel organ, gives some really exquisite solos on her violin. Alice Hollander, the Australian contralto; Arthur Aldridge, the Pavilion tenor, and Ray Wallace's imitations at the piano are well worth seeing and hearing.

The Alhambra.—The thing at this huge house of amusement is, of course, the spectacular ballet "Femina," by Signor Alfredo Curti. In the name-part Mlle. Leonora is great. The main idea of the ballet is to illustrate the power which Vanity has exercised over Woman throughout countless ages, a power that suggested and created Fashion, which from time immemorial has been the dominant note in much of the tragedy and comedy of life. The action takes place in five scenes.

The Palace.—Well, Pavlova and Mordkin have left the Palace, and I hav'n't seen them—professionally. I was told, when I humbly craved, and was refused, the courtesy of a seat, that the management "could not even oblige the Duchess of —." I can only hope that every member of the audience recognises the honour of being allowed to pay to go in. I am certainly grateful for being allowed to pay for my seat, as it saved me the trouble of writing a notice of the performance.



AMATEUR THEATRICALS



By CLILVERD YOUNG

"Dandy Dick" at Stedman's Theatrical Academy.— So many of our leading actors and actresses have graduated on the amateur stage that the establishment of this academy as a practical link between the amateur and the professional is welcome. A note on the programme of this performance informs us that the work is not submitted as "finished," but rather as an effort by which the students may gain confidence and practice in front of an audience, and as such it must be judged. When we say we have seen more advanced work by members of some of the leading clubs we mean no disparagement, but rather to give voice to the obvious truism that practice, constant and strenuous, will alone perfect a student in what appears a tantalisingly easy art. Of the artists, Miss Elsa Hall was a good first as Georgiana Tidman, the sporting widow, her clear diction and grasp of character giving an air of ease and finish to her work. Her old friend, Sir Tristram, was played energetically by Mr. Charles Koop, but we liked him best in his more tender scenes. His sense of character was strongly marked. Mr. J. O. Crombie spoiled a capital performance of the much-tried Dean of St. Marvels by over-emphasis of the clerical drawl. More mobility of expression would have strengthened the impersonation. Messrs. Stanley Hughes and Horace Braham struggled gamely with the unthankful parts of Major Tarver and Mr. Darbey, but were not particularly successful. Mr. Charles F. Deane was an excellent Blore, and made the best of one of the best parts in the piece. The country policeman, Noah Topping, was well played by Mr. Mackenzie Rogan, his broad dialect, whilst obviously assumed, being well sustained. Miss Mabel Hay was not the best Hannah Topping we have seen, but gave a good average piece of work. Misses May Wyndham and Gladys Vivian played Salome and Sheba, but barely succeeded in making these young ladies convincing. Mr. Archie Donaldson was good in the small part of the groom. The play was admirably stage-managed.

"Caste" at Wellington Hall, given to supplement a fund which is being raised to purchase the grounds of "The Grange" to provide an open space for Kilburn, although performed by a "scratch" cast, was one of the best of the season. Miss Elsie Goulding was particularly successful as Esther, her work as the girl and the wife being marked with a restraint which threw into bright

relief her sudden burst of passionate grief as the widow. Miss Goulding's Esther marks her as an artist of no small ability. The George D'Alroy and Captain Hawtree of Messrs. Lloyd O. Jones and Herbert H. Bangs were adequate, without being distinguished in any way. Mr. Yeend King was a conventional Eccles, and succeeded in making that old reprobate as repulsive as could be desired. Mr. Lewis Roach caught just the right spirit as Gerridge, albeit his performance was rather boisterous. Mrs. Joseph Bangs made the Marquise de St. Maur a more tedious old woman than even the author intended, which is saying a good deal. Her scene, when she offers to adopt Esther's child was, however, finely acted. Miss Hilda Hamilton was a good Polly Eccles. Mr. W. Radford Hughes acted as stage manager of this successful production.



[Photo]

Miss Marjorie Roberts as an Arcadian

[Gayland]

"A Mother of Three" at Queen's Gate Hall, in aid of the Jewish League (Bayswater Branch) of the Lifeboat Saturday Fund, performed by a group of energetic ladies and gentlemen, afforded a good deal of pleasure to a large audience. It is to be hoped that this deserving charity will benefit by a substantial sum.

The Dramatic Clubs' Association, which is now in its third year of activity, is about to publish a small handbook descriptive of its work and aspirations, and containing other matter of

interest to amateurs. Clubs desiring to become affiliated to the D.C.A. should address Mr. Bert Carpenter, Brixham, East Finchley.

Considerable local interest is being taken in the production of "Lady Madcap" by a group of clever amateurs at the Manor Hall, Sidmouth, in aid of the Cottage Hospital connected with that town, on August 10th and 11th, under the distinguished patronage of Right Hon. Sir John H. Kennaway, Bart., C.B., Lady Kennaway, Sir Charles D. Cave, Bart., Lady Cave, J. Y. Anderson-Morshead, Esq., J.P., C.C., Mrs. Anderson-Morshead, Rennel Coleridge, Esq., Mrs. Rennel Coleridge, Major Morrison-Bell, M.P., T. Kennet-Were, Esq., J.P., C.A., Mrs. Kennet-Were, Miss Radford and Mrs. F. Johnston. We hope to give a full report of this performance next month.

Clilverd Young



St. James's Theatre



THE Importance of being Earnest

A TRIVIAL COMEDY FOR SERIOUS PEOPLE, BY OSCAR WILDE

John Worthing, J.P. (<i>of the Manor House, Woolton, Hertfordshire</i>)	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER
Algernon Moncrieffe (<i>his Friend</i>)	Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH (His Original Character)
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D.D. (<i>Rector of Woolton</i>)	Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS
Merriman (<i>Butler to Mr. Worthing</i>)	Mr. ERIK STIRLING
Lane (<i>Mr. Moncrieffe's Manservant</i>)	Mr. T. WEGUELIN
Lady Bracknell	Miss HELEN ROUS
Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax (<i>her Daughter</i>)	Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL
Cecily Cardew (<i>John Worthing's Ward</i>)	Miss ROSALIE TOLLER
Miss Prism (<i>her Governess</i>)	

TIME : THE PRESENT.

ACT I.	Algernon Moncrieffe's Rooms in Piccadilly
ACT II.	The Garden at the Manor House, Woolton
ACT III.	Morning-Room at the Manor House, Woolton



General Manager	Mr. CHARLES T. H'T HELMSLEY
Stage Manager	Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS
Assistant Stage Manager	Mr. PERCY D. OWEN



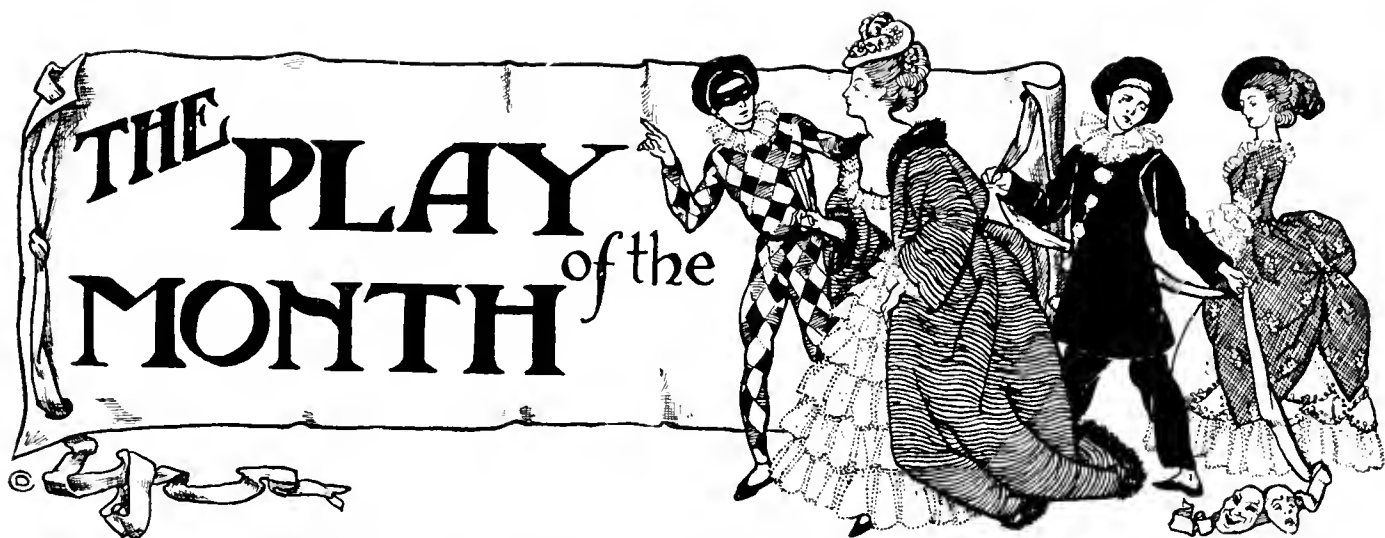






MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
IN "THE IMPORTANCE OF
BEING EARNEST" AT THE
ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

PRESENTED WITH No. 11 OF
"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"
SIXPENCE MONTHLY



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

By OSCAR WILDE

Revived at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, 30th November, 1909



[Photo]

[Ellis & Werry

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL

"The Importance of Being Earnest," at St. James's Theatre

By EDWARD MORTON ("Mordred" of *The Referee*)

ONCE, in the days when Plaucus was Consul, it was found impossible, I remember, to produce a certain classic at the Lyceum Theatre, because, as Sir Henry Irving, who had the gift of irony, put it slyly, all the actors he had wished to engage for the principal parts had become managers on their own account. For every actor his own manager was then the rule; and the actor-manager, who was, not unnaturally, more concerned at times with his own position on the stage than with the interests of the theatre in the economy of the national life, did not contribute very much to the progress of the drama either by the discovery of new dramatists or by fostering the talent for acting, as a theatrical manager who understands his business should do. Of Mr. George Alexander, who has been a theatrical manager for twenty years and a leading actor, and a leading actor not only in his own theatre, it may be said that he has been unusually and eminently successful in combining the business of theatrical management with the art of the actor. Alike as an accomplished, polished comedian and as an astute manager, he has done the stage some service. From the very outset of his career as a theatrical manager he has pursued, zealously and consistently and steadfastly, a policy which has added not a little to the honour and dignity of his calling. The St. James's Theatre, under his management, has become the established home of polite comedy, and, taking them altogether, the plays which Mr. Alexander has produced there constitute a repertory for which the equal is surely not to be found elsewhere. The sustained success of the revival, after fifteen years, of "The Importance of Being Earnest" exemplifies, now as it did then, Mr. Alexander's taste and judgment and insight as a manager.

Fifteen years is a long time, as such things go, yet this "trivial comedy" by Oscar Wilde seems still as sparkling and gay as ever it was, and, trivial as it is truly enough, it is only in the use of "asides" for the purpose of explaining the motives of the characters that the play seems in the slightest degree to have aged in all these years. The "aside" is a mere convention which has fallen into disrepute in these days when the persons of a play do not permit themselves any longer to indulge so freely as they used in the habit of speaking to themselves and explaining their intentions privately to the audience. The whimsical fashion in which the characters, one and all, including Worthing's butler, express their minds frankly seems but improving upon the example of the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, and the author of "The Importance of Being Earnest" certainly anticipates Mr. Bernard Shaw's technique of the unexpected thing—or, to be more exact, of saying the opposite

of the expected, and it is only because we all know by this time that this is precisely what we may expect from Mr. Shaw that the trick is "vieux jeu" already.

"I dislike arguments of any kind. They are always vulgar," says Lady Bracknell in "The Importance of Being Earnest," "and often convincing." "This suspense is terrible," says Gwendolen; "I hope it will last." Says Algernon, as a rejoinder to a remark about the truth pure and simple: "The truth is rarely pure and never simple"; and so on, up to the last, when Ernest protests that "it is a terrible thing for a man to find out that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth. Can you forgive me?"

To talk, as somebody does, of "washing one's clean linen in public" surprises not by the truth of such an observation, for—to say nothing of washing clean linen being surely supererogatory work—it is a question merely of giving a new turn to a familiar phrase, as who should say instead of "honesty is the best policy" that it is "the worst policy." But the wit of "The Importance of Being Earnest" does not lie in the making of phrases so much as in the alertness with which the players banter one another, keeping it up like a spirited rally at tennis; and the humours of the piece are not merely verbal. They are inherent in the story; and from start to finish the pure fun of the thing never flags.

It is the quaint plot that is the making of the play, not the quips which abound in the very vivacious dialogue, which serves to carry on the story rather than to develop the characters of the persons of the play. For, so far as characterisation goes, Jack Worthing, who has invented a rakish brother Ernest as a cover for his adventures when he comes to town, stands, to all intents and purposes, in the very same position as Algernon, who pretends to have an invalid friend, Bunbury, living, or dying, somewhere in the country as an excuse for his frequent disappearances from the family circle. And these two gay bachelors are not more of the same pattern than the two

young ladies, Cicely Cardew and Gwendolen Fairfax, to whom they pay their addresses, which are instantly and unreservedly accepted on the simple understanding, in one case and the other, that the suitor's name is Ernest. It is most ingeniously brought about that Jack Worthing, when he comes to town in the first act, captivates Gwendolen under the name of Ernest, and that Algernon Moncrieffe, when he goes into the country, in the second act, and pretends to be the scapegrace brother Ernest, finds Jack's ward, Cicely Cardew, ready to surrender to him at once. It is all very cleverly carried out by the dramatist, who has certainly devised one of the very best theatrical situations ever invented,

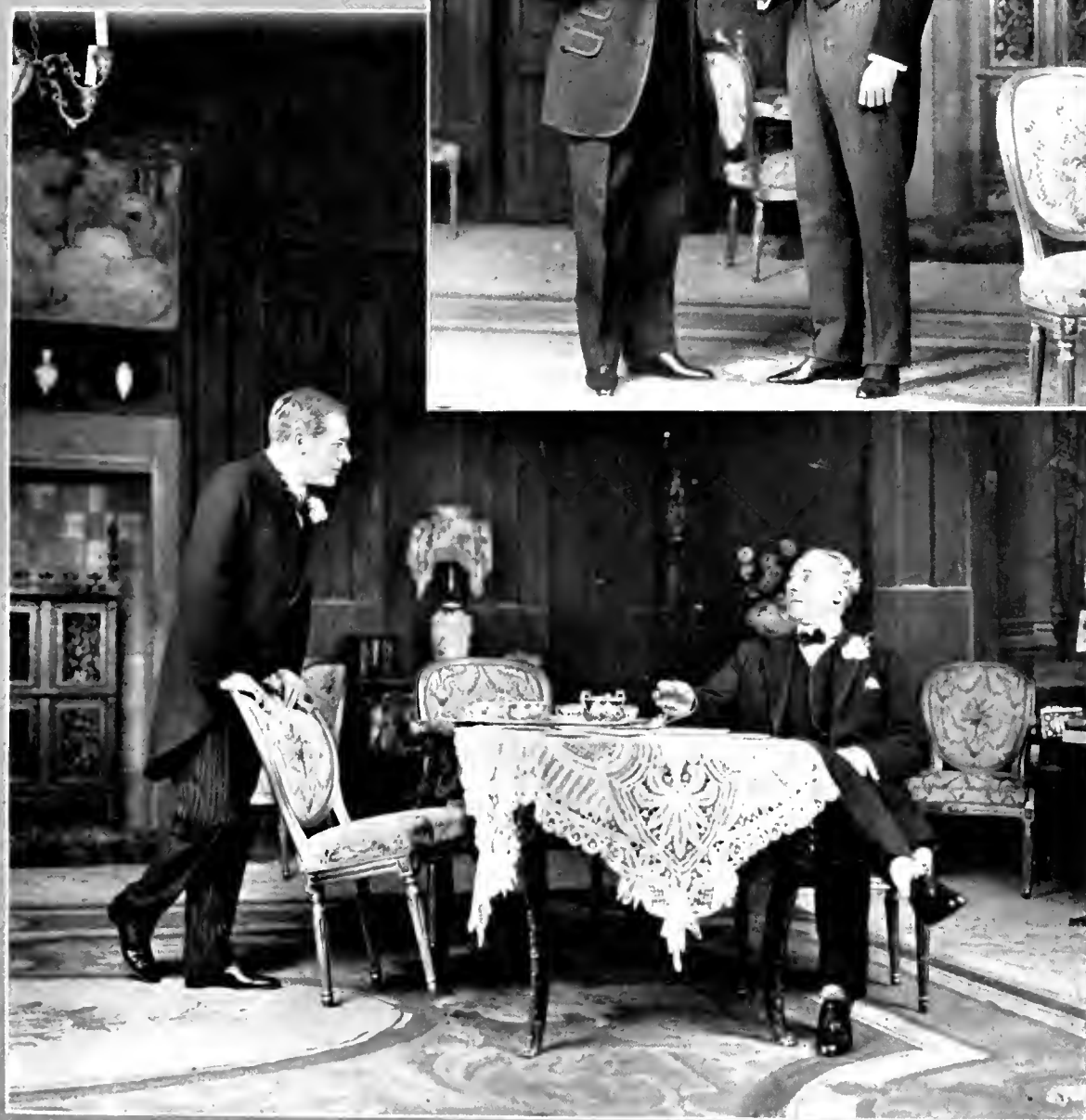


[Photo]

[Ellis & Walery

Mr. Allan Aynesworth as Algernon Moncrieffe

Algy: "Have you got the cucumber sandwiches cut for Lady Bracknell?"



Photos

[Ellis & Walery]

Jack Worthing calls on Algy Moncrieff

Jack: "I'm in love with Gwendolen. I've come up to town expressly to propose to her."

Algy: "I thought you'd come up for pleasure! I call that business!"

The Play of the Month *(continued)*

a situation which produces, without a single word being spoken, an extraordinarily telling effect, when Worthing returns to the country, not knowing that Algernon, masquerading as Ernest, is there before him, and comes to announce that his brother Ernest is dead. It is a wonderful "coup de théâtre," a touch of inspiration, a stroke of genius. Before Worthing opens his mouth to speak, the audience, well primed for the surprise, breaks into a great shout of laughter, for the keynote of the situation is immediately struck when Worthing appears on the scene dressed in lugubrious mourning. His efforts to explain away his brother; his surprise at finding that his friend Algernon has been obtaining the sympathy of his ward under false pretences by pretending to be the mythical Ernest; the misunderstanding which ensues when Cicely and Gwendolen each asserts her claims upon the affections of Ernest, and the subsequent agreement between the two young women when they discover that they have both been deceived and learn that there is no such person as Ernest; all this constitutes a comic imbroglio, which is yet further complicated before everything is finally and dexterously set right in the third act, when Miss Prism, Cicely's governess, is brought unexpectedly, yet not at all irregularly, into the scheme of the play and into the very thick of the plot.

It is all in the comic spirit of the play that the stern Miss Prism should help to solve the mystery of John Worthing's origin, and should vindicate his claim to the name of Ernest. Gwendolen dotes on the name of Ernest, but he is unable to afford her supercilious, aristocratic, but not at all unworldly mother any satisfactory account of his family at first, although he turns out in the end to be the nephew of the haughty lady herself. At the right moment, we hear that he had been literally picked up in the cloak-room of a railway station when he was a baby by a benevolent gentleman who had found him in a hand-bag, in which he had been absent-mindedly placed in mistake for the manuscript of a novel, "of more than usually revolting sentimentality." The person who had been guilty of the offence—not of writing the novel, but of so carelessly mistaking a baby for a manuscript or a manuscript for a baby—was no other than Miss Prism, who, after twenty-eight years, makes a clean breast of it, and so helps to establish the fact that John Worthing is not John Worthing at all, but is really Ernest, the long-lost son of Lady Bracknell's own sister. And so the prudent mother's objection to allow her only daughter "to marry into a . . . room and

form an alliance with a parcel," is finally overcome, and the merry play ends, as it began, in high spirits, raillery and gaiety.

The acting at the St. James's interprets to a nicety the vein of levity in which the piece is written. The importance of being earnest, and earnest in the mock-heroic spirit, is realised to a shade by Mr. George Alexander, whose performance reveals a keen appreciation of the humours of the play and presents an unfamiliar aspect of the author's talent. Mr. Alexander, who is an acknowledged leader of the romantic school, proves himself a master of the comic style. It is the quality of refinement in his acting, the elevation, not merely of spirit but of style, which gives the tone of comedy to a character which belongs to the realms of farce. It is comedy of the very lightest, and the delicacy of touch is as conspicuous in this performance as the surety of the author's method.

Mr. Alexander never forces a laugh, yet never fails to get it; he never strains after an effect, yet he never misses it. His Ernest, in short, is a finished piece of acting which deserves a place among the treasured memories of the playgoers along with the very best of the actor's achievements. Mr. Allan Aynesworth appears as Algernon Moncrieffe, a part he played to the Ernest of Mr. George Alexander when the piece was first produced, and he is now as engaging as ever in the character of the irresponsible young man of fashion. Algernon has improved, has matured, but is just the same careless and flippant Algernon. He has gained in weight—perhaps authority is a better word

for it, for the matter of mere avoirdupois is a point upon which we do not wish to remark. Mr. Aynesworth appreciates the character of Algernon to a nicety, and the author's persiflage is delivered by the actor always with a nonchalant air, which is the very thing. The company at the St. James's numbers some rare talent, and the representation is generally remarkable for the well-balanced excellence of the performance. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell and Miss Rosalie Toller play the two young ladies with what Hamlet calls "a coming-on disposition"; Miss Helen Rous, as the formidable Lady Bracknell, and Miss Alice Beet as the terrible Miss Prism, are alike admirable in the very different ways; and Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds, as Canon Chasuble, makes a substantial contribution to a memorable performance.



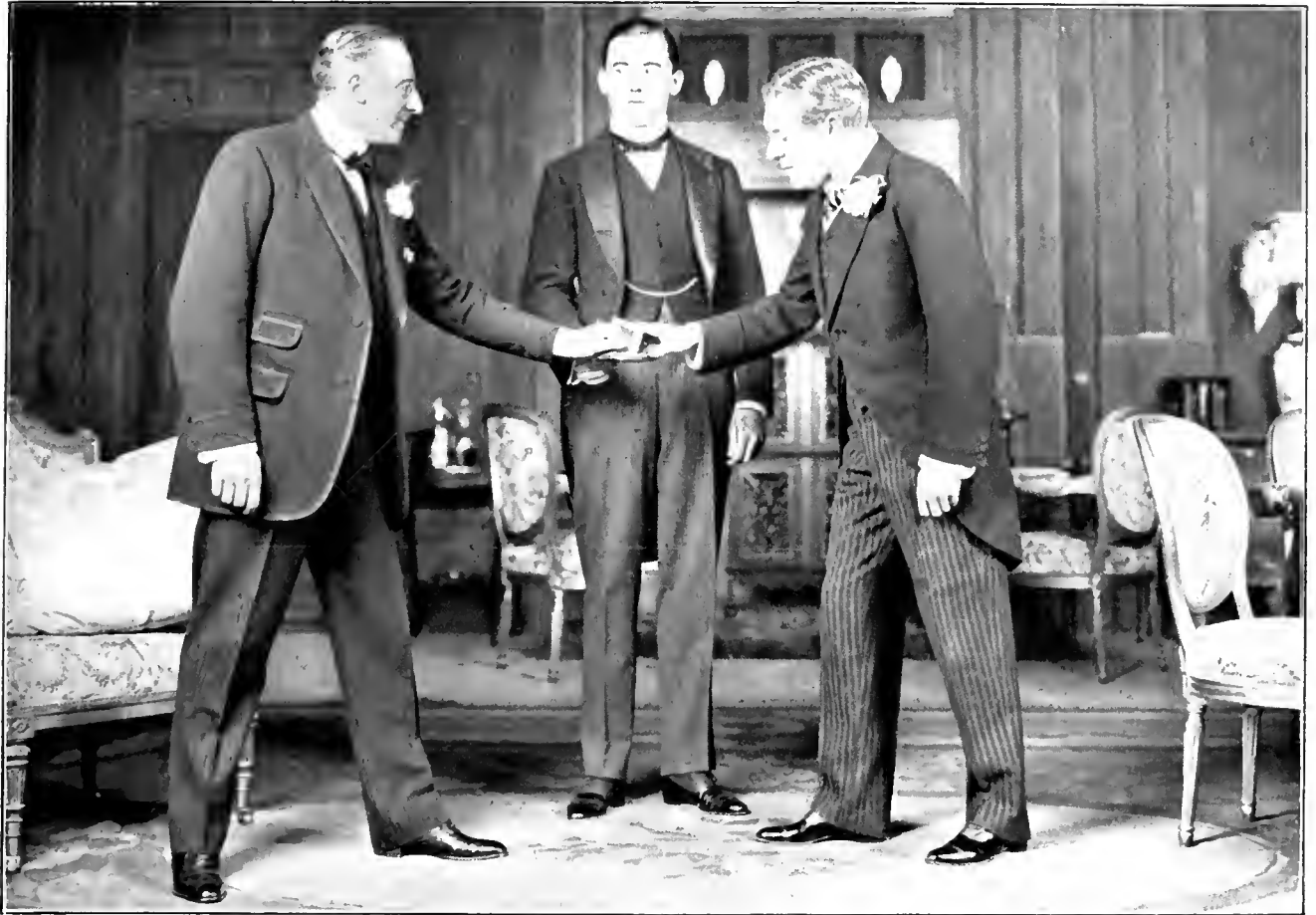
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[Ellis & Walery

Miss Stella Patrick Campbell as the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax

Edward Norton

The Discovery of the Missing Cigarette Case



Jack: "There's no good offering a large reward now the thing's found."



Jack and Algy discuss "Bunburyism"



Algy: "The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It's simply washing one's clean linen in public."



[Photot]

[Ellis & Watery

Lady Brickle expresses a desire for cucumber sandwiches

Algy: "Lane, what are the cucumber sandwiches?"
Lane: "Sir, I went down twice this morning, but I found no cucumbers in the market this morning, sir, I went down twice!"

Algy excuses himself from Dining with Lady Bracknell



[L. 1000]

Lady Bracknell: "I shall be much obliged if you would ask Mr. Bunbury to be kind enough not to have a relapse on Saturday."
Algy: "I'll speak to Bunbury, Aunt Augusta, if he's still conscious."

[Ellis & Walery]

The Lovers are Surprised by Lady Bracknell



Lady Bracknell: "Mr. Worthing, rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent position: it is most indecorous."



Lady Bracknell: "A young man should be able to hold his own."



Jack: "Yes, Lady Bracknell, I was in a hand-bag."

Ellis & Walery

Algy overhears Jack's Country Address



Greendolen: "Your town address
I have; what is your address
in the country?"

Jack: "The Manor House,
Woolton, Hertfordshire."

Algy: "The Manor House,
Woolton Ha! Ha! — Hert-
fordshire!"



[Photos]

[Ellis & W. & Co.]

The Opening Scenes of the Second Act



[Photos]

Miss Prism's (Miss ALICE BEET) remarks to Cicely (Miss ROSALIE TOLLER) on the educational advantages of German are interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Chasuble (Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS)

[Ellis & Watery

Algy arrives as Jack's Wicked Brother



Cicely: "You are my cousin Ernest, my *wicked* cousin Ernest!"



Algy: "I feel better already"



[photos]

Algy: "I never have an appetite unless I have a button-hole first"

Wells & Watery

Mr. George Alexander as John Worthing

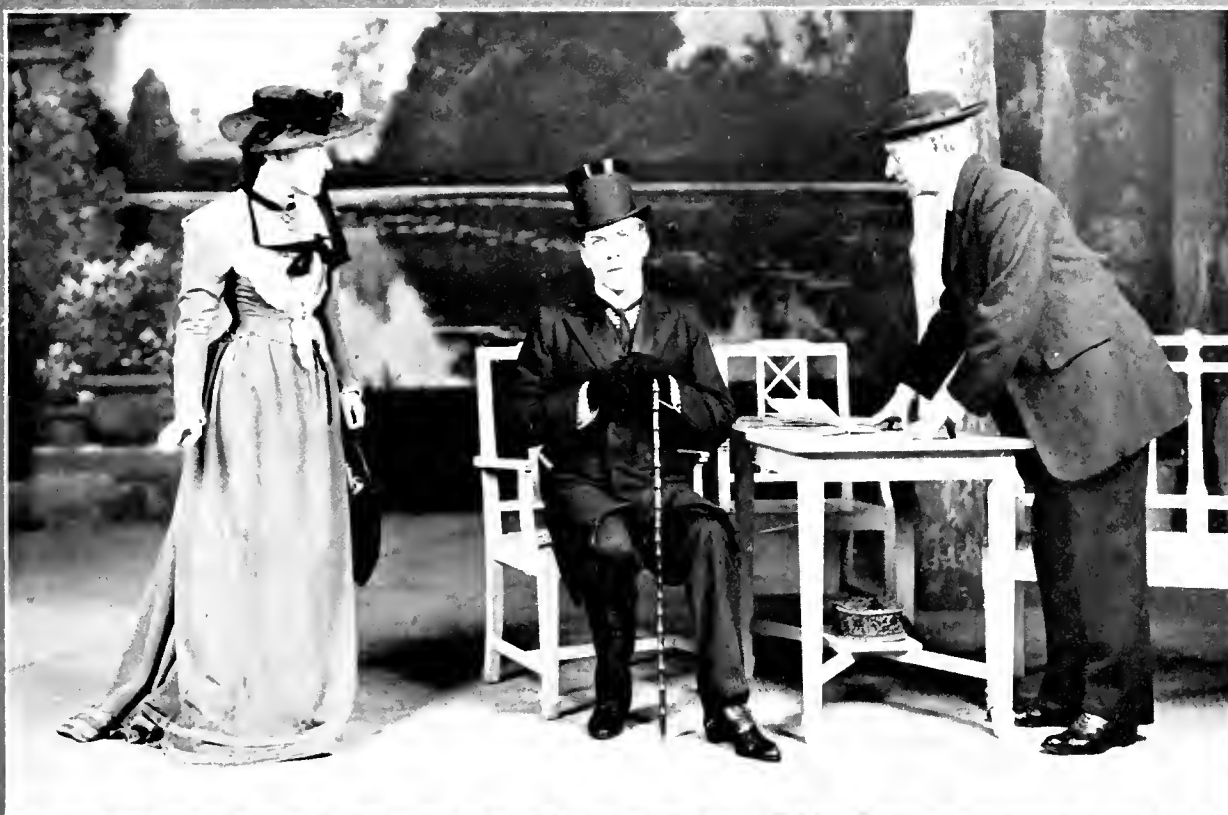


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[Ellis & Walery

John Worthing weeps for his wicked brother Ernest

Condolences at Woolton



Dr. Chasuble: "Dear Mr. Worthing, I trust this garb of woe does not betoken some terrible calamity?"



[Photos]

Jack: "My brother!"

[Ellis & Walery

Attempted Explanations



Further Misunderstandings on Comparison of the Diaries

Cicely: "I am *afraid* you must be under some misconception. Ernest proposed to me exactly ten minutes ago."

Gwendolen: "It is certainly very curious, for he asked *me* to be his wife yesterday afternoon at 5.30."



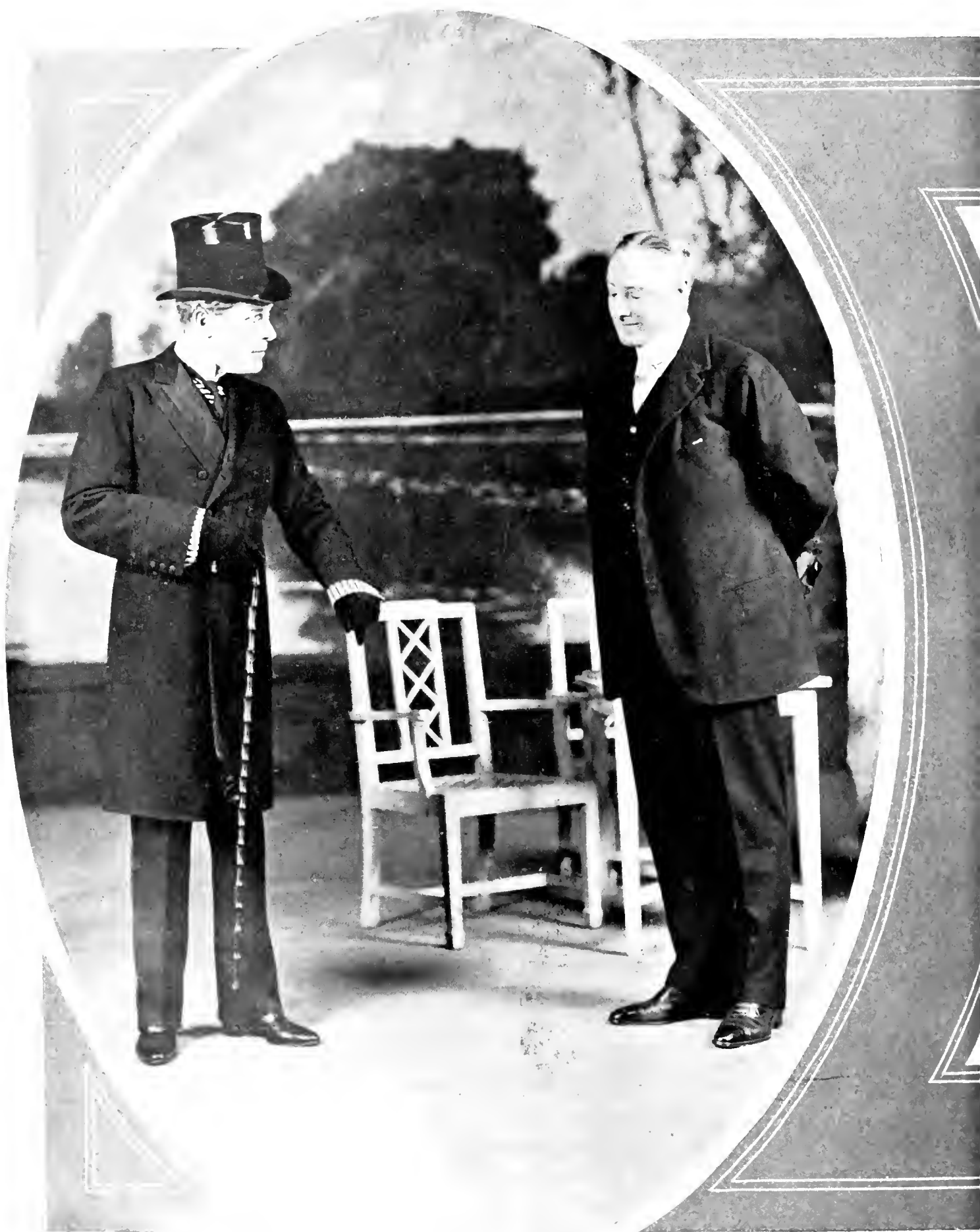
Photos
Ellis & Walery



Cicely: "When I *see* a spade I *call* it a spade."

Gwendolen: "I am glad to say that I have never *seen* a spade."

Gwendolen: "Although I asked most distinctly for bread and butter, you have given me cake!"



[Photo]

John Worthing

Algernon Moncrieffe

vers



Ellis & Walery

The Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax

Cicely Cardew

The Difficulties are Clearing



Cicely: "The gentleman whose arm is at present round your waist is my dear guardian, Mr. John Worthing!"



Photo. by G. W. Allen, 1891. Cicely: "I cannot deny it." Algy: "I cannot deny it." [Ellis & Watery
Gwen: "I cannot deny it." Algy: "I cannot deny it." Algy: "I cannot deny it." It has been John for years."

Feminine Scorn



Gwendolen : " Let us go into the house. They will hardly venture to come after us there."
Cicely : " No, men are so cowardly, aren't they? "

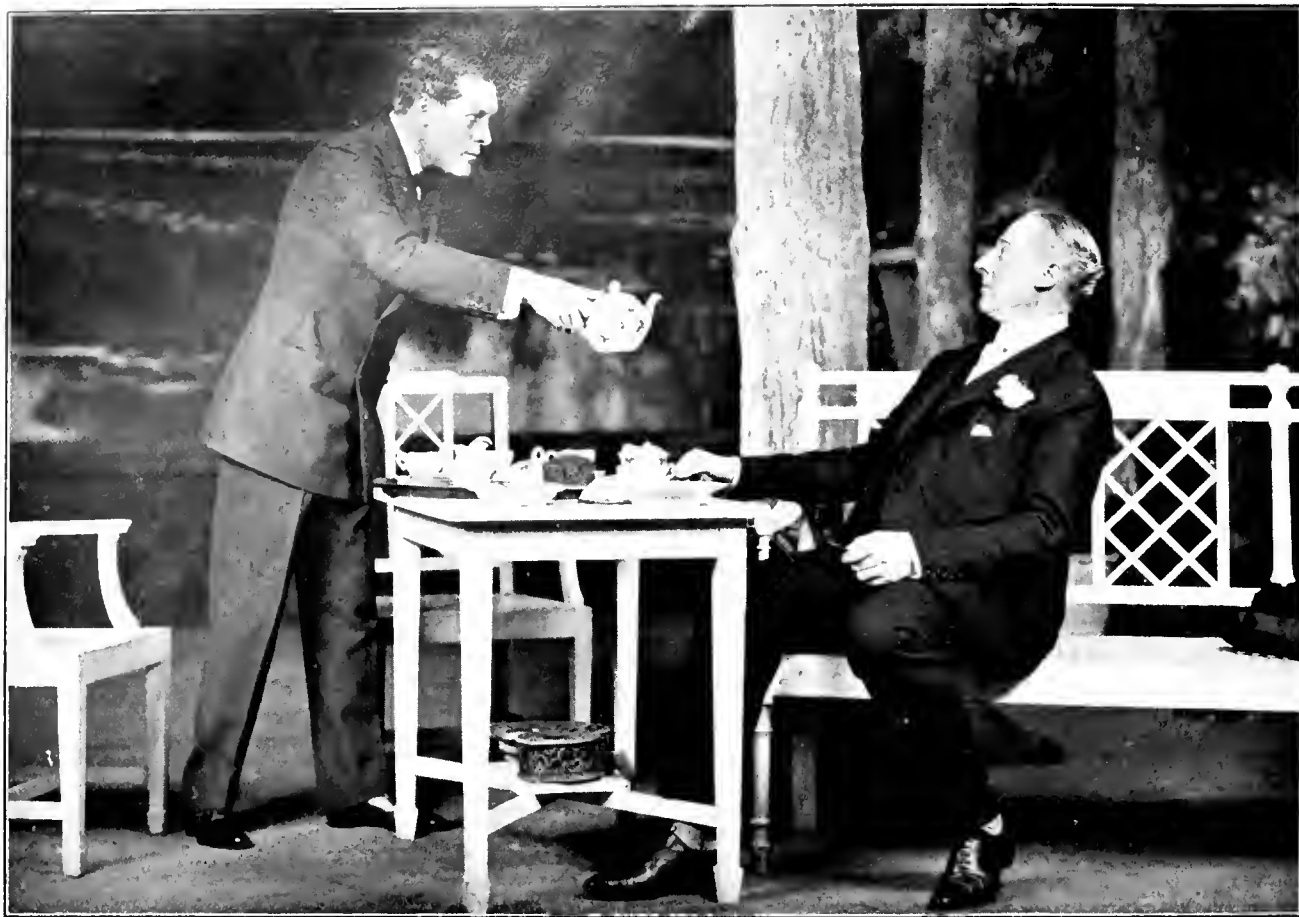


Photos

(Ellis & Walter)

Jack : " How you can sit there calmly eating muffins when we are in this *horrible* trouble, I can't make out."

Jack and Algy on Christening



Jack: "There is no evidence at all that I ever have been christened by anybody. It is entirely different in your case, you have been christened already."

Algy: "Yes, but I have not been christened for years."



[Photos]

Jack: "What a nuisance!"

10

Algy: "I don't want you here! Why don't you go?"

[Ellis & Watery

About the Players

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER

I WONDER if the British play-going public ever thoroughly realise the deep debt of gratitude they owe to Mr. George Alexander, for there is no living actor-manager in London who has done more to foster

and encourage native talent so far as dramatic authors are concerned. Such has been his policy since, in 1890, he first commenced management at The Avenue, now re-christened The Playhouse. Certainly his first piece, "Dr. Bill," which ran for seven months, was adapted from the French, but only to be quickly followed by "Sunlight and Shadow" and "The Idler," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, then a comparatively new playwright. Early in 1891 Mr. Alexander, against the advice of numerous well-wishers, migrated to the St. James's, then looked upon with a certain amount of disfavour, probably because of its being just outside the magic Piccadilly Circus radius. Quietly confident that good plays draw good audiences the young actor-manager went ahead, and soon began to reap the reward of his pluck and

was born at Reading on June 19th, 1858, and after leaving school wished to take a medical degree. His father, however, preferred him to go into business, and when sixteen years old he entered the firm of Messrs. Pawson, Leaf and Co., London.

Most young men have hobbies, so we soon find him going in keenly for amateur theatricals, and 1875 saw him facing the footlights as Henri de Neuville in "Plot and Passion." Four years hard commercial training was lightened by the joy of acting, until the day came when dusty ledgers were flung aside, and George Alexander left behind him the busy whirl of City life, determined to explore thoroughly the magic stage world, whose borders he had but touched. His first professional engagement was to play in "The Snowball" at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, where he attracted the attention of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson, who, ever on the lookout for fresh talent, booked him for two years.

In the autumn of 1881 he joined the late Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum, accompanying him later on to America. About this time the late Mr. William Terriss, Sir Henry's leading man, left, and Mr. George Alexander was chosen by the chief to take his place. While at the Lyceum he added considerably to his reputation by remarkably finished portrayals in characters ranging from Faust to Macduff. Shortly afterwards he went into management, during which he has given ample proof of his high ideals with regard to the theatre by more than once remaining out of the cast when he considered it would benefit the play. Would there were more like him! Intimately acquainted for years with the marvellous versatility of Mr. George Alexander it annoys me excessively to hear the ignorant outsider praising his handsome appearance and elegant manner in straight parts. Surely they never witnessed his masterly Giovanni Malatesta in Stephen Phillip's ruthless tragedy or the youthful tenderness of his Carl Heinrich in "Old Heidelberg." Unknown to them must be François Villon, who in "If I Were King" swept us back to those romantic days when "might was right," and the valiant Prince Rudolph "so faithful in love and so dauntless in war." To me the polished perfection of his acting is a pure delight, whether he is Lord St. Orbyn, the aristocratic Ambassador, or Edward Thursfield, the virile Builder of Bridges.



Photo [Ellis & Walery]
As Prince Rudolph



Photo [Dover Street Studios]
As Carl Heinrich

energy.

Nearly twenty years have passed since then, years full of unceasing work and brilliant successes, with the result that to-day St. James's Theatre is synonymous for English drama in its truest and most cultured sense. Here was produced the late Oscar Wilde's sparkling comedies, "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest," which, although revived last November, is still drawing crowded houses. Other

notable productions in the early days included "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," by Sir Arthur Pinero; "The Masqueraders," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; and "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Edward Rose, truly a classic trio. But the great Bard was not forgotten, and the artistic revivals of "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing" were Mr. Alexander's tribute to the immortal genius of William Shakespeare. Chief amongst his more recent productions have been Mr. Stephen Phillip's

"Paolo and Francesca," "If I Were King," Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's romantic

drama, and "John Gayde's Honour," by Mr. Sutro. For a manager 'tis indeed a record to feel proud of, yet it is more than equalled by his career as an actor.

The son of a Scotch manufacturer, Mr. Alexander



Photo [Dover Street Studios]
As François Villon



Photo [Caswall Smith]
As Giovanni Malatesta

About the Players (continued)

Varied are his outside interests; a good all-round sportsman, he also contrives to devote part of his leisure hours to the public welfare. As a member of the London County Council his influence already carries weight, and let us hope the day is fast approaching when Mr. George Alexander will imbue our huge national playhouse at Westminster with that happy combination of business and art which has placed him among the premier actor-managers of the day.

MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH A favourite subject of dramatic writers during the dull season is the question of heredity as applied to the stage, and I must confess the Ayes can name dozens of artistes who owe their present position to the fact that they came from a theatrical stock. Acting was in their blood from the moment they drew their first breath. Undoubtedly there are exceptions, but, says the heredity advocate, they merely prove the rule. Mr. Allan Aynesworth, however, is a glaring example of its failure to shape a person's future profession, for the other evening he frankly admitted belonging to a family of fighters, and although his grandfather was an Irishman it did not prevent him being Colonel of the Gordon Highlanders. "Why, I was actually born at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Most of my stage education I received in Sarah Thorne's Stock Company, afterwards coming to London, where in 1887 I made my first appearance at the Haymarket in 'The Red Lamp,' followed by a season at this very theatre with Messrs. Hare and Kendal. Lately I played leading parts with Miss Marie Tempest in 'The Freedom of Suzanne,' 'Angela,' etc. To act with such an artiste is a real pleasure, for many a difficult situation is smoothed over by playing into one another's hands, so to speak. I hold the acting of two people in an important scene should resemble a perfect piece of dovetail woodwork—no ragged edges, just a harmonious whole. Yes, I'm a great believer in keeping fit, which I do by having my morning ride, my weekly game at golf, and my annual visit to the Highlands of Scotland, usually Braemar." It is interesting to note that Mr. Allan Aynesworth created the part of Algernon Moncrieff when "The Importance of Being Earnest" was produced in 1895, and time has only mellowed this most excellent characterisation.

MR. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS Combining the duties of stage-manager and actor, Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds must indeed find his time fully occupied. He has been stage-manager at the St. James's Theatre for the last nine years, and has appeared in "Old Heidelberg," "The Builder of Bridges," "His House in Order," "John Gayde's Honour," "John Chilcote," and, in fact, nearly all the productions at that house during that time. He was for five years stage-manager for Sir John Hare at the Globe, and during that actor's tour through the States. Next month will complete the twentieth year of Mr. Reynolds' connection with the stage. His first appearance was in 1890, when he played the gendarme in "The Village Priest." It was during that performance that he acquired the nickname by which he is to-day known throughout the profession. Mrs. Louis Calvert happened to ask "Where is Johnnie-darme?" and from that day to this Mr. Reynolds has always been known as "Johnnie" Reynolds. It is curious that he and Mr. Helmsley, the popular manager of the St. James's Theatre, should have been thrown together in their profession continuously for over nineteen years. They are fast friends, and Mr. Reynolds is looking forward to many years of association in the future. He is enthusiastic in his reference to Mr. George Alexander. He has spent no happier period in his life than the nine years at the St. James's, and he shares, in common with every other member of the staff, a sincere admiration for his chief.

MISS STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL

The clever daughter of a clever mother, this rising young actress possesses "temperament" indeed, a valuable asset when following a stage career. Her first stage appearance was at The Playhouse, March 25th, 1907, a little over three years ago, in "Abdullah's Garden." That same year she accompanied her mother to America, where her performance at the Lyric Theatre, New York, as Ellean in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was highly praised. Subsequently she played Marie in "Magda," Nella in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and now is capturing all hearts as the exquisite Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax. "Yes, I love playing in this fine comedy, and also being at the theatre where my mother made such a success in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' Like her, I'm fond of all animals. No, I'm afraid a week-end holiday is all I can expect this year, for immediately this is finished I go to Mr. H. B. Irving to play the heroine in Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new play, 'Clementina.' Yes, I like it immensely, and feel sure the public will also."

MISS HELEN ROUS

Born in Carlow, Ireland, this talented actress has all the Celtic spirit peculiar to the country which is responsible for some of the most renowned artists, *littérateurs*, and dramatists. The daughter of Dr. A. Shaw, Dublin, her sister is the well-known sculptor, Miss Kathleen Tronsdell Shaw. "Yes," she remarked smilingly, "I'm another graduate from Miss Sarah Thorne's school. My earliest engagement was in South Africa under Messrs. Wheeler, with whom I remained two years, playing over 300 parts. Since then I've hardly ever left dear old London, professionally I mean, for, needless to say, I revel in a country life. I've been with Mr. Arthur Bourchier several times, also Mr. Charles Frohman, and toured twice with Sir John Hare. Among my favourite parts I place the Countess in 'Little Mary,' the Marquise in 'Caste,' and best of all Lady Bracknell. Why? Because it's the one I'm playing now. So I do not agree with the popular novelist who describes the modern woman as a person who loves to live sadly in the past." Elegant and gracious, with a full rich voice, her acting carries weight in this delightful comedy.

MISS ROSALIE TOLLER

Fresh and rosy from the fragrant gardens of Woolton Manor, Cicely tripped into the wings. "Oh! I don't want to be interviewed," she said with a bewitching smile. She seemed to dread the ordeal as though it were something very terrible. You are young, Miss Toller, and will grow to learn that the public takes more than an inquisitive interest in your career. If you make a success—and, of course, you will—of your part in Mr. Gerald du Maurier's coming production of "Nobody's Daughter," at Wyndham's, you will be much sought after, and worried by *real* interviewers. Miss Rosalie Toller went to Mr. Cyril Maude to play in "Toddles." She then went to Mr. George Alexander and took part in the Pinero play at St. James's. Her natural, fascinating style led Mr. Alexander to cast her for the rôle of Cicely in the present production of "The Importance of Being Earnest," and her success in the part has proved how happy was the choice. Miss Toller loves nothing better than acting. A few moments' conversation is sufficient to convince one of that. She has just that frank, open disposition which counts so much in a stage career, and if ever the signs of a brilliant future can be observed in a young actress, they can certainly be detected in Miss Rosalie Toller.

John Wightman



Meredith and Mr. Bull

By JAMES DOUGLAS

GEORGE MEREDITH'S posthumous fragment, *Celt and Saxon* (Constable), is written in pure Meredithese. The story is nothing and the style is everything. The central figure is a Meredithian goddess, Adriante Adister, who has jilted Philip O'Donnell, a young Irish soldier, and married a Balkan princelet. Philip's brother, Patrick, falls in love with a miniature of Adriante, and 297 pages are occupied by the prodigious business of getting the story to that point. Adriante never emerges from the haze of literary virtuosity. We hear about her, but we do not see her. Even if the story had been completed it is doubtful whether we should ever have got any nearer to her. The stylist throttles the storyteller in every chapter. There is no trace of design in the fireworks, and as one reads page after page of affected prose one's brain becomes numb. Over and over again I turned back to recapture the lost threads, and finally I flung the book away in a fit of exasperation. It is not a good style that turns the reader into a somnambulist, groping in a nightmare of metaphors and ambiguities. It is not a good style that infuriates the aching mind. It is not a good style that tortures language until it is a maddening enigma.

It is necessary to denounce Meredith's style, for it is ruining many clever young writers. Take, for example, Mr. Wedgwood's novel, *The Shadow of a Titan* (Duckworth). Here is a story that might have been a masterpiece if the author had not been contaminated by Meredithese. But the fatal lust of cleverness destroys the story at every step, and in the end one is torn by ungovernable detestation of the vice of euphuism. There, in a word, is Meredith's disease. He is a prose euphuist—a man of genius paralysed by his passion for word-twisting and word-torturing. I could name several novelists who have gone to perdition through aping Meredith. In order to know how not to write, it is only necessary to read *Celt and Saxon*. The characters are drowned in Meredithese. They all talk Meredithese. And Meredithese is a dead language that was never uttered by living lips. It is a convoluted speech carried on by the pen on its way from the inkpot to the paper. There is no human nature in it. It is a literary jargon, as artificial as the jargon of Euphuus or Carlyle. Its wit and humour would be dazzling in an essay; but in a story they are intolerable, for they blast and blight the story at every stage. One might compare *Celt and Saxon* to two lovers whose lips produce peals of thunder and flashes of lightning when they kiss.

Yet if you take the book as a literary display, and do not try to believe in the dim shadows who flit behind the verbal fulgurations, you can exult in the intellectual and imaginative agility of the great euphuist. The Irishmen are not in the least Irish. They are Meredithians. Captain Con is not even a literary Irishman. He learned his brogue at Box Hill, and he talks like a native of the chalet. What Irishman ever would, or could, say

"t'other," even after marrying a Saxon wife and steeping himself in Saxon idioms? But if you remember that the two Irishmen are Meredith talking through an Irish mask at his old laughing-stock, John Bull, then you will delight in the play of the Meredithian rapier round the queer old wooden caricature of the Saxon temperament. The chapter entitled "Of the Great Mr. Bull, and the Celtic and Saxon View of Him" is the pith and marrow of the book, and worth setting beside the famous essay on the comic spirit. It is not an attack on the real England, but on the farcical image of England that is personified by John Bull. If Mr. Bull survives this exposure of his fraudulent usurpation he will live for ever. Here he is stripped and pilloried as a false claimant, a sort of eternal Tichborne impostor, foisting himself upon our imagination and duping us into the belief that he is himself.

Why not abolish Bull? Why not extirpate him? Why not put Britannia in his place? The old yeoman with his gross paunch, his hunting-crop, his top-boots, and his stupid face is out-of-date. Why do we allow him to parody England any longer? The Irish, the Welsh, the Scots, and the young sister-nations have broken away from the bucolic monster. They are seeing visions and dreaming dreams. We need a radiant type of youth and faith to incarnate the new hopes of the new commonweal. Is it not possible to dethrone Mr. Bull and break him into pieces and bury him? The Philistine image has been endured too long. Our sluggish Dagon no longer represents the soul of England. Let us overthrow him and set up a new god in a new temple.

The new god must be a goddess, for every racial ideal is womanly. Britannia is waiting to be worshipped. In moods of tragic grief or lofty vision she is the figure we choose to represent our highest emotions and our loftiest aspirations. Mr. Bull is always a comic travesty of our minds. We turn from him when we are touched by great joys or sorrows. He is our coarser and grosser nature, being to Britannia what Bully Bottom is to Titania. Britannia is the Beauty and Bull is the Beast. But Britannia is also our Cinderella. We neglect her for long periods, allowing Bull to swagger about the world as our prototype. Why do we not as one man turn to the worship of Britannia, not a cheap image of Britannia metal, but the finer spirit of our race, Celt and Saxon and Colonial fused into one?

The time is propitious, for our womanhood is awake as well as our manhood, and Britannia might be made a divinity worthy of the shining commonweal now being shaped. Our bards should hymn her as the genius of our marching races, a sea-queen robed in liberty, with the light of poetry in her eyes, a lover of truth and beauty, a foster-mother of the arts, a patroness of the weak.

James Douglas

From the Bookshelves (continued)

The Rajah's People. By I. A. R. Wylie. (Mills & Boon, Ltd., 6s.)

THERE may not be much literary genius "knocking about" at the present day, but there is no dearth of literary talent. Men and women who can spin a good yarn in attractive fashion seem to spring up as rapidly as firms of publishers. The latest sprout to flourish forth—if one may speak so frivolously of such an earnest writer—is Miss I. A. R. Wylie. Her "first serious literary effort," *The Rajah's People*, is as good a novel of its kind as could be wished for. It is absorbing, sincere, restrained, and full of purpose. If asked to explain the purpose, one might do worse than quote the reply of Captain Nicholson, the Eton idol, the frontier marvel, the swayer of men, to Colonel Carmichael, the grim old Mutiny veteran, who thought it a fool's game to trust a native:

"Do you think so, Colonel? From my experience I have learnt that you can always trust a native—so long as in everything—in generosity, in courage, and in honour—he realises that you are his superior."

This sounds like sense.

A Fool's Errand. By Anthony Hamilton. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

WHEN the news came to Geoffrey Hammond out on the Gold Coast that he had only been left *next heir* to the twenty thousand pounds he had hoped to inherit from his uncle, and that the actual windfall had gone to his cousin Imelda O'Donnell, he had never yet seen the latter. This—and the fact that he despaired of ever sundering the fetters that bound him to the detested Gold Coast—accounts for his surrender to the dastardly temptation which assailed him. He lured Imelda to come out and hunt for her missing soldier brother by means of a fairly plausible suggestion about his being still alive and a captive in the interior. The idea was that the climate would kill Imelda, and, to give the climate every chance, he dropped a pretty broad hint that, if anything happened to the fair explorer, the native trader, who was to guide the exploration, wouldn't be out of pocket! When Hammond saw Imelda, however—well, he almost went out of his mind with adoration, repentance, and dismay. He hadn't the courage to confess his guilt then, but he did everything in his power to atone. He followed Imelda on her "fool's errand," and saved her life a sufficient number of times to justify her in still loving him even when the fruitless search was over and the truth had to come out at last.

Mr. Hammond writes about a country of which he seems to know absolutely everything, and all he has to say is interesting.

The Beau on the Science of Pleasure. (Stanley Paul & Co., 2s. 6d.)

AFTER being duly introduced to *The Beau*, and hailing him as not half a bad fellow for all his frills and ruffles and naughty little cynicisms, it was disconcerting to hear a trusted friend deliver a private opinion of him that it would be a libel action to quote. Is *The Beau* then such a degenerate? May there not be some purpose in his foppery, some method in his mincing, some sense beneath his sensuousness? Or may he not think there is? At any rate, *The Beau* is elegant, original, and whimsical; he is independent—"will not accept advertisements or review copies of books on any terms"; and when in his *Rules of Conduct for a Woman about*

to be Fascinating he says, "Let your talk skirt the unmentionable unblushingly, tread a gay saraband on the verge of perdition, but with never a foot lifted over the verge," he only preaches what he practises!

The Beau's town address is 9 Clifford's Inn, "where contributions, subscriptions, admonitions, and advice will be courteously received."

The Cradle of a Poet. By Elizabeth Godfrey. (John Lane, 6s.)

IF you are one of those queer creatures who like poetry, you will like *The Cradle of a Poet* very much. His father's stone quarry was the poet's cradle, and manual labour, country air, blighted love, and much reading may be said to have rocked him into rhyme. He was a genius, if ever there was one. He pleased the critics, he pleased the public, his quarry prospered, and the girl who jilted him said "Yes!" when her husband died. A real poet, a popular poet, a businesslike poet, and a married poet—was there ever such a combination?

There are several points worth noticing in this story besides its excellence. For instance, the names of the hero's masterpieces are *Dawn* and *The World's Desire*. What has Mr. Rider Haggard to say about this? Again, Miss Godfrey is one of the two or three people who have studied the greatest of modern love-poems—*The Triumph of Time*. Yet, although she makes her jilted hero read it, as he lies in his rescuer's yacht after a futile attempt to drown himself, she does not make him go straight back to the sea again—not even when he comes to the lines,

"I shall sleep and move with the moving ships,
Change as the winds change, veer
in the tide."

And yet Noel Harmon was a poet.

The Girl From His Town. By Marie Van Vorst. (Mills & Boon, Ltd., 6s.)

WHEN the small son of the Copper King of Blairtown, Montana, used to go with his pocket-money to the local "store" there was a vision named Sally Towney who would lean over the counter and say: "Well, little boy, what will you take?" When the small son came into his father's millions and accompanied the Duchess of Bellcourt to the London

Jollity Theatre to see *Mandalay*, the sight of Lotty Lane, the leading lady with the beautiful voice, sent him dashing off to her dressing-room with the fall of the curtain; and as he burst in like a maniac she crossed her arms without a moment's hesitation, and said: "Hullo, little boy, what will you take?" And again, when, after many struggles, he escaped from the clutches of the Duchess of Bellcourt by the skin of his teeth and sounded Lotty as to her feelings towards him, she whispered close to his ear: "What will you take, little boy?" And he answered, "I'll take you—you!"

But there were several rivers to cross before he *did* take her! Prince Poniotowsky was one of the "rivers"!

The Girl From His Town is a very pretty romance with plenty of life in it. Dan Blair, the hero, is a charming lump of manly innocence, and Lotty Lane, the spendthrift star—for whom the poor waited after the performance to cry, "God bless you, lady!" as she swept from the stage entrance to her motor—must surely storm the heart of every sentimental playgoer. American heroes and American heroines can certainly be made—by a writer who understands the trick—to put Hungarian princes and English duchesses most obscurely in the shade!



[Photo]

Mr. Anthony Hamilton

[Spink]

From the Bookshelves (continued)

The House of the Sleeping Winds, and Other Stories. By Enys Tregarthen. (Rebman, Ltd., 5s.)

THE *House of the Sleeping Winds* makes one long to be a grandfather or a godfather or some other kind of father with the prerogative—and, of course, the cash—to present lots of children with a beautiful picture book! Or, rather, poetry book; for, although the nine fairy stories in this collection are in prose, there is no small amount of poetic thought to be found in them. Some are based on Cornish folklore, but all bear the stamp of the compiler's personality, and a charming stamp it is. In a short preface signed "Thurstan Peter" may be found a criticism of the book as just as it is sympathetic. "It is a bright, cheery work, full of pleasant fancy and breathing throughout the wholesome air of spring breezes and pure thoughts. . . . I heartily recommend these tales to all children between six and ninety years of age."

The 27 illustrations by Miss Nannie Preston are up to the standard of the text, and further interest is added by the insertion of one or two songs set to music. The whole is dedicated to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Truro "by his kind permission"—and, doubtless, to his intense delight!

The Prince of Destiny: A Drama of India. By Sarath Kumar Ghosh. (Rebman, Ltd.)

THE PLAYGOER was one of the multitudinous periodicals that gave *The Prince of Destiny* the welcome it deserved when it first appeared in novel form. Now must a welcome be found for the dramatised version with its exhaustive lists of stage directions, hints for mounting, etc. There are various alterations of plot and detail, but the theme is the same—that a more sympathetic attitude with regard to India is the crying need of those who sway India's destinies. Sympathetic does not mean feeble. It means the opposite of pig-headed.

Jim Blackwood, Jockey. Adapted by Reginald Bacchus from the French of Valentin Mandelstamm. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 1s.)

"**M**UCH of Jim's life was devoted to bars. The Anglo-Saxon blood in him made him fond of those resorts." So says an intelligent, observant Frenchman. Um!

This is one of the passages in *Jim Blackwood, Jockey*, which is not altogether depressing. Most of the book is as depressing as it is interesting.

It is divided into thirteen chapters, and each chapter con-

tains several sections. In the first chapter Jim Blackwood is a charming little cherub of fifteen who arrives at Joe Osborne's training stable at Chantilly full of faith in the future and love for the little girl he left behind him. In the third chapter Jim is a famous jockey with a broken heart and leanings towards the "dogs," while Kit is—the mistress of an English aristocrat. In the fifth chapter Kit leaves her "protector," joins Jim, and commences to complete his ruin. In the seventh Jim pulls the favourite for the Grand Prix. In the ninth he loses his licence. In the rest he goes down, down, down, and in the last dies under most tragic circumstances after apparently proving the truth of his own despairing wail, "No jockey can keep straight."

No—nor any man who has the misfortune to worship a worthless woman.

The Continuous Honeymoon. By Gurner Gillman. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

IT is conceivable that this story might possess a certain amount of interest if it wasn't for the characters. They are just dreadful. They make your flesh creep. How is this for an illustration?

Dr. Venner had "picked up" Jessie Lee at Earl's Court, and had made himself almost as cheap with her as she had made herself cheap with him. Some time elapsed, and then by the misguided intervention of Providence they met with all due ceremony at a tea party given by the young "lady's" sister. They found themselves alone in the garden, and after a few moments of explanatory awkwardness:

"I shall have to call you Doctor Venner now."

"In there, before your people, yes," he said. "Out here, Ted."

"Very well," she said.

"He offered her

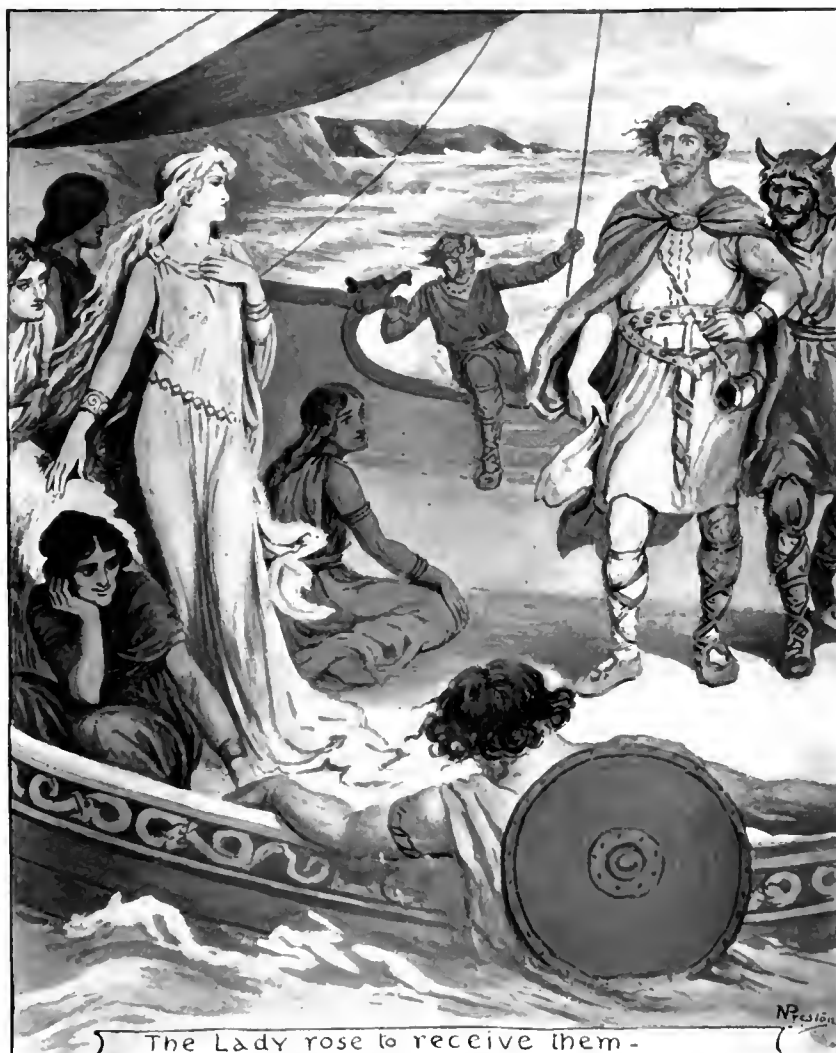
his arm, and they strolled down the garden together."

If you care to read about such people, you are welcome to.

The Suggestive Power of Hypnotism. By L. Forbes Winslow. (Rebman, Ltd.)

THIS is a readable little treatise by a medical man who has half the degrees and all the distinctions under the sun, and who is, so the title-page affirms, "author of 'Mad Humanity' and many standard works." He assures us that the science which he champions "has at last come to stay," and that "with the exception of a few ignorant and obstinate individuals it is receiving its proper and due recognition in all countries." A nasty one for one's strong-minded relatives, isn't it?

E. W. M.



Reproduced from "*The House of the Sleeping Winds*," by kind permission of Messrs. Rebman



A CONNOISSEUR'S NOTE BOOK



By WALLACE L. CROWDY

IF it were in any way necessary to demonstrate that the English are not an artistic nation the memorial in memory of the Royal Artillerymen in the Mall and the method of its unveiling should do so. I have read somewhere, in a well-authenticated text-book, I believe, that the classical movement of the nineteenth century was almost the beginning of sculpture in England. Never before had she produced a succession of sculptors like Westmacott and Chantrey, Bailey and Gibson. This is a terrible admission. Whether it was the beginning or end of sculpture in this country the fact remains that England is exceptionally unfortunate in its public sculpture, and especially in its equestrian statues, and London is not celebrated, although it may be notorious, for its street effigies. Perhaps this is where the trouble largely lies. We do not at any time attempt to commission sculpture, but merely effigies. If we do, as we once did in Piccadilly Circus, we hamper the artist at every turn. It is difficult to go very wrong with a simple column, and as the statues of the York and Nelson columns are out of the reach of inspection, these monuments appear to be not without merit. When we come to consider the Guards' Memorial at the foot of Waterloo Place, which has some sense of dignity, it is impossible to overlook the fact that the figure of Fame is vainly endeavouring to throw quoits on to the bill-file which appears to protrude from the cranium of the Duke of York. This is about as far as sculpture can go in England.

To return to the equestrian statues of London, we can dismiss the latest remark that it suggests in anatomy a saddler's dummy. The near fore-leg is restless, and when you look at the front, the fore-legs and chest are more like those of a prize bulldog. There are, however, some equestrian statues which are really good. There is that of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Baron Marochetti, in Palace Row,

Westminster, for example. It has the dignity and repose which is the essential of sculpture. It has the good fortune also to have been designed by a foreigner, which probably accounts for its success.

Even the expenditure of vast sums of money does not lead to satisfactory results. There is the National Memorial to the Prince Consort in Hyde Park for our consideration. The gilt effigy is not the worst of its offences. The smoke and grime of London put the weirdest expressions upon the faces of the characters which, in forensic stone, support the wedding-cake ornament. The deduction from this is, probably, that the London atmosphere is

altogether unfriendly to marble. It does not treat lead or bronze with much greater kindness. The James I. in a toga, which for some time "decorated" Whitehall, has disappeared, after many changes of location, into space, and the wise-foolish King's near relation, Charles I., is not much better served. The curious history of this equestrian statue at Charing Cross gives it a peculiar interest quite apart from considerations of art; but nothing good that can be said for it can remove the unstable effect of the beefy barrel. The horse is hopeless, and the rider, being beatified, past criticism.

Really good, however, is the George III. in Cockspur Street. It was by M. C. Wyatt, and is one of the few successes. Contrast it for a moment with that of the late Prince Consort at Holborn Circus. The

horse is poor enough, but the outstretched arm, lifting forever a cocked hat, is one of the worst of its faults. It is difficult to understand why a sculptor should so entirely forget the essentials of his art as to present a respectable person for all time in a tiring and quite temporary attitude. The plain platitudes of the Victorian era alone explain it.



"Sitting Bull," by Walter Winans

A Connoisseur's Note Book (*continued*)

The fact is that to succeed with an equestrian statue the sculptor must know the horse as well as the chisel. That the thing can be done is demonstrated in Petersburg, in Venice, and, above all, in the marbles which an astute ambassador acquired—to use a no stronger term—for this nation in Greece. It was Mr. Walter Winans—sculptor and lover of the horse—who visualised for me the thoughts that the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum have often suggested. In a letter which I have from him there is this quite luminous passage: "I was looking at some photographs of the Elgin Marbles and two things struck me. One was that the riders are making their horses canter leading with the off or near leg, and in each case they are giving the indications to the horse by putting the calf of their leg on the same side against the horse's side in the regular Haute Ecole style." "To lead with off or right fore-leg, turn horse slightly to the left and apply the left leg to his side" is a canon of the Haute Ecole. Which would seem to demonstrate that there is nothing new under the sun. It also shows—and I am again quoting Mr. Winans—that though they rode without stirrups they knew how to "collect" a horse in the modern military way. Also, the horses are so very small in the Marbles. Even assuming the men are short, the horses are smaller than polo ponies—scarcely 13½ hands high. I am still quoting from this most interesting letter from Mr. Walter Winans, and there is no sculptor or lover of the horse

think, therefore, that the sculptor purposely made the horses too small."

Here speaks the artist first, and the horse-lover also. It is in his work that Walter Winans shows his double side—his love and his observation. That he should have the good fortune to express his love for the horse in sculpture is a matter for lasting congratulation. It is right



Equestrian Statue, by Baron Klott

and proper that the horse, which appeals to the eye mainly on "form," should be modelled. It is seldom painted with any success, and photographs of it are fallacious and torturing. Nothing is more horrible than the instantaneous photograph. The horse is really a noble animal (nobody can get any human satisfaction out of giving a piece of sugar to a motor car!) and deserves treatment in the noblest of all of the art expressions.

If you have a desire to understand what I mean by the Winans' art tradition, there are at least four good pictures by Wijnants in the National Gallery which quite deserve their place. Tender, observant landscapes, with figures by Van de Velde, I think; purely rational, normal landscapes (with a sandbank almost invariably), expressing the love of the painter for the commonplace country around him. No looking for the unexpected, the abnormal—just straightforward versions of seashore and landscape and sky, which the artist never tires of. All this is a valuable tradition and helps for ever towards art realisation.

Says Richter in the biographical notices appended to the Catalogue of the Pictures in the Gallery of Allyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich: "Jan Wijnants lived at Harlem in the later part of the seventeenth century. Neither the year of his birth nor that of his death is known with certainty. He was probably born about the year 1615, as his earliest pictures bear the dates 1641 and 1642, and he was still living in 1679, as one of his paintings in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg bears that date. (In October, 1642, the registers of St. Luke's Guild at Harlem mention a Jan Wijnants as dealer in works of art; this probably refers to the painter.) Wijnants only painted landscapes. He looked on Nature, so to speak,



"Frederick the Great" at Berlin, by Rauch

who can fail to realise the insight and knowledge which these remarks, quite casually jotted down, disclose. "It seems to me," he adds, "that the horses are made so small in order to make the pattern of the frieze look well. If the horses were full-sized, with men standing amongst them, the men would look dwarfed. But the heads of the men on foot are as high as the rearing horses. This makes a more agreeable pattern and fills up the blank spaces which would otherwise be over their heads. I

A Connoisseur's Note Book (*continued*)

through a diminishing glass. In his earliest works, where the figures are painted by Ph. Wouvermans and by B. Gaël, the foliage is dark green, the treatment of a good import, the light bright and forcible, and the details of careful execution. Adr. Van de Velde and Lingelbach of Amsterdam painted the figures in his later works.

Not that Walter Winans has only the sculpture tradition behind him. It is more painting, and painting of



Haute École. Statuette by Walter Winans

that marvellously dexterous kind which we associate with Holland and the Dutch, the country and the people, of the careful accumulation of little things. His art forebears are not at all sculptural. But all this helps. There is a fine quality of finish which, Rodin notwithstanding, is essential to sculpture. The material is stubborn and difficult, but it has a surface which demands respect and should suggest the essential—finish. In its ideal form of expression it should display a fine freedom of handling with affectionate regard for the natural beauty of the material—for marble in its cut and polished form is a material of great beauty and as such should be respected. This attachment to his other material—to the natural beauty of form in the horse—has led Walter Winans to adopt sculpture as the medium in which his art expression should find outlet.

Of the illustrations which are used as "pointers" to this article, one of the very best is that which I have reproduced from a steel engraving which is the vignette of the title page of a book printed in Moscow. It is an engraving of one of the four horses by Baron Klott on the Anitchkin Bridge at Petersburg. I believe that there were six horses originally, but that the Emperor Nicholas gave two to the German Emperor. I am not entirely sure of my history in the matter, but I think it must have been the old Emperor William—but this is only an idea of mine and I cannot substantiate it. This particular horse so unobtrusively engraved in this book is, in

W. Winans' opinion, the best of the four and the best horse in sculpture in the world. This may sound "a tall order," for, as I have said, there is the Bartolommeo Colleoni by Verrochio at Venice, the Russian Standard Bearer by Lancere (I drag this in quite as an afterthought), or the Equestrian Statue of Gattamelata at Padua. The first and the last of these seem to suggest that the horse, as a means of locomotion, was chosen mostly for his "shock" capacity in the Middle Ages. None the less, they had power and strength and are able to stand up, which is more than can be said for most of the moderns. The action and dignity of the Colleoni statue—both man and beast—at Venice need no emphasis. Rauch's monument to Frederick the Great at Berlin has much to commend it, but the horse has, to me, a tendency to step over the pedestal.

These, of course, are statues of world-wide reputation, and not at all modern in their conception. The horse statues by Walter Winans strike, as they should, a more modern note.

Of the illustrations which have been chosen to illustrate such points as I have endeavoured to make in this article, the four from models by Mr. Walter Winans have special



Part of the New Statue in the Mall

interest, as coming from a fearless horseman. There is that about the "Sitting Bull: Sioux" which cannot fail to convince. The wiriness of the horse, the certainty of Sitting Bull's "seat," and, added to its accuracy, the admirable sense of composition and decoration. Movement and grace. Knowledge. The same sense of arrested movement, just that moment of suspended action, the waiting of the man with the brain for the inevitable

A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

failure of the beast, which so captured the town in Buffalo Bill's first year at Earl's Court, is to be found in the "Broncho Buster." Only a man who has studied the horse in every mood and moment of fickle fancy, and



"The Broncho-Buster," by Walter Winans

tried it himself, could have made so virile a sculpture as this. The figure is good and at the point of the sword, so to speak. Apparently unconcerned, but alert to the instant. If Meissonier painted "La Rixe" to demonstrate that he could reproduce action—and merely ended in demonstrating suspended action—Mr. Winans has shown in this very personal thing all the action that a half-trained broncho has waiting for his human antagonist.

Both the other statuettes, the Trotter, with its driver bunched on to its haunches, and the lady of the Haute École, ready and nervous to show the noble beast's paces,



A Trotter. Statuette by Walter Winans

are vibrant with life and instinct with horse-knowledge. The form, too, of the lady with the fan—no whip or curb or goad—has a fine big suggestion of movement and the power that lies in a lady's hand. These are of the nature of art works which count. Not large, aggressive, pretentious, but just shown with the simplicity which only skill permits. I may not have said all I would wish to convey,

but in art, as in murder, the truth will out. If it is not in the sculptor we get what we have so shamefully to tolerate in our London horse effigies. If it is there, we get these quite true and admirable sculptures of Walter Winans. The spring at the mountainhead; not the mechanically pumped ship canal.

There are, naturally enough, other equestrian statues in London which are apparently attemptive towards the unorthodox. There is that at Knightsbridge which, it has always seemed to me, is somewhat overweighted by the gilded plume of cock's feathers of the rider. This is by far the most distinguishing feature. The horse is not especially great; but the general effect is less uninteresting than the calmly indifferent charger of George IV. on one of the pedestals in Trafalgar Square. Has the western pedestal been left unoccupied from sheer disgust, through indifference, or because we have not enough mounted heroes to go round? The Boadicea



"George III.," by M. C. Wyatt

which shelters beneath the cracked tones of Big Ben has a certain ruggedness which suggests the abortive attempt of brute force to meet the inflowing tide of civilisation; but the horses are restive to an unsculpturesque degree, and have action and to spare. It is to be presumed, in this case at least, that it is wrong to look a gift horse in the legs.

The timeliness of these reflections must be apparent to the most captious. Is it not intended by many well-meaning persons to perpetuate the memory of our late King by means of equestrian statues? Would it not be better to think the matter over?

Wallace L. Crowley.

Owing to the unique interest surrounding this subject at the present moment, Mr. Wallace L. Crowley will continue this article in the next issue of THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED.—Ed.

❖ Concerning Society ❖

THE KING'S visit to Aldershot created a most favourable impression in the Junior Service, as there has always been an idea that his Majesty was a sailor before everything and cared little for the Army. But it is now quite clear that the King has an equal regard for both Services, though, unlike his father, King Edward, his Majesty has never served in the land forces. Both the King and Queen earned golden opinions on all sides, particularly her Majesty, who was most interested in everything she saw and charmed all with whom she came into contact. Unaffected and pleasant, her Majesty is at the same time very dignified, but she has a dignity that attracts rather than repels.



The Duke of Richmond and Gordon had very few guests at Goodwood House for the meeting, and the party at Rufford Abbey for Doncaster next month will be small, if there is one at all. These two house parties have in past years been the most important after the respective race-meetings, for King Edward was usually the Duke's guest for Goodwood, and a few weeks later he was at Rufford, whence he went North to pay visits and stay at Balmoral. King Edward had a great liking for Lord and Lady Savile's beautiful old house, which contains much fine tapestry and some old furniture, though a good deal of the latter is greatly made up. Rufford has a ghost, which especially haunted the room that the late Mr. Augustus Lumley made his own, and it frightened his pug dog out of its wits. Beyond this room was a small chamber in which a girl was starved to death, but after some bones, which had been found under one of the passages near, had received Christian burial the ghost no longer made its appearance. Among the portraits at Rufford is one of a boy, who was taken as a baby from gipsies and brought up in the house, but who disappeared after he had grown up. It was supposed the Romany instinct was too strong and that he rejoined his tribe.



Millais, the artist, used to tell a similar story of a ghost being laid. At a house where he once lived, a visitor saw a hand and arm come out of the fireplace in his bedroom, and do it repeatedly. At last the friend told Millais, who said it had frequently happened. The outcome was that the hearthstone was taken up, and underneath were found the bodies of a woman and child. These being decently buried, the hand and arm appeared no more.



Quite unique in its way is the exhibition, entitled "Five Hundred Fair Women," at Madame Lallie Charles's studios in Curzon Street, which during the past six weeks has been attracting hundreds of the best-known people in Society, who have gone there to admire the photographs of most of the beautiful women of to-day, some lovely miniatures, life-like carbons, pastels, and water-colours, and a charming lot of portraits of children, this latter section being a delightful feature of the exhibition. The portraits have all been taken quite recently, and they are made of well-known women in Society, photographed in that pleasing artistic way that Madame Lallie Charles has brought to such perfection.

The Duke and Duchess of Leeds with their family will spend the rest of the summer at Hornby Castle, Bedale, and remain there until the chill autumnal winds of the North Yorkshire moors prove too much for the Duchess. Then, after a brief stay at their house in Grosvenor Crescent, the Duchess will go to Bordighera for the winter. The Duke usually spends the winter in England, being devoted to coursing, though he goes frequently to the Riviera to see the Duchess and his family. The Duchess of Leeds, who is a very charming, good-looking woman, and an unmistakable Lambton, with the pale complexion and black hair which characterise all Lord Durham's family, is a martyr to asthma, and is obliged to winter abroad. She has considerable literary ability, and is the writer of some rather nice short stories, as well as some verse of real merit. Hornby Castle is a fine old place, dating in its present form from the sixteenth century, though the building has been a good deal modernised. It was built by a Lord Conyers and subsequently passed to the Osbornes.



Miss May Leslie Stuart
In the Exhibition of "Five Hundred Fair Women"

There is a noble great hall, covered at the top with busts in the upper niches like the halls of Roman palaces, and looks into a picturesque courtyard. The family portraits at Hornby are full of interest, and begin with that of Sir William Hewit, the goldsmith, whose daughter married Edward Osborne, a Kentish apprentice, for having saved her when she fell from their house on London Bridge. Another picture is a curious Hogarth of the Beggars' Opera, in which the Duke of Bolton is watching the acting of Polly Peacham, whom he afterwards married; but perhaps the painting of greatest interest is that of the "Godolphin Arabian," the progenitor of the thoroughbred of to-day, an animal which was bought out of a cart in Paris and died in 1753. In one room is a bed with glorious embroidery, and in another the miniature spinning wheel of Madame de Pompadour. The park at Hornby contains a big, but little known, duck decoy.



Ascot was but a parody of last year, and Goodwood naturally fell flat, but the Cowes week was successful beyond anticipation. There were several notable absentees, including Lord and Lady Iveagh, who are always so hospitable on their yacht and at their villa, and it seemed strange without the Royal yacht and the guardship; still, most of the regular habitués were present, and the weather being all that could be desired "The Week" could not help being enjoyable. Gay dresses were the rule, though mourning was not entirely inconspicuous. The Castle was, of course, the centre of the social side of the Regatta, but the gatherings there lacked the brilliancy and go of former years, and everybody felt the void. All the bedrooms at the Castle were engaged, there being a remarkably good attendance of members of the Squadron, and parties were entertained at practically every one of the hospitable houses of Cowes. A notable exception was Stanhope Lodge, Dowager Lady Harrington's, where there was a sad family gathering owing to the regrettable death of handsome Mrs. Harrington, who was so shortly to have been married.



Lord and Lady Derby are now at the shooting box they have taken in Scotland, but they will spend the greater part of the autumn and winter at Knowsley, where there will be some

Concerning Society (continued)

entertaining, possibly a ball, for Lady Victoria Stanley, their débutante daughter. Knowsley is a vast house, and the building comprises pretty nearly every period of country house architecture. The great central hall is said to date from the days of Henry of Richmond, who as Henry VII., after the battle of Bosworth, honoured with a month's visit his great personal friend and stepfather, the first Earl of Derby. An object of interest among the innumerable historic contents of the great home of the Stanleys is a quaint low-backed arm-chair in which the Earl of Derby who was beheaded by Cromwell for having fought for Charles I. at Worcester sat just before his execution.



Dowager Lady Manvers, who died at the end of last month, was the widow of the third Earl and mother of the present peer. She was the last surviving daughter of the old Duc de Coigny, who took part in the Moscow campaign under Napoleon, but on her mother's side she was English, the Duchesse de Coigny having been the heiress of the Dalrymple-Hamiltons, of Bargany, Ayrshire. Miss Dalrymple-Hamilton's parents were miserable at her marrying a foreigner, from the idea that the estates would go out of the family, but the daughter to whom the property went married the late Earl of Stair, and Bargany is now owned by their grandson, Mr. North Dalrymple-Hamilton, who was married this year to Lady Marjorie Coke, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Leicester. Lady Manvers inherited the Duc de Coigny's estates in France, and it is understood

the Berkshire Yeomanry in succession to Colonel G. C. Ricardo. The hon. baronet must be considered rather fortunate in getting such quick promotion, as he becomes head of the regiment after little more than twelve years' service, but then he is a keen officer, and just the type wanted in the Yeomanry. Sir Edward and Lady Barry make their home at Ockwells, a beautiful old timber-built fortified farmhouse between Bray and Maidenhead. It dates from the fifteenth century, and was probably the work of Sir John Norreys, whose descendant, Sir Henry Norreys, incurred the displeasure of Henry VIII. The Bluebeard King fancied he was in love with Anne Boleyn, so had him beheaded at the Tower. There he was buried, but afterwards his head was taken to Ockwells and interred in the private chapel. Five-and-twenty years ago Ockwells was desolate and decaying, with door off the hinges, though in one of the rooms a coat of mail was hanging up. Subsequently the house was bought by Stephen Leech, who restored it thoroughly and then sold it. The new Lieutenant-Colonel of the Berkshire Yeomanry is the eldest son of the late Sir Francis Tress Barry, of St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor, the anonymous donor for many years until his death of the thousands of sixpences which *Truth* distributes at Christmas to poor children. Another son of this philanthropic baronet is Mr. W. J. Barry, whose wife is Lady Grace Barry, one of Lord Dunmore's sisters. The Barrys derive their wealth from the great copper smelting firm of Mason & Barry, in which Mr. F. J. Mason, of Eynsham, Oxfordshire, is largely interested.



Hornby Castle

these go to her second son, Mr. Evelyn Henry Pierrepont. Lady Manvers resided principally at 6 Tilney Street, Park Lane, but she died at 41 Eaton Square, the residence of her elder daughter, Emily Lady Beauchamp. The deceased lady was married fifty-eight years ago in June last to the then Lord Newark, and she was left a widow in 1900. Her younger daughter is Lady Mary Grant of Rothiemurchus. 6 Tilney Street used to be the residence of Mrs. Fitzherbert, morganatic wife of George IV., and hanging in the dining-room is a fine portrait of this lady, showing a strong face of sagacious beauty and real character.



A welcome arrival has been a son and heir to Lord and Lady Kelburn, who were married four years ago. The event took place at Kelburn Castle, the seat of Lord Glasgow, to whose title the infant is, of course, second heir. Lady Kelburn was Miss Hyacinthe Bell, daughter of Mr. W. A. Bell, of Pendell Court, Surrey, and sister of Lady Montagu-Pollock. She will be a considerable heiress, and her fortune will go to enrich an earldom now greatly impoverished. A former Lord Glasgow practically ruined himself through his generosity to the Scotch Episcopalian Church, and nearly all the family property was sold, Kelburn Castle and estate only remaining to the Boyles. Lord Kelburn is a commander in the Navy.



Sir Edward Barry has been appointed commanding officer of

Lord and Lady Knaresborough's eldest girl is engaged to Captain A. M. Vandeleur, of the 2nd Life Guards. Miss Violet Meysey-Thompson was a débutante a season or so ago, and she is the eldest of four pretty sisters, two of whom are yet, however, in the schoolroom. Her future husband is a considerable landowner in Ireland, where in County Clare he has a pleasant residence, Cahiracon, which has been the family seat since the burning some years ago of Kilrush House, the ancient home of the Vandeleurs, who for centuries may be said to have had the hereditary representation of Clare in Parliament. Captain Vandeleur's father, the late Captain Hector Vandeleur, died some months ago. The marriage takes place in the autumn.



Following on the marriage recently of Lady Kathleen Clements to Mr. Granville Smith, of the 1st Coldstream Guards, comes the announcement of the engagement of her widowed sister, Lady Maude Vivian, to Mr. Christopher Roundell. Lady Maude married Major Henry Vivian in the late autumn of 1890, and in less than two years she was left a widow with a little girl. She is a sister of Lord Leitrim, and daughter of that pleasant couple, the late peer and Winifred Lady Leitrim, one of the numerous amiable daughters of the late Lord Leicester. The late Lord Leitrim was a charming man, merry, pleasant and natural, and he made himself extremely popular on the family estate in Ireland, on which his uncle and predecessor was so cruelly murdered in 1878 during the Irish land troubles.

Concerning Society (continued)

Mr. Christopher Roundell was in the Army, but he now holds an important appointment under the Local Government Board.



An engagement of interest is that of Mr. Owain Greaves, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Greaves, and Miss Millicent Wemyss, only daughter of the late Mr. Randolph Wemyss by his first marriage to Lady Lilian Paulet, only sister of Lord Winchester. The bride-elect is a well-dowered heiress, her father having left her a considerable fortune, though the bulk of his great wealth went to his only son, Mr. M. J. Wemyss, who, however, does not come into it until he is five-and-twenty—in 1913.



Another end-of-the-season engagement is announced between Mr. Alfred Hood and Miss Ada Louisa Gavegan, eldest daughter of the late Colonel F. C. Gavegan, of the Berkshire Regiment. Mr. Hood is a younger brother of Lord Bridport, and of Mr. Alec Hood, who is private secretary to the Queen, and Duca di Bronte in Sicily, which title he holds by virtue of the ownership of the Bronte estates in the island, which include the interesting Castello di Maniace, where Mr. Alec Hood always spends several weeks in the year looking after his wine and olive industry. The present Lord Bridport and his brothers are grandsons of that Lord Bridport who married the daughter and heiress of the first Earl Nelson, and brought to the Hoods the dukedom of Bronte, originally conferred upon the great admiral. A very curious story of the supernatural is told in connection with this Lord Bridport—a great-nephew of the distinguished naval officer who contributed no little to the memorable victory of June 4th, 1794. Lord Bridport died in 1868, and after his death his widow sent to the son of his executor to open a certain box which nobody had been allowed to see open, and of the contents of which even Lady Bridport was ignorant. The son of the old nobleman's executor did not like the task, but took the box into the library and sat down before it with candles by his side. Immediately he heard a movement on the other side of the table, and looking up saw old Lord Bridport as clearly as he had seen him in his life, scowling down upon him with a furious expression. He went back to Lady Bridport, and positively refusing to open the box, it was burnt unopened!



Lately one or two engagements have taken place that have come as a surprise to many people. General Sir William Manning, Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of Somaliland, who has been looked upon as a confirmed bachelor, is engaged to Miss Clara Ross, only daughter of Mr. C. J. Ross, of Grosvenor Street and Bagshot, and Lord Lovat's engagement is announced to Miss Laura Lister, Lord and Lady Ribblesdale's second daughter. Yet a third noteworthy event of the kind is Sir George Sydenham Clarke's engagement to Mrs. Reynolds, a Hampshire lady, and widow of Captain A. S. Reynolds, the news being telegraphed from Bombay, where Sir George is Governor. Sir George Clarke was left a widower in 1908, and not long afterwards his daughter, who was of real assistance to him and a writer of much promise, passed away. Her book, "Leaves," published after her death, will be remembered as a collection of short stories showing insight and sympathy.



Miss Lister, the fiancée of the Lord of the great Fraser clan, is

an exceptionally handsome girl, with her father's regular features and a glowing colouring. She is only eighteen, a débutante of this season, and she has been about a good deal with her younger sister Diana, another remarkably pretty girl. The future Lady Lovat is one of the tallest girls in Society, and she has been brought up in a highly cultured set, one member of which is her aunt, Mrs. Asquith. Miss Laura Lister's other sister is the wife of Major M. R. H. Wilson, of the 10th Hussars.



Mr. G. Stafford Northcote, a nephew of Lord Iddesleigh, and a District Commissioner in British East Africa, is marrying Miss Edith Adams, daughter of the late Rev. J. W. Adams, the only clergyman upon whom the V.C. has been conferred. Mr. Adams was awarded the bronze medal for exceptional gallantry with the Field Force during Lord Roberts's march on Kabul in the Afghan War, for bravely going to the rescue of three men, one after the other, within sight of the advancing enemy.



Lady Islington
In the Exhibition of "Five Hundred Fair Women"

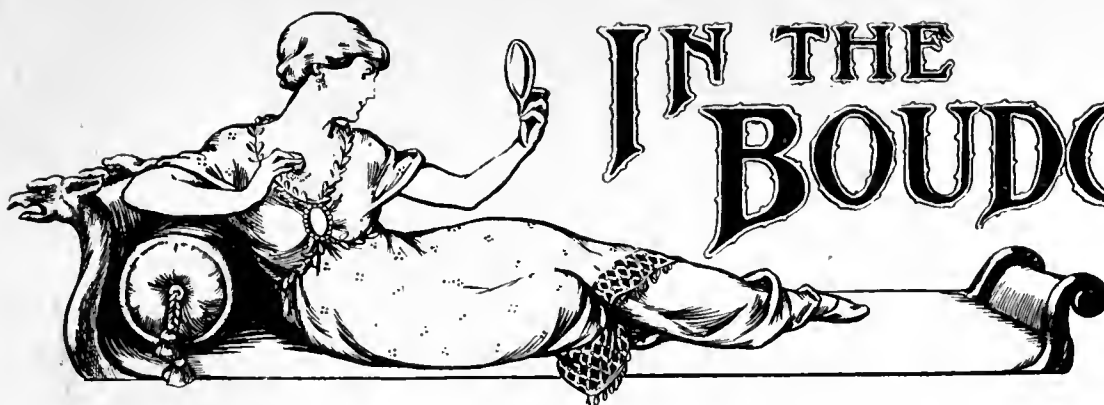
Much interest has lately been taken in links with the past, and numerous instances have been quoted, but probably the person who can go farthest back in this way is Lord Lovelace, who by very few links can connect himself with the time of Charles I. His father, the first Earl, who married Byron's only daughter, Ada, died in 1893, and in that year he could have said, "I knew a man who had known a man who had seen Charles I.," the three lives covering a period of two hundred and forty-four years. This Earl of Lovelace was only a child five years old when he met his connecting link with the "Martyred King," but there is no doubt about the circumstance, for in the library at Horsley Towers, the family seat of the King-Noels in Surrey, is a document written in the rounded letters of a child between pencilled lines and dated February 4th, 1811, Ockham, detailing the fact. The memorandum was no doubt made under instructions in order to impress upon the boy's memory what was then already a remarkable sequence of long lives.



The person Lord Lovelace had known when a little boy was the first Earl of Onslow, who had often dined at his (Lord Onslow's) father's house in company with one of the sentinels present at the execution of Charles I. The man was named Augustin, and he died in 1740, aged a hundred and ten. But an even more remarkable link with the past was the late Lord Bristol, who died two or three years ago. His father knew Lady Hester Stanhope, who knew a lady who knew another who had known Lady Desmond, who danced with Richard III. when Duke of Gloucester.



Our Dumb Friends' League has lost a staunch supporter in Lord Decies, who was struck down by paralysis with tragic suddenness whilst attending Alexandra Park races, and died a few hours later. A great lover of animals, and of horses in particular, many a poor overladen beast has had reason to be thankful for the late peer's timely interference on its behalf in the street. The deepest sympathy is felt for Lady Decies in the great loss which has befallen her. Lord Decies had no children, and he is succeeded in the title by his brother. Lady Decies is a sister of Sir John Willoughby, and the latter's place—Fulmer Hall, near Slough, which he is selling—is near Sefton Park, which the late peer and his wife made their country residence. At Sefton Park Lady Decies has some famous "catteries" and a valuable kennel of Pekingese.



By MRS. HUMPHRY
("Madge")

THE seaside gown is as narrow of skirt and as hobbling at ankle as might be expected of the fashions of this year of grace. Not even soft lawns or batistes are allowed any flow, and the "tempestuous" petticoat is conspicuous by its absence. The ultra-smart have long abjured any petticoat whatever, and, as a clever writer has put it, when the dress skirt is raised sufficiently to allow its wearer to step into her motor the spectator comes straight upon anatomy, veiled by the most perfect of hosiery, it is true! Never have stockings been so sumptuous as now. Woven of the finest silk, they have insertions of lace running perpendicularly, and sometimes embroidered clocks in the colour of the gown. With the new red shoes with black heels the stockings are black lace and the clocks are red. With white or pale-coloured gowns black lace stockings with white lace insertion are the only wear, for few women take kindly now to all-white stockings. The few who do find them ready to their hand in woven open-work silk with Valenciennes fronts carried up to the knees. Many of the white stockings are relieved by faintly coloured embroideries, blue, old rose, leaf-green, mauve, or lemon. This takes away the over-whiteness which makes feet and ankles look their biggest.

AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE.

Cool and dainty looks a silk tussore in the natural shade, the bodice-portion very full, as is the fashion of the hour, and chiefly made of finely tucked cream-tinted chiffon. Across the top of this is a band of black satin. The seams of the skirt are piped with black satin. The very closely-fitting sleeves are tussore as to the upper part and pleated chiffon to below the turn of the elbow, where they are finished with a narrow band of black satin. The coat has only just sufficient front to carry it round the arms, and this for the mere purpose of holding it on. The back is a long, straight piece, bordered about two inches with black satin and falling to below the knee-line. For some reason the straight back line it makes gives a peculiarly graceful look to the curves of the figure, to which it forms a kind of background. The shoes and stockings are scarlet, and the burnt-straw hat has an immense scarlet bow. I regret to add that the sunshade

carried by the very pretty wearer of this charming get-up is made of scarlet velvet, a monstrosity introduced some few seasons since, but very short-lived, as it will probably prove this time.



1. Gown in Figured Gauze

THE RAGE FOR PAISLEY.

The postponed rage for Paisley is not surprising, for the most beautiful effects can be carried out in these silks with their wonderful Cashmerean colours. One of the most successful is a combination of old rose, pale green, and palest coral with a tracery of very fine black lines and a wave of amber here and there. To add to all this the silk is shot with peacock blue, and it would be difficult to over-praise the loveliness of the colour scheme. A gown of it is made with a long tunic, bordered with dull gold silk and worn over a long, narrow, cream-coloured silk voile skirt. The voile re-appears in the upper sleeves and in a few stitched narrow bands laid on the full folds of the Paisley, and keeping them in position round the curve of the *empiècement*. This is filled in with dull gold lace with insertions of the Paisley, and is finished round the low neck with a narrow band of the gold silk sewn on with French knots. Many gowns are now sent home with low necks that can be filled in with transparent lace collars mounted with the new invisible supports, the "Astra."

SERGE THE INVALUABLE.

Black serge costumes were worn by the great ladies at Cowes—those whose position at or in close connection with the Court obliges them to wear mourning so long as our Royal Family is in deep mourning. It was usually relieved with white bow or wings in the straw hat, and the white-lined black silk scarf was almost universally worn. White serge was extensively in demand for *demi-deuil* costumes, and is also much worn this year, as in previous years by ladies yachting, with long coats of the same material. Invaluable indeed is serge, and especially blue serge. One of the tailors' triumphs this August is a blue serge, which, by means of oddly placed masses of Egyptian embroidery, gives the idea of an over-dress in plain serge with glimpses of an under-dress massed with embroidery, and yet the whole is close and trim and perfectly fitting.

In the Boudoir (continued)

THE COLOURED COAT.

With all-white linen or serge gowns the short coloured coat is a dainty addition, especially when it is matched exactly to the colour of the hat. For tennis this is an admirable arrangement. A hat in cornflower blue is worn with a short cloth coat in the same tint. A white erèpon gown, very simply made, is worn with a Tégat hat wreathed round with small mauve flowers of a pinkish hue, and the short coat accompanying it is in striped mauve and white in fine lines, the material half silk, half wool. These little coats are untrimmed and simply cut, with plain sleeves nearly to the wrists. Most of them are unlined.

A smart *toilette* seen at Ostend was in white silk embroidered all over in cut-work, known as *broderie anglaise*. It was made very clinging, but with the puffy, full bodice and rather large, short waist now *à la mode*. There was a black velvet belt at the back and sides, held by cameo buttons on a Wedgwood-blue ground. Round the *encolure* was a narrow black velvet ribbon strung with quite tiny cameos to match, and from this rose a yoke, cut away at the neck, of faintest blue silk covered with the finest lawn in very narrow tucks, so narrow in fact that one wondered how fingers ever got them picked up to set the stitches in. The beehive hat worn with this gown was honeycomb yellow straw with meadow flowers and a lining of faint blue silk and chiffon. The large sunshade was made of *broderie anglaise* white silk lined with pale blue. An immense bow of black velvet tied round the *ferule* lent a note of emphasis to this that was just exactly right. Another charming frock was in finest white cloth, almost as thin and soft as *voile*. Stitching trimmed the skirt, but the little coat had collar, cuffs, and lapels faced with striped blue and amber silk. The hat was very fine black straw, trimmed with quantities of very small white flowers and a large black velvet bow, the ends of which were fastened on the brim at either side and thence crossed under the hair at the back, a new and very becoming fashion, and not so hot as when the strings pass under the chin. In this case they were tied on the left side, midway between the cheek and the hat brim, and they gave the latter a very graceful droop.

EVENING DRESS FOR AUTUMN.

One of the smartest trimmings for evening dress is to be jet on black tulle in large designs for applying upon white gowns. It has the appearance of being embroidered on the white, for the tulle is so thin and light as scarcely to show at all. A gown trimmed in this way is in white soft satin, and the jetted tulle is arranged as a long tunic, almost covering the skirt, but forming little more than a belt upon the bodice, which is entirely in Spanish lace cut in one with the drooping sleeves. Another tunic, even handsomer than the above, is embroidered in gold on black net, closer and stronger than that described, and necessarily so, for the

embroidery is handsome and heavy. Its weight draws it down in charming folds and makes it cling in to the figure in a manner that adapts it particularly to the present mode. There is one objection to the tunic or double skirt, and that is that it undeniably shortens the figure to the eye. Very tall women benefit by this, but the *petite* lady looks still shorter in one of these. It is expected that brocade will be worn again this autumn. It would have been seen in evening dress throughout the season proper but for the general mourning, and was, in fact, seen in grey or purple at the Opera. There are very beautiful specimens waiting for the last three months of the year.

THE SPORTING LADY.

London tailors have been busy on costumes for the moors and Scotland, also Norway and fishing. Such *toilettes* approximate to those of the racing set, for whom a special *genre* has been devised during the last few years. At one time the ladies at French race-meetings wore elaborate garden-party gowns, and many of them still do so, but of late they have copied their English sisters, and favour now the tailor-made, with its close outlines and its exiguity of cut. The woman who makes a religion of dress and garbs herself according to ritual would not dream of wearing anything but tailor clothes at any races other than Ascot and Goodwood, and sometimes even there. The favourite colours for race gowns in France, now that our own racing is for the moment abandoned by the smart, are sand-colour and cream. An extremely smart frock is in corn-coloured guipure over cream silk and caught into a band of patterned cream silk, into which the fulness of the lace is sewn. The bodice is slightly pointed in front, a mode that is returning, and the belt follows this outline with folds of cream and pale green satin. There are touches of pale green about the bodice, and it is finished at one side with crochet flowers and pendant tassels in cream silk. There is a short coat in cream cloth lined with pale green satin, and with a white satin collar embroidered in orange, green, and black. A quantity of the crochet ornaments fall over the fronts in profusion, and there is embroidery in silk crochet on the back between the shoulders.

The purchaser of this declares that she bought the whole outfit because she loved the coat! Have I mentioned that it is seamless down the sides, being merely held together by a silk cord passed in and out of eyelet holes and finished with tassels?



2. Grey Satin Evening Dress

Illustration No. 1 shows a typically smart gown of the hour, the skirt narrow, but not bound in round the limbs in the hobbling fashion that robs the wearer not only of grace but dignity. This gown is made of black and

In the Boudoir (continued)

white fancy figured gauze, the tunic gathered into two bands of velvet, the upper of which is finished with a smart bow of velvet ribbon. The belt is also velvet with a quaint owl's head as buckle. The neck is much cut away, and is finished with a narrow chemisette and undersleeves of white tucked net. It will be noticed that the sleeves in this, as in the other illustrations, are so cut

as to define the arms very closely. Evidently we are to wear very tight sleeves throughout the autumn, whether for outdoor or evening dress. The little frills that trim the bodice are made of the gauze itself.

Almost Egyptian in character is the gown depicted in sketch No. 2. It is made of grey soft satin, the net tunic very handsomely embroidered in grey pearls, paste, and bugles. It will be noticed that on the bodice portion and on the sleeves the design becomes light and detached, though the heavy bugling is carried round the border, and the belt is very richly and fully embroidered, and also fits very closely to the figure, though the waist is kept rather short. At the back the bretelle-shaped opening is carried down to the top of this deep belt, which is relieved by folds of satin. This dress would be very effective carried out in sapphire blue with embroideries in the paler tone of the beautiful jewels of the name.

Composed of black chiffon over gold crêpe-de-Chine the gown illustrated in sketch No. 3 is trimmed with gold soutache embroidery. The line made in this way across the chest is a very becoming one, and a single fold of chiffon is carried up from it over the shoulders, also forming sleeves cut in one with the former and bordered with the gold trimming. The turban toque is made of swathed gold net, the plumes fastened in with a jewelled cabochon.

with belt and trimmings of green suède. It fastens, Russian fashion, down the left side, and has a high, protective collar. The buttons and buckle are in gun-metal. The soft green felt hat is trimmed with a tufted bird mount.

The low temperature of the present summer has created a demand for shoulder coverings that can easily be doffed or donned. One of the prettiest is carried out in satin, or in cloth, and is always worn buttoned. The sleeves are but half-length. This little garment fits closely and completely covers the back. The fronts are cut away at either side, the material coming from the shoulders in a long and becoming line to join the belt.

THE HOUSE OF REDFERN.

The Parisian actress enjoys the reputation of being the most graceful exponent of beauty and charm throughout the whole of Europe. This she owes in part to careful and early training. But she is indebted for much of this enviable reputation to *la maison Redfern*, which has for some years dressed the best known and most celebrated actresses on the Parisian boards. When in London a new play is announced as being dressed by Redfern English ladies of highest refinement and good taste at once decide to see the play, knowing that the gowns will be such as the highest in the land may wear with advantage to their looks and



3. Black and Gold Casino Gown



4. Shooting Costume

That even the shooting costume partakes of the general characteristics of this season's fashions is shown in our illustration No. 4. The material is olive-green serge

In the Boudoir (continued)

with credit to the superiority of their taste. Theatre managers are well aware of this, and especially since the new management of the London Redfern house there has been considerable demand for its services in connection with new theatrical pieces. The fact is that the union of simplicity with good style and what is known as "the line" makes a Redfern gown distinctive, and the wearer, as she walks on the stage, can have the pleasant feeling that every woman in the house is examining her dress with a strong and very natural desire to have for herself something in which she will look as graceful, well-dressed and distinguished as the actress does.

There is a great art in dressmaking which yet is

lovely frock is green veiled with black lace dotted with a shimmer of gold, and with a long plastron embroidered in dull gold down the front and carried a little to each side above the hem; very chic is the folded sash of dull blue satin. A gold and black lace over pink has pink chiffon lining the bodice, which is collarless and finished with a little cream lawn collar.

COMPANION PICTURES.

A simple but very effective gown is black chiffon over red, the low neck finished with fine red and white embroidery, a band of which confines the fulness of the gathered chiffon sleeves. The belt is in similar embroidery and is placed rather high. A companion gown, so far as beauty and good style are concerned, is dark



Three Exquisite Designs by Redfern

missed by some of the best known houses. I have referred to "the line." I mean the outline of the figure, which by means of over-trimming or superfluous drapery is often foolishly obscured. Those who do understand this rather subtle art can make their clients look slim when they are no longer so, and give those who are still so a *tournure* that is impossible to achieve when dressed by the less skilled in the sartorial art, and the key to this exceptional art is simplicity; not crude simplicity, but accomplished simplicity, the art that conceals art. On the stage this is especially valuable, since each movement the actress makes displays some new turn of the shoulders, the waist, the limbs, and is criticised accordingly. In a Redfern gown criticism may be defied.

Take, for instance, the little gown shown in our sketch. Blue chiffon embroidered with gold over gold lace through which gleams red silk may sound elaborate, but withal the beauty of the supple line is preserved in the fashion of the straight skirt falling to the gold embroidered band. The sleeves are white tulle. Another

blue chiffon pleated throughout and with pink underlying the bodice and sleeves.

Very smart indeed is a black satin tailor-made, the skirt plain and clinging, the coat semi-fitting, and with a collar of scarlet cloth very cleverly introduced. Another tailor-made is in blue moire, very soft and supple, as are all Redfern's materials. The sailor collar is dark blue satin with long revers diminishing to the waist.

The materials for next season are beyond description beautiful, and of a suppleness that means the most skilled of manufacture. They are not precisely cheap, these materials, but as draping the form feminine they are good enough for goddesses. That skirts will be draped is good news for those who understand true grace.

C. S. Humphrey

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[Photo]

[Dover Street Studios]

MME. EDITH EVANS IN "SHAMUS O'BRIEN"

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Notes and Impressions

Competition Results

The winners of our last month's competition are:—

FIRST

PRIZE:

Mr. F. L. Hillier,
28 Hayes Road,
Bromley, Kent.

SECOND PRIZE:

Mr. George Kennett,
New Cublington,
Leamington-Spa.

Mr. Hillier's criticism is: "Sparkling, original, delicious, a perfect comedy," from the initials of the advertisement, page xi, "School of Dancing and Physical Culture."

Mr. Kennett's criticism is: "Merrily acted comedy brimful of interest," from the initials of the sentence, "makes a clean breast of it" (bottom of left-hand column, page 198).

"The Sowers"

The dramatized version of Seton Merriman's "The Sowers," presented recently by David Kimball and Montague S. Woolf at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, formed a strong and interesting evening's entertainment.

The plot opened slowly, probably because the dramatists conscientiously strove to reproduce the atmosphere of Russian chill and Parisian subtlety which are so evident in the book; but after each character had obtained a footing on the boards and, in our understanding, the movement became more brisk, the last act going with splendid verve and intensity. The acting honours go to Mr. Clifton Alderson as Steinmitz, Mr. Chas. Esdale as the Frenchman, Mr. J. Edgar Stevenson as the Prince, and Miss Kathleen Russell, who made a beautiful, if misguided, heroine.

The Invincible Oscar

Shaking the gold-dust of what Mr. Hermann Klein calls "Unmusical New York" temporarily from his feet, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein will sail on September 21st for the European city which he declares is "musically far ahead

of any city in the world"—the City of London. He will proceed personally to supervise the foundation of the "London Opera House"—the title has been chosen "out of compliment" to London, though where the compliment comes in is a puzzle—and he will give grand opera all the year round in French, Italian and German. He will reserve two of his boxes for the exclusive use of the King and the Lord Mayor, and he will admit less favoured people to the number of three thousand. We wish Mr. Hammerstein every success. His is a character that teems with grit. "Being of an obstinate, as well as a sanguine, disposition"—again we quote his friend, Mr. Klein—he fought the famous Opera War in New York without a single influential backer, and won the most gratifying of all moral victories—his opponents, despairing of defeating him, paid him a handsome sum to surrender. Even now he confesses he "has no backers, and, if he took his friends' advice, would leave London severely alone." But what successful man ever *did* take his friends' advice?



Miss Beatrice von Brunnen

A Future "Star"

Miss Beatrice von Brunnen, whose photograph is reproduced on this page, has been engaged by Mr. George Edwardes to appear in present and future musical comedies.

Miss von Brunnen is a charming young actress from America. She scored immediate success on appearing at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, as a classical dancer. At the Boston Opera House her success was repeated. Miss von Brunnen, who is one of four pretty and talented sisters, made her debut after two years' study in Paris. She then returned to Paris, and is now in London, where we may shortly have an opportunity of seeing her in an important part at a West End Theatre. Possessed of all those fascinating attributes which go to the making of a popular actress, Miss von Brunnen should find no difficulty in gaining the appreciation

of her English audiences. We wish her every success.

Amateurs v. Professionals

We see in that original paper, *The Commentator*, which respects nobody and scolds everyone, that, in reply to the silly season controversy, "Should Amateur Actors be Suppressed?" it would suggest, "Only asphyxiation would meet the case!" Now, why? Because the professional at anything—music, poetry, painting, acting—must of necessity be a better workman than the man who only works for fun. So argues *The Commentator*, and adds that, so far from learning how to act, the member of an amateur dramatic club is more likely to learn how *not* to act! Cruel, cruel *Commentator*! As if there was no such thing in the world as enjoyment for its own sake! The amateur might well argue: "If no one appreciates me, that is my own affair. If I get as much admiration as I get enjoyment—well, I can't be so very bad, after all!"

By *Ded Ned*

"The Eternal Question." By Hall Caine

Produced at the Garrick Theatre on 27th August, 1910

Messrs. Guy Standing, Vernon Steel, Halliwell Hobbes, Oscar Adye, Edward Sorley, Ridgwell Cullum, Walter Kingham, Edward Durrant, Wilfred E. Payne, George Rowlands, Orlando Barnett, Richard Neville, Bernard A. Leslie, Misses Anna Cuka, Marie Housley, Rita Carr, and Tittell-Brune.

THE eternal question I have been asking myself, since seeing "The Eternal Question" at the Garrick, is, "What is the eternal question? Is it a question on Socialism, a sermon on the question of fallen women, or what?" I am content to let the question remain unanswered. I liked the play. It interested me. But I don't share the views of the idealist. Here we have a

information. David is wired to by Baron Bonelli in the name of Roma, and in a stirring scene the villain denounces Roma when the three meet face to face. A struggle between the two men results in the death of Baron Bonelli. David flies and Roma accuses herself of the murder. In the last act we find David (who has penetrated her cell in the disguise of a priest) and Roma resolved to go to their trial side by side, happy in each other's love. There are many other details, plots and counter plots, while coincidence is allowed full scope in their working out. These hardly matter, however, and I should have preferred something much more simple.

Mr. Hall Caine's plays owe a great deal of their success to those religious touches he gives to them. In



[Photo]

[Dover Street Studios]

A thrilling scene from "The Eternal Question"

young, handsome fellow, David Rossi, whose feelings for the poor and oppressed lead him into a conflict with the representatives of law and order. He insults the mistress of the Prime Minister, the beautiful Donna Roma Volonna, and although she swears to crush him by using all the subtle attractiveness of her sex, she finally falls in love with him. Baron Bonelli, her discarded lover, pictures her future in cold, cynical, cruel words, threatening the life of her beloved David unless she divulges his whereabouts. An appeal from the Pope extracts the

"The Eternal Question"—and I need hardly mention that the play is founded on "The Eternal City"—the author has risked offence to a large religious sect. A Pope on a modern stage will doubtless lead to the up-raising of many eyebrows, and, after all, was it necessary to introduce the character at all? Pope Pius XI. did not show up in very commendable colours and some people won't like it at all, I'm thinking! The rights or wrongs of it I leave to the public to decide. And, by the way, perhaps *that* was the Eternal Question!

Drama of the Month (continued)

I remember Miss Tittell-Brune once telling me that she wanted the English play-going public to know that she could play the part of a good woman as well as that of a bad one. I believe her. Yet I shall be quite satisfied if I never see her in a better part than Donna Roma Volonna. Show me a Roma as Miss Tittell-Brune depicts her and I'll show you a fallen woman who will get into heaven a long way ahead of many of her righteous sisters.

The beautiful frocks worn by Miss Tittell-Brune are worthy of special mention. She seemed to flit off the stage on one side and return in a new costume shortly after on the other, and this went on throughout the whole performance. The designing of the costumes, their cut and finish, were evidently placed in the hands of experts.

Another interesting performance was that of Mr. Guy Standing as Baron Bonelli. Mr. Standing is always

great love is for her nephew, whom she educates and whose bills she pays. Jack gets into scrape after scrape, but Aunt Mary sees him through, until a threatened breach of promise case against him puts her back to the wall. She disinherits him and sends him out of her house. Jack goes to stay with friends in New York, and thinking that Aunt Mary's silence means that she really means it, he and his friends send her a wire saying Jack has got the measles. A love scene between Jack and his friend's sister is cut short by the announcement that Aunt Mary is on her way to the house. The young fellows decide to give her the time of her life and Betty, Jack's sweetheart, decides to act as maid to her. She arrives. They feast her and give her a right royal time. When she returns to her country cottage, after having forgiven her nephew, she finds that the attractions of the city are too much for her. She marries her servant



[Photo]

Scene from "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" at Terry's Theatre

[White]

interesting, but he strikes a new note here. He is the hard-headed antagonist of Socialism to the life. He sweeps aside the idealisms of the creed with hard facts and I would like to have seen him live it through. Mr. Vernon Steel as David Rossi did not appeal to me so much, although it was a good performance. The play is well worth seeing.

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." By Anne Warner

Produced at Terry's Theatre on 22nd August, 1910

Miss May Robson, Messrs. Jack Storey, Paul Decker, Arthur Deering, John McMahon, C. C. Gwynne, George F. Hall, Lester Wallace, Harry Jones, Misses Faye Cusick, Nina Saville, Lillian Westnor, Lotta Blabs and Rose Fantuzz.

AUNT MARY is a whirlwind, a soft zephyr, a winter gale, and a summer breeze at one time. She has a good heart and a sharp tongue. Aunt Mary lives in a country cottage with a servant and a hired man-servant. She storms and rages one moment and the next she smiles and utters words of true pathos. Her

to her hired man-servant and gives them her cottage. Jack announces his love for Betty and Aunt Mary is delighted. So do all the troubles end.

There's little or nothing in the plot. But there's a good deal in the acting of Miss May Robson as Aunt Mary. She bids fair to become as popular a favourite over here as she is across the pond. Once you get used to the American slang, the American accent, and the American humour, well—gee-whiz, and you're right up against it, as they'd say. The fun was fast and furious, and we, who are accustomed to take our pleasures and our farcical comedies calmly, gasped a sigh of relief at the fall of the curtain after each act. I should like to have heard a little more of Mr. Jack Storey's singing voice, and to have seen a trifle more of his love-making with Miss Faye Cusick, as Betty. The acting of Miss Nina Saville as Lucinda was quite as convincing in its quietness as the somewhat rougher and louder performances of other members of the cast. She was funny without shouting about it.

An extract from the play: "Gee! I'm crazy about it! Get on to the bow!" Perhaps some kindly playgoer will interpret.

Drama of the Month (continued)

"The Crisis." Adapted from Pierre Berton's
"La Rencontre" by Rudolf Besier

Produced at the New Theatre on 31st August, 1910

*Miss Evelyn Millard, Messrs. Norman McKinnel, Lennox
Pawle, Athol Stewart, Douglas Imbert, Misses E. Martheze,
and Sarah Brooke.*

YET another attempt to transfer a French play to an English theatre without the French atmosphere! And another failure! The old, old story of a husband and wife, another man and another woman. The wife has married for position and money, like so many of them do; the husband married for what he thought was love. The coming of the other woman shows him that he was wrong, and a discovered "affair" between his wife and the other man confirms it. One or two needless and ridiculous characters sandwiched in between, and the thing is done.

Now what I want to know is why does Miss Evelyn Millard elect to associate her name with such a piece as "The Crisis"? Not one member of the cast could enhance his or her reputation by even the finest acting in a play of this description. It reeks with vulgarity—a fair example of which occurs in the scene between the two women. I consider it a distinctly immoral play, and one that should never have been seen on the more or less clean stage of the London theatre.

On the evening of my visit to the New Theatre I was alone. I was glad of that. Several men who sat with lady friends looked extremely uncomfortable. If there is one thing more objectionable than another it is prudery on the stage, but if plays like "The Crisis" are to become a substitute for prudery there is a poor look-out for drama in this country! The lack of dramatists has given birth to a young army of adapters, and the latter invariably turn to France for their material. Then the trouble commences. Each sentence is translated accurately, and what pleased or amused a people whose morals, inclinations and manners are entirely foreign to our own is served up under a new name in the hope that we shall appreciate it. But we don't!

Had the play been worth it, the amount of energy put into their work by Miss Evelyn Millard and Miss Sarah Brooke would have reaped its own reward. As it was, both performances suggested artificiality. Mr. Lennox Pawle was funny when he was supposed to be, but funnier still when he tried to be pathetic. Mr. Norman McKinnel's work was done in deadly earnest. The play was well costumed and mounted.

"The Follies"

Re-opened at the Apollo Theatre on 30th August, 1910.

*Messrs. H. G. Pélissier, Morris Harvey, Dan Everard,
Douglas Maclaren, Lewis Sydney, Misses Gwennie Mars,
Muriel George, Effie Cook, and Ethel Allandale.*

AFTER a long and successful tour The Follies have returned to the Apollo, where hundreds fight nightly for admission. That such an entertainment is wanted in London is more than proved by the public response Mr. Pélissier and his company have experienced. The Follies' show is a really clever, healthy, and amusing one. No man need fear taking his maiden aunt off her stool at the Moral Darning and Knitting Society's meeting and depositing her in the middle of the front row of the stalls at the Apollo. She might suffer from shock at first, but she would get over it long before the second part of the programme was reached.

It is about this second part that I specially want to make a few remarks. It comprises an imitation of "A Voice Trial." We are introduced to Mr. Pélissier as "the best-dressed man in London," and a number of aspirants are ushered in before him to try their voices or give trials of their "turns." There is the tragedian, the comedienne, the serio-comic man, the opera star, the

piano-tuner, and one of the cleaners, together with, as the programme puts it, "anybody who happened to drop in at rehearsals." The artists go through their turns to shrieks of laughter from the audience. A delightfully saucy little song is contributed by Miss Effie Cook, which is supposed to result in the immediate offer of an engagement from the manager. This little sketch was worthy of a special place on the programme. It was a dainty and fascinating performance.

"Pélissier's Potted Pageant" was a third part of the programme. This was a not too thickly veiled skit upon the modern pageant. The speech of the Mayor before the performance, in which he succeeds in telling the audience all about himself and nothing about the pageant, was very funny. The "argument" of the performance is given on a special slip. The pageant is divided into eight episodes—The Birth of Harmony, The Ancient Druids, The Romans, Lady Godiva's Ride through Coventry, The Kings and Queens of England, Egyptian, The Hobby Horse, and The Cavaliers and Roundheads. A short description is given of each episode. The following appears under the heading of "The Ancient Druids":—

"Introducing one of the oldest of City companies, also a realistic picture of the building of Stonehenge, showing four of the original directors of the company that was responsible for the building, insuring, and burning of Stonehenge.

"N.B.—The shares are no longer quoted."

VARIETY THEATRES

The Pavilion.—The attraction at the "Pav." is, of course, Miss Annie Abbott, the "Little Georgia Magnet." Her performance is very wonderful, and is attracting considerable attention. The little lady claims to exercise a marvellous control over herself. When she places her fingers lightly on a man's flesh it is impossible for him to lift her. Ten men tried to lift her from her feet on the occasion of my visit and failed in the attempt. Another curious spectacle is that of ten men pitting their combined strength against that of one slim little woman, who stands with a finger on the proscenium wall while the men behind try to push her towards the wall. Fred Russell has returned to the Pavilion after a long absence. He has altered the style of his entertainment somewhat, dropping the amusing references of Coster Joe to members of the audience. This is rather a pity, as he now falls back into line with ordinary ventriloquists. An almost unique turn is given by the Saytons. Two clever acrobats wriggle on to the stage in the guise of enormous alligators and perform wonderful contortions. Other turns include J. J. Dallas, Gus Fowler, the Zigeuner Quartette, the Blessings, Frank Manna, Gladys Huxley and Osborn and Brookes. T. E. Dunville is also one of the stars.

The Alhambra.—I have, in a past issue, already described the argument of the beautiful ballet "Femina" at the Alhambra. It is still drawing loud applause from delighted audiences. "On the Sands," another beautiful ballet, though less pretentious, has for its principals Miss Elise Clerc and M. Emile Agoust. It is described on the programme as a "frolic" and a frolic it certainly is. In these days of wonderful performances of jugglers and equilibrists we gasp at little short of recklessness. The Fuji Japanese Troupe at the Alhambra performed feats of daring that made one feel cold down the spine and one's hair rise on end. A little bit of a lad seemed to be as much at home resting on his head at the top of a twenty-foot pole as when tripping across the stage. Thora, a ventriloquist; Olympia Desvall and her trained ponies and dogs; Miss Coombs, Emma and Victor and Carmen Turia completed an entertaining programme.



By CLILVERD YOUNG

I WONDER how much of the sturdy philosophy for which the average Britisher is renowned is due to the erratic climate we enjoy in this island home of ours? And I wonder how much of our success individually, and as a nation; is due to the healthy enthusiasm which is born of this philosophy. The coming of April bids us prepare for summer with out-door sports and recreations. That we get more than the proverbial number of thunder-storms and less fine days interferes little with the ardour of our enjoyment. The evening mists of September warn us that winter is at hand with its fires and fogs, our home-life and our hobbies. Whilst we can turn our backs on a fully employed and keenly enjoyed past season and our faces, bright with expectancy, to the striving and pleasure of that before us, we can afford to smile at the croaking of the fearful who prate of the degeneracy of ourselves and our nation. Enthusiasm and keenness, bred of a healthy philosophy, are the handmaidens of Achievement, Success is her crown, Contentment her fair reward.

Enthusiasm is Rampant in the amateur world. Everyone is anxious to be in harness again: parts are being sought for as eagerly as are bargains by the summer-sale shopper. Some of the clubs are in full rehearsal; others are still halting between two opinions as to which play or opera shall be produced; some are seeking members to fill vacancies; and others have so many applications that their "waiting list" is full. If one did not know one might suppose that nothing but a cue ever had or would satisfy the enthusiasts who bear the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with sturdy rectitude. But I recall the absorbed look upon the faces of the two men I met tramping in South Devon, and whom I shall presently see across the footlights, and the merry laughter which came from a group of picnickers on the banks of the Upper Thames when a sudden shower threatened to soak their lunch, and realise the happy amateur is not a creature of one idea and one enthusiasm he is often reported to be. Whilst this is the case, those who delight in this branch of dramatic activity can afford to smile an indulgent smile at those who affect a cheap cynicism and profess disdain for what they would probably fail to achieve.

The Coming Season promises to be an interesting, if not a more than usually brilliant, one. It is, however, the unexpected that usually happens, and the list of announcements to date of our going to press is by no means complete. In operatic circles the first in the field is THE STAGE CLUB, who produce "Tom Jones" at the Court Theatre, November 17th, 18th, 19th. Although this is a comparatively new club, the names of its executive are well known in the amateur world, and we are led to expect a fine performance. LLOYD'S O.D. AND M.S. propose to be A.I. in "Merrie England" on November 30th and three following days. They have a good, if

short, record to beat. The NORWOOD FREE LANCES O.S. play that robust favourite, "The Yeoman of the Guard," on December 1st, 2nd, 3rd. THE STOCK EXCHANGE O. AND D.S. promise to give us "The Blue Moon" in December. THE BLACKHEATH O.S. will repeat their excellent performance of "Veronique" in February. THE UTOPIAN O.S. have selected "The Gondoliers" for a late-in-the-season show at Blackheath. THE MASCOTS play "The Toreador," November 24th, 25th, 26th, at the Court. THE ILFORD SOCIAL CLUB will first play "Beauty and the Barge," October 22nd, 24th, 25th, after which they promise "Florodora" in November and "Duchess of Dantzig." The VAUDEVILLE CLUB's season will open as usual with a Bohemian concert; date, October 13th.

Stedman's Students' Stage Society is the natural result of the opening of Stedman's School of Acting; only by acting can one acquire the art of acting, and it was obvious to all who attended the rehearsal theatre that the stage, although a model of compactness, gave the numerous and ambitious players little chance of distinguishing themselves. At the Court Theatre all this will be changed, and with such an experienced producer as Marshall Moore in command, we may with confidence hope for a good show. Scenes from "The School for Scandal," "The Gay Lord Quex" and "Florodora" are promised and should form an attractive programme.

Dramatic Announcements inform us that BANCROFT D.C. will play "Beauty and the Barge" on November 12th. COMEDY CLUB will be seen in "The Woman of No Importance" and "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner." GARRICK A.D.S. produce "His House in Order," "Mice and Men" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." ILLYRIAN D.S. play "Arms and the Man." INGOLDSBY CLUB announce "The Dovecot" for their opening play on October 5th. MARTIN HARVEY D.C. promise a good season and will tour with "The New Clown" and "Mrs. Dot." CRIPPLEGATE CLUB also play "Mrs. Dot," "You Never Can Tell" and "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." WYNDHAM D.C. have settled dates for productions, but not plays. A performance of "The Walls of Jericho" on January 31st for charity is a welcome announcement. HAMPSTEAD D.C. make a late opening in December, but have not settled on the play. EDWARD TERRY D.C. will begin their season next month with "The Country Mouse" and "The Prude's Progress," all of which goes to prove that we are in for a busy and interesting time.

Clilverd Young

His Majesty's Theatre

SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY VIII.

King Henry VIII.	ARTHUR BOURCHIER
Cardinal Wolsey	HERBERT TREE
Cardinal Campeius (<i>Legate from the Pope</i>)	S. A. COOKSON
Cranmer (<i>Archbishop of Canterbury</i>)	CHARLES FULLER
Duke of Norfolk	A. E. GEORGE
Duke of Buckingham	HENRY AINLEY
Duke of Suffolk	EDWARD O'NEILL
Earl of Surrey	GERALD LAWRENCE
Lord Chamberlain	EDWARD SASS
Gardiner (<i>Bishop of Winchester</i>)	WILLIAM BURCHILL
Lord Abergavenny	CLARENCE DERWENT
Lord Sands	WALTER R. CREIGHTON
Sir Henry Guildford	EDMUND GURNEY
Sir Thomas Lovell	HENRY C. HEWITT
Sir Nicholas Vaux	CHARLES JAMES
Thomas Cromwell (<i>Secretary to Cardinal Wolsey</i>)	REGINALD OWEN
Griffith (<i>Usher to Queen Katharine</i>)	HENRY MORRELL
1st Gentleman	CYRIL SWORDER
2nd Gentleman	CHARLES HOWARD
Garter King-at-Arms	CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham	ACTON BOND
Sergeant-at-Arms	ARTHUR GASKILL
Servant	W. B. ABINGDON
A Crier	EDMUND GOLDING
A Scribe	FRANCIS CHAMIER
Jester	ROSS SHORE
Queen Katharine	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH
Anne Bullen	Miss LAURA COWIE
An Old Lady	Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT
Patience (<i>Waiting Maid to Queen Katharine</i>)	Miss LILA BARCLAY

ACT I.

Scene 1.—The Cloisters.
Scene 2.—The Council Chamber.
Scene 3.—The Banqueting Hall, Wolsey's Palace.
(Designed by Perry Macquoid, R.I.)

ACT III.

Scene 1.—The Pleasaunce.
Scene 2.—Ante-Chamber with Adjoining Chapel.
Scene 3.—Kimbolton.
Scene 4.—Westminster Abbey.

The Scenery has been painted by JOSEPH HARKER.
The Dances have been arranged by Miss MARGARET MORRIS.

The Overture, Entr'actes and Incidental Music have been selected from the original Music of EDWARD GERMAN by whom several new Incidental Numbers have been composed for the present production.

Note.—The Tunes sung to the Morris Dance in Act I., Scene 3, are traditional, and the Part Song "Pastime and Good Company," which occurs in the same scene, was written and composed by King Henry VIII.

The Overture, Entr'actes and Incidental Music by arrangement with the Executors of the late SIR HENRY IRVING
MUSICAL DIRECTOR: ADOLF SCHMID.

Stage Manager	CECIL KING
Associate Stage Manager	STANLEY BELL
General Manager	HENRY DANA



Photograph

[by F. W. Burford]

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE
IN "KING HENRY VIII." AT
HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

PRESENTED WITH No. 12 OF
"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"
SIXPENCE MONTHLY



"KING HENRY VIII."

By SHAKESPEARE.

Produced at HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON, on 1st September, 1910.



Photo]

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.

["Daily Mirror" Stud.

"King Henry VIII." at His Majesty's

By EDWARD MORTON ("Mordred" of *The Referee*).

IT is no disrespect to the memory of the dramatist to consider the production of "King Henry VIII." at His Majesty's Theatre as a pageant as well as a play. As such it was obviously designed. It was to the use of cannon in the piece, when it was given at the Globe in Shakespeare's own time, that the fire by which that theatre was destroyed was directly due. How much, or how little, there is of Shakespeare in "King Henry VIII." is a question which may be left to the pedants; for ourselves, we should be satisfied to count it among the "doubtful" plays along with that "King Edward the Third" which Capell ascribed to Shakespeare for no other reason than that he thought it too good to be the work of any of his contemporaries. It would be unjust to more of Shakespeare's contemporaries than one, who are supposed to have had a hand in it, to say so much of "King Henry VIII." Certainly it affords opportunities for pictorial illustration such as may not be found in any other of the chronicle plays, and the illimitable resources of His Majesty's Theatre, Sir Herbert Tree's genius for management, the fine, artistic feeling revealed in the composition of the beautiful pictures presented in the spacious frame of the stage, and the nice discrimination exercised in the choice of the actors for the interpretation of the play; all these things together combined make the stupendous production of "King Henry VIII." a memorable achievement in the annals of the theatre. For the appeal is not merely to the eye, but to the imagination, and the historical sense is stirred by the animated scenes in which an eventful period of our national life is so vividly realised by the actors, scene painters, costumiers and the rest.

Magnificence of display characterised Irving's famous revival of "King Henry VIII." in the great days at the Lyceum, and Kean, before him, is reported to have made an extremely lavish production of it. If Sir Herbert Tree may be said to have improved in this respect upon the example of his illustrious predecessors, the interest of the play is not diminished—on the contrary, it is sustained and increased—by reducing the five acts to three, for this re-arrangement brings into prominence the two most important and significant dramatic issues, the fall of Cardinal Wolsey and the fate of Queen Katharine, and keeps these two principal personages on the stage until the last act, instead of banishing them for good and all from the play, the Cardinal in the third and the Queen in the fourth. To illustrate the rise and influence of Cardinal Wolsey and his sudden fall from the favour of the King into disgrace and ruin irredeemable, that may be described as the main purpose of the play, and

in the stage-version prepared for this occasion the story is a great deal less inconsecutive than in the printed play it must seem to the reader. Queen Katharine and the Duke of Buckingham—after Wolsey, the most carefully delineated character in the play—are brought more closely into the scheme of the drama, and the episode of Buckingham's arrest for high treason, with the touching speech before he goes off to execution, is played at a greater length, if we may trust our memory, than it was given in Irving's revival of "King Henry VIII." The

character of the King himself is not so much developed by the dramatist as it is elaborated by touches of detail in the present performance; he is the foremost figure in the play, yet not the centre of interest. Fancy, invention and imagination are freely exercised by Sir Herbert Tree alike in his work as an actor and a theatrical manager, in his performance of the part of Cardinal Wolsey and in the disposition of the forces gathered on the stage in such animated scenes as the revels at Wolsey's Palace at the close of the first act, and in the gorgeous procession at the coronation with which the play now ends. These two great scenes, which it is surely no exaggeration to describe as "masterpieces" of the pictorial art of the theatre, come well within the purpose of the play, and it was a happy mischance, indeed, which induced Sir Herbert Tree to bring "King Henry VIII." to a conclusion with the full ceremony of the coronation of Anne Bullen instead of the christening of the Princess Elizabeth, for which there is no such reason in these days as there was for it in its appointed place when the play was first written. As the play closes now, with the coronation, it rounds off more fittingly the story of Henry's infatuation for Anne Bullen, to say nothing of the



[Photo]

["Daily Mirror" Studios]

Mr. Henry Ainley as Buckingham

fact — with which, indeed, we need not trouble ourselves much—that it avoids the anachronism of placing the death of Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth.

The meeting of Anne Bullen and the King in the great hall of Wolsey's Palace—a magnificent bit of stage architecture—is an opportunity for a great spectacular display, and the scene is prolonged with feasting, singing and dancing. Once the King has discarded the shepherd's costume, in which he enters along with the other maskers who claim the hospitality of the Cardinal, he is soon engaged in the pursuit of Anne, to which he addresses himself without any restraint, whilst Wolsey, silent and pensive, looks on frowningly. The boisterous spirits of the King and the grave countenance of the Cardinal prepare us for the impending mischief. We have seen already at the opening of the play

The Play of the Month (continued)

Buckingham vainly rebelling against "this Ipswich fellow's insolence"; Wolsey's cunning and authority have been asserted again in the scene at the Council which immediately follows, and the ascendancy of the Cardinal, the great state in which he lives and the impelling force of his policy are all very skilfully illustrated in the first act. The River Gate, upon which the second act opens, furnishes a very imposing background for the scene of Buckingham's farewell, and his fine, long speech is most affectingly delivered by Mr. Henry Ainley, who acts the part with a feeling of pride and dignity, and the ringing accents of his voice as he says, "All good people, Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour, Of my life, long weary life, is come upon me," linger in the ears long after Buckingham and his train have moved off and the curtain has fallen. The cross-currents in

Wolsey's career are dramatically indicated, and while the abrupt removal of Buckingham from his path and the decline of Katharine favour his designs, we see how the gradual rise of Anne Bullen makes perilous his way. The scene in which the Lord Chamberlain comes to inform Anne that the King purposes to confer upon her the title of Marchioness of Pembroke—a scene in which Mrs. Charles Calvert, as the "old lady" in attendance, gives a performance in the ripest style of old comedy, though the poet's freedom of speech is properly moderated to our modern manners—affords a striking contrast to the scene of Katharine's trial, at which Wolsey asserts his influence for the last time over the King, and the unhappy Katharine goes, with a broken heart and an unbroken spirit, into the retirement in which her gentle nature finds expression in the beatific vision which is not the least wonderful of the purely mechanical achievements of the present production of the play.

With the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, which comes so suddenly, so unexpectedly—brought about as it is by a mere *coup de théâtre* such as the least of dramatists in these days might disdain—the dramatic movement of the play is not exactly arrested, and the final scene of the Coronation not only brings the entertainment to an end with a blazing surprise, like the great set-piece at a display of fireworks, but serves, moreover, to lift the spirits of the audience and to send them happy away, leaving them to find in the play what moral they may—and that without pursuing their reflections any further than the end of this chapter of the history of King Henry VIII.

The quality of subtlety which gives so much value and distinction to Sir Herbert Tree's acting in certain parts is peculiarly suited to the part of Wolsey, and the actor's interpretation of the great cardinal will rank with the

most successful studies of character. His Cardinal Wolsey is a stern, a majestic figure, as dignified in the hour of his triumphs as he is in the moment of his fall, and the mind of the man or the soul of the prelate is never more plainly exhibited than in his touching scene with his secretary, whose devotion to the great man one can feel and understand. The part has evidently been studied with great care, and the composition of the part, using the word in the sense in which an actor composes his part, is, from first to last, always consistent. The proud, stately figure of the Cardinal, in his crimson robes, will leave an ineffaceable impression upon the mind, and Sir Herbert Tree's Wolsey will remain a treasured memory with the playgoer. As the injured Queen Katharine, Miss Violet Vanbrugh has the reversion of a part which was a special favourite with Mrs. Siddons. The

part is one which affords a better medium for variety of acting than any other in the play, and rises undoubtedly, in one scene at least, to heights within the reach only of a great actress. No queen of tragedy can ever have carried it off with a prouder bearing than Miss Vanbrugh in the earlier part of the play; and the sorrow and distress of the virtuous play are something more than adequately expressed. Dr. Johnson, in writing of "King Henry VIII.," says, "the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine," and even that is more than some critics may allow, although they may not share the Doctor's opinion that "every other part may be easily conceived and easily written." Easily conceived or easily written, at any rate is not always easily acted, and Mr. Arthur Boucher, who plays the King, gives us a decidedly bluff King Hal, with much strength of will and a joyous disposition. His "make-up" for the part is a



Photo

["Daily Mirror" Studios]

Miss Laura Cowie as Anne Bullen

triumph of personation; it is the living image of King Henry VIII. as the painters have pictured him. Miss Laura Cowie plays Anne Bullen with girlish freshness. It is not only in the leading parts that the acting is studiously considered, for the auxiliary characters are played by accomplished actors, and Mr. S. A. Cookson, Mr. A. E. George, Mr. Edward O'Neill, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, Mr. Edward Sass, and Mr. Acton Bond contribute, one and all, to the success of a production which redounds so much to the honour and glory of the stage.

Edward Horton

The Opening Scenes



Wolsey: "And Buckingham shall lesson this big look."



["Daily Mirror" Studios

"And Buckingham shall lesson this big look."

The Cloisters



Photos

["Daily Mirror" Studios]

The End of the Scene

The King (Mr. Arthur Bouchier) and Queen (Miss Violet Vanbrugh)
in the Council Chamber



King Henry. "Arise and take place by us."

"Daily Mirror" Studios

The Evidence Against Buckingham



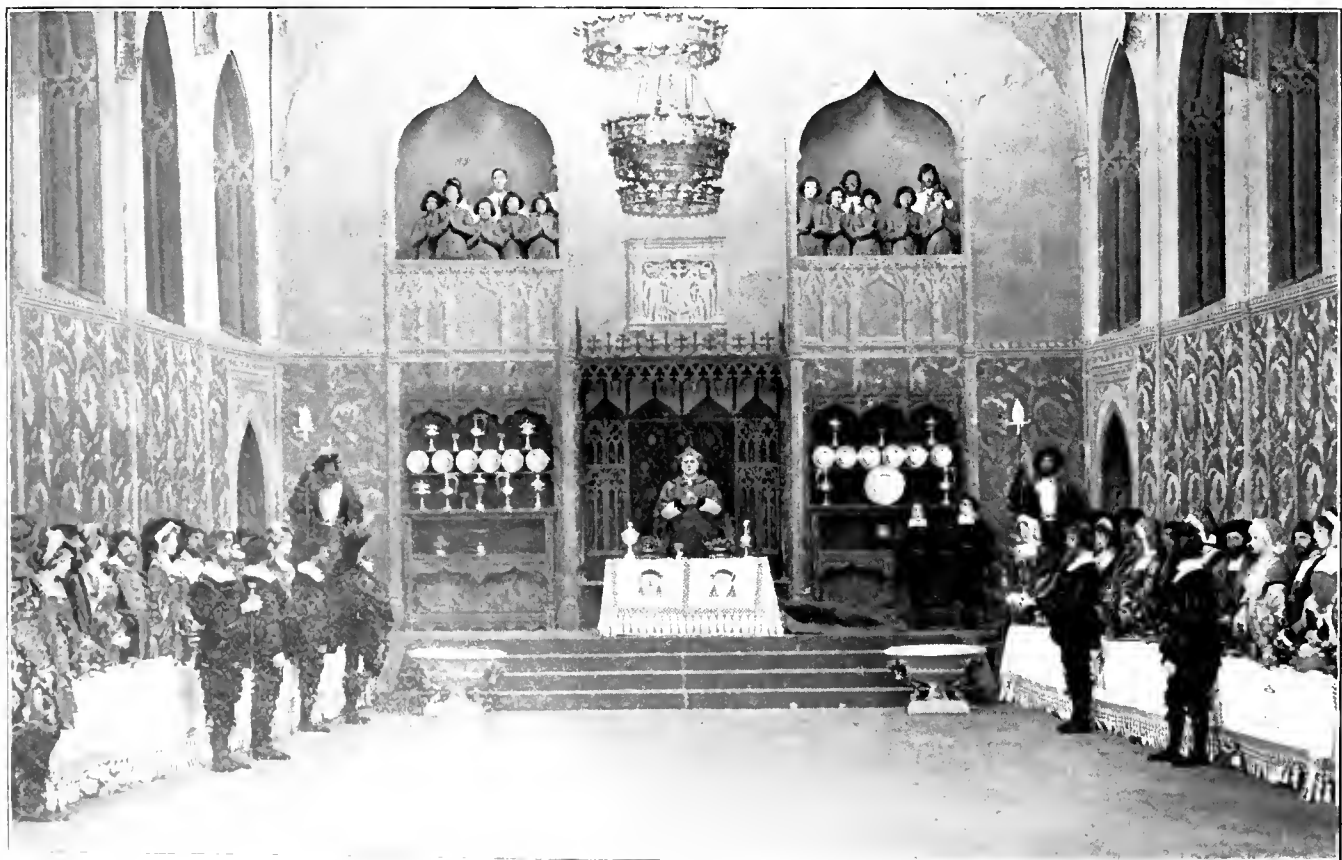
Suretyor: "On my soul, I'll speak but the truth."

1st Daily Mirror Studios

The King speaks his mind

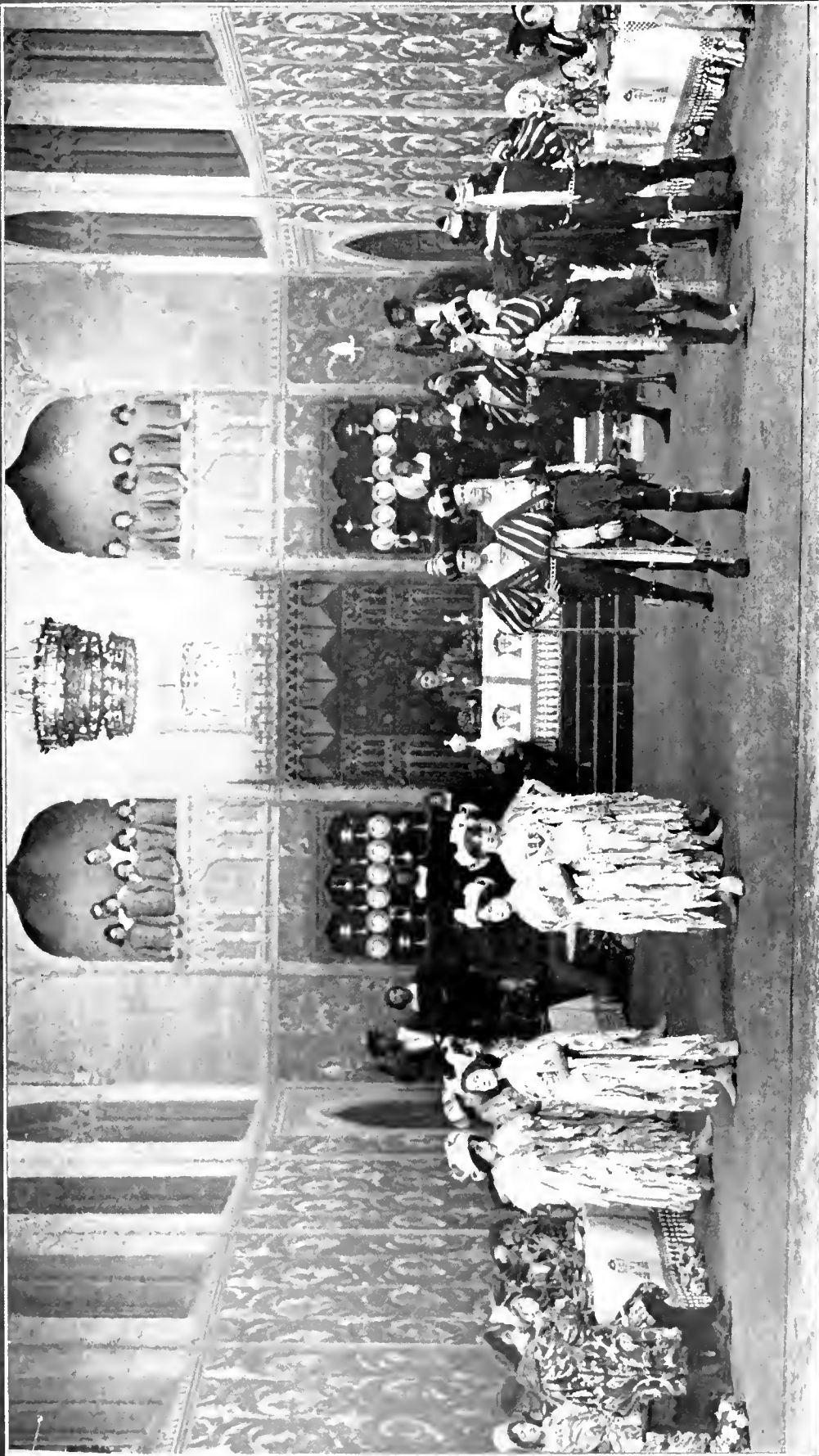


King Henry: "By day and night, he's traitor to the height."



"Non Nobis" at Wolsey's Palace

[*"Daily Mirror" Studios*]



The Morris Dancers

sorts, and [see,]

At Wolsey's Palace



Scenes in the Banqueting Hall

[*"Daily Mirror"* Studios

King Henry and Anne Bullen (Miss Laura Cowie)



Photo

Photo

After the Masque Dance

Buckingham Bids Farewell to the People



Buckingham: "All good people, pray for me."



Buckingham goes to his Execution

[*"Daily Mirror"* Studios

The Trial Scene



King Henry VIII, and his attendants

[The Daily Mirror, 1906]

1906

The Trial Scene



Queen Katharine and her Attendants

The Trial Scene



Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius
with their attendants.

Interesting Scenes and Stud



*although unqueenly - yet like a
Queen and daughter to a King.*

Mr. Arthur Bouchier
as
King Henry VIII.

The Queen's
Comforters.

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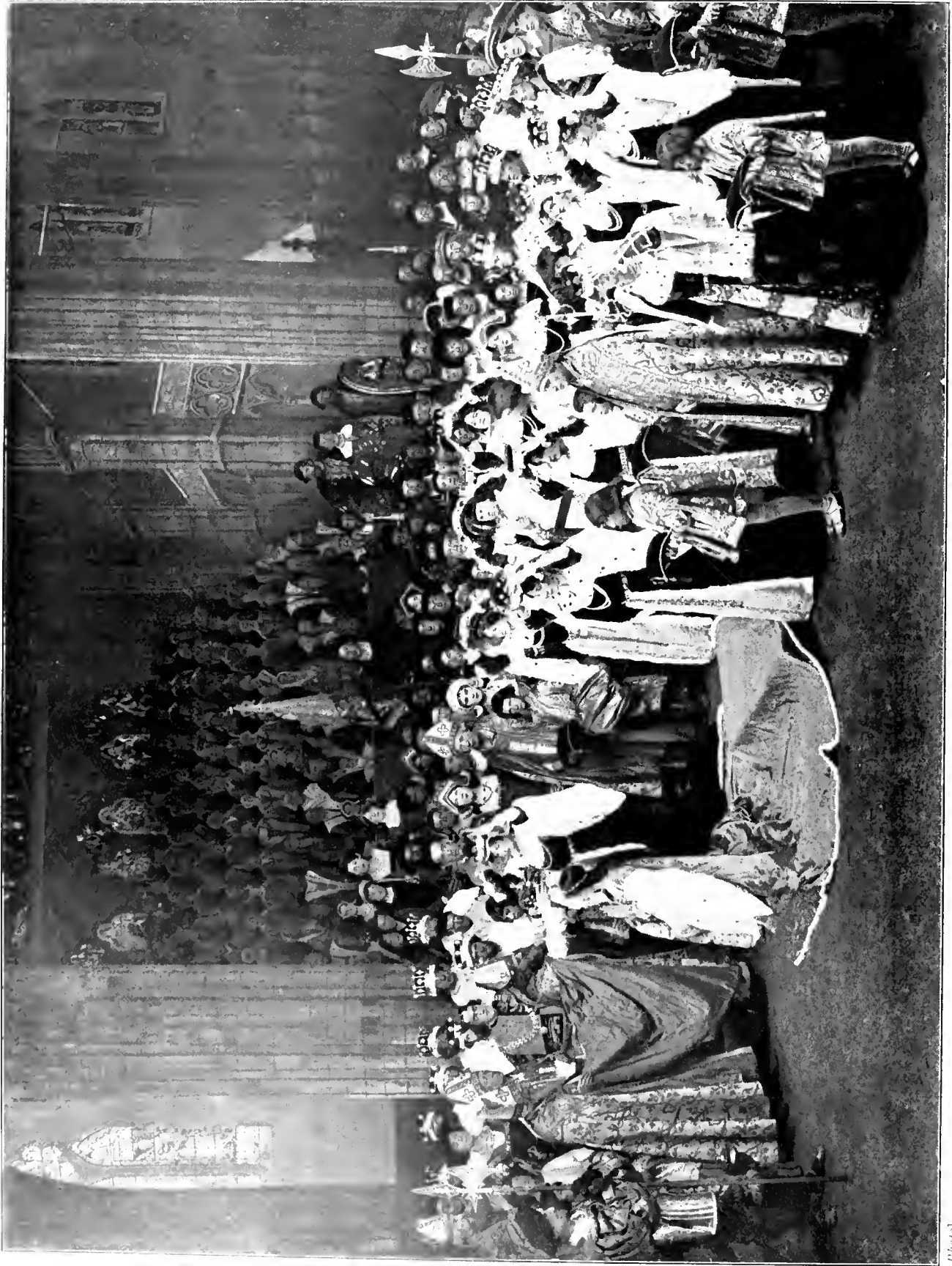
Miss Violet Vanbrugh
as
Queen Katharine

Wolsey and Campeius
offer advice to
the Queen



A Beautiful Tableau in the Play

PLAYGOER
SOCIETY
ILLUSTRATED



[Photo]

The Coronation of Anne Bullen

[The "Daily Mirror" Studios]

About the Players

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

The Spectacular Side of Shakespeare

A RESPONSIVE chord is struck in the heart of every true lover of the artistic by the beautiful colour symphony of Sir Herbert Tree's latest and greatest Shakespearean production. There may be—nay,

there are—numerous people rather fond of decrying the effects which our leading actor-manager secures, their principal objection being that he over-emphasises the spectacular side of the great Bard's work. I am afraid they belong to the same category as those who deride a glowing Turner canvas because they lack the seeing eye and the understanding mind. As Turner, gazing on old Father Thames, saw flashing gleams of varied colour chasing each other over its waters, which merged at last into a mass of ruddy gold as the fast-setting sun melted in the west, in place of the passer-by's muddy river, so Sir Herbert Tree—gifted with a clearer mental vision of the period—evolved the series of brilliant stage pictures which are historically necessary to such plays as "Richard II." and

treatment, so to attempt to present 'Henry VIII.' otherwise than in a realistic manner would be to ensure absolute failure. Shakespeare and Burbage, Betterton, Colley Cibber, the Kembles, the Keans, Phelps, Calvert and Henry Irving, as artists, recognised there was but one way to treat the play of 'Henry VIII.' It is pleasant to sin in such good company. But I can hear you say it is proposed to run the National Theatre on strictly symbolic lines. In replying, I cannot do better than again quote from my pamphlet: 'If it is, then God help the National Theatre, the symbolists will not.' No 'ism' ever made a great cause. As you justly remark, it is the artist who is the true exponent of art, and, in my opinion, if he is to become a real living force, he must be true to his ideas and ideals. My favourite characters in the Shakespearean productions which lend themselves most naturally to realistic stage setting are Antony, in 'Julius Cæsar'; Richard II., in the play of that name; Shylock, in 'The Merchant of Venice'; and the mighty Churchman-Politician I have now the honour to represent.

"Yes, I agree that an important production such as this, full of the pageantry of a Court life which was one of the most sumptuous in history, cannot be presented in a cheap, slipshod style. Just imagine how a wonderful scene like the Banqueting Hall of Wolsey's Palace or the stately Coronation in Westminster Abbey would suffer! At the same time I should like to contradict most emphatically the altogether absurd and exaggerated reports which have been circulated in various quarters with regard to the enormous expense I am said to have incurred. Permit me to say, as a loyal citizen," here Sir Herbert paused, then, with a characteristic gesture, quizzically proceeded, "I have no right thus to reduce my income tax. I should like to say a few words about the music. This has always been a feature at His Majesty's, in many cases specially composed. In this production I consider myself fortunate in being able to secure Edward German's music, which was a leading feature of the Lyceum production. So you see I have spared no effort to attain perfection; it rests with the public to decide whether I have done so."

The verdict of the public could scarcely have been more emphatic. "King Henry VIII." was declared a complete success.



As Shylock

"Henry VIII." All this is quite natural, for Sir Herbert—like every other great artist—only works out his imaginative brain impression of certain scenes.

Notwithstanding weeks of unremitting rehearsals and an arduous matinée, I found Sir Herbert full of vigour and enthusiasm.

"I'm aware," he observed, meditatively, "this production has raised a certain amount of controversy. That is nothing fresh, and perhaps only to be expected when any particularly striking departure is made. Personally, I consider opposition to my views a sure proof I am not yet moribund. When opposition ceases, I will feel my influence theatrically is on the wane."

"My record of fifteen Shakespearean productions speaks for itself, 'Henry VIII.' being the sixteenth—four more, if I'm not mistaken, than given by the late Sir Henry Irving during his magnificent management at the Lyceum. I hold 'Henry VIII.' is a realistic, not a symbolic, play. In this masterpiece you have the all-powerful Cardinal striking a vivid note of colour, which, like some rich ruby, must of necessity have a worthy setting. How different the treatment required for 'Hamlet,' whose sombre



As Richard II.

figure flitting across the stage would suffer artistically if surrounded by anything but simple severity. As mentioned in my pamphlet, practically no plays of Shakespeare are susceptible to what is called symbolic



As Wolsey



As Mark Antony

About the Players (continued)

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER The readers of this up-to-date theatrical monthly have little to learn with regard to the splendid stage career of Mr. Bouchier, culminating as it does in the masterly impersonation he gives of Henry VIII. One little incident, however, may be of interest. Some months ago Mr. William Archer wrote a certain article on the Palace Music Hall which created a tremendous sensation in theatrical circles. This drew from Mr. Bouchier, who was appearing there at the time, the following amusing remarks, "Why, Mr. Archer is a humorist—an English Mark Twain—and what really worries me is how much Mr. Butt is going to receive in hard cash from the newspaper in question for increasing its circulation. Under the circumstances, I consider my humble assistance deserves some pecuniary recompense. Certainly Mr. Archer's article is responsible for my conversion to the idea of a national theatre." Truly a quaint idea: The conversion of Mr. Arthur Bouchier by Mr. William Archer.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH To every enthusiastic playgoer the name of Violet Vanbrugh is a household word. Hard work and great personal attractions are responsible for the proud position she now holds. Ever since she first appeared at Toole's Theatre in "Faust and Loose" her progress has been what I might term "brilliantly steady." In her present rôle of the great Queen she skilfully contrives to let us realise that behind all the tinsel and trappings a real woman suffers. Yes, fine actress though she is, she is also a perfect mother. I will always remember what she said to me once when speaking of her daughter Prudence: "I'm quite aware there has been quite a lot in the papers lately with regard to her appearing on the stage, but it isn't always advisable to take the Press seriously. I hold strong opinions as to the expediency of taking young children to pantomimes and theatres, where they have to sit for hours with their active little brains working at full tension. It is a big strain to the intelligent child." Such a statement from a lady in Miss Violet Vanbrugh's position must carry weight. May I make a suggestion that the one-act theatre which I hear is at last going to be started should cater for the youngsters by including in their programme a short fairy play? This would solve the difficulty.

MR. HENRY AINLEY In the first number of THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED was published a short sketch of Mr. Henry Ainley's career. One or two triumphs have to be added to that record, which was penned nearly a year ago. It is a difficult matter to get Mr. Ainley to talk about himself. He is, perhaps, one of our most versatile actors and certainly one of the most modest. An endeavour to get his opinion upon his own performance in the present production of "King Henry VIII." proved futile. He would only express his great admiration for Mr. Forbes Robertson's famous rendering of the part of the Duke of Buckingham, and the hope that he had not fallen too far short of such a performance. I think the young actor has his answer in the tumultuous applause he receives each night after the well-known speech. Keen on his profession, possessing many natural gifts, and with youth on his side, Mr. Henry Ainley should ere long occupy a foremost position among Shakespearean actors. In the meantime the London public are anxiously looking forward to seeing him play Romeo, which he has already done in Paris and, I hear, may shortly do in New York.

MISS LAURA COWIE After the first night of "Henry VIII." everyone seemed to be asking who was Miss Laura Cowie, the dainty, girlish Anne Bullen. This is not surprising, for the young actress

was practically playing her first part. "Experience? All gained under the guidance of Sir Herbert Tree. I was born a few miles outside Aberdeen, and came to London a little over two years ago. I started studying at the Academy of Dramatic Art, and soon got an opportunity of walking on in 'Faust' at His Majesty's, where I've been ever since. This is my first big part, although I understudied Miss Auriel Lee in 'The O'Flynn.' I'm a voracious reader, and think I must have exhausted every well-known historical writer with regard to Henry VIII. and his period. One thing I noticed—the extraordinary difference of opinion between the Protestants and Catholics of those days with regard to poor Anne's character. There were no half measures. She was either a saint or the very opposite." Not yet twenty years old, and full of the mystical temperament which is the proud heritage of every Highlander, Miss Laura Cowie's future on the stage seems assured.

MRS. CHARLES CALVERT It is difficult to believe that Mrs. Charles Calvert, who gives such a truly Shakespearean study of an "old lady," full of life and vivacity, is over 70 years of age. Born in 1837, her father, James Biddles, was a popular provincial actor. So it was quite natural for her, when only six years old, to appear as one of the children in "The Stranger" with Mr. and Mrs. Kean. While acting at the Theatre Royal, Southampton, Charles Calvert was in the same company. Mutually attracted, they married. It was under his brilliant management at the Prince's, Manchester, that she scored most of her early triumphs. After her husband's death she made a forty-weeks' tour in America with Edwin Booth, where she has also toured with Mrs. Langtry and Miss Mary Anderson, supporting the latter at the Lyceum here in 1884. She last visited the United States in 1905, to play Mrs. Harcastle in a special production of "She Stoops to Conquer." It is quite impossible to enumerate the countless parts created and played by this famous actress, but her most striking impersonations of late years include Mrs. Malaprop, in the Haymarket revival of "The Rivals," 1903; the amorous widow in "Beauty and the Barge," etc. Her family have inherited her gifts, for she has five sons and three daughters on the stage, the best known being Mr. Louis Calvert, who is chiefly responsible for the productions at the Millionaires' Theatre, New York.

THE CAST

Owing to lack of space, I am unable to give notes on all the principals in "King Henry VIII." The cast of the play is as follows:—Arthur Bouchier (King Henry VIII.), Herbert Tree (Cardinal Wolsey), S. A. Cookson (Cardinal Campeius), Charles Fuller (Cranmer), A. E. George (Duke of Norfolk), Henry Ainley (Duke of Buckingham), Edward O'Neill (Duke of Suffolk), Gerald Lawrence (Earl of Surrey), Edward Sass (Lord Chamberlain), William Burchill (Gardiner), Clarence Derwent (Lord Abergavenny), Walter R. Creighton (Lord Sands), James Smythson (Sir Henry Guildford), Henry C. Hewitt (Sir Thomas Lovell), Charles James (Sir Nicholas Vaux), Reginald Owen (Thomas Cromwell), Cyril Sworder (1st Gentleman), Charles Howard (2nd Gentleman), Clifford Heatherley (Garter King at Arms), Acton Bond (Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham), Arthur Gaskill (Sergeant at Arms), Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Queen Katharine), Miss Laura Cowie (Anne Bullen), Mrs. Charles Calvert (an Old Lady), Miss Lila Barclay (Patience).

John Wigham



Bolomen

By JAMES DOUGLAS

THE bolo is a knife, two feet long, with which a Filipino can cleave his enemy from the collar-bone to the waist. Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt has written a vivacious romance, entitled "The Law of the Bolo" (Werner Laurie), which all "sedentary cowards" may read with spiritual gusto. In the Philippine Islands the bolo is supreme. The man with the sharpest knife and the longest reach is the Super-Filipino. Mr. Hyatt's hero, Felizardo, is a boloist of the purest water and the deepest dye. He falls in love with a comely girl called Dolores Lasara. A priest, called Pablo, has evil designs against her. Felizardo slays him with a single slash of his bolo, maims his father-in-law for life, takes his insensible sweetheart in his arms, and vanishes in the jungle. Thereafter, he becomes chief of the mountains and boloes all his enemies. Felizardo is a very polite boloist, a blend of Garibaldi and Bolivar and Bayard. When the Americans come, he plays with them, and after many bouts of boloism they leave him monarch of all he surveys.

The sub-hero of the story is Captain Basil Hayle, of the Constabulary, who performs prodigies of daring, and finally succumbs to the fascination of Felizardo. There are all sorts of intrigues and plots and conspiracies, in which Felizardo and his bolomen play a heroic part, valiantly seconded by Captain Hayle. There is no lack of bloodshed, and the most sanguinary reader can sup horrors to his heart's content. The love interest is furnished by Captain Hayle, who honourably adores Mrs. Bush, the wife of Captain Bush, dipsomaniac. Captain Hayle is sorely tempted to get rid of Captain Bush, in accordance with the law of the bolo, but Felizardo saves him from that sad necessity. At the right moment, he sends Captain Hayle a basket containing a gift of that which he most desires to have. In the basket, "livid and ghastly, is the head of John Bush." Soon afterwards Basil bent down and kissed his sweetheart's hands. "My lady," he said. "And then they understood one another at last, because the bar to their understanding, that which would have made it a sin before, had been removed, in accordance with the law of the bolo." It is, as I have said, a vivacious story, full of ambushes and surprises, treacheries and vengeance, betrayals and retributions. And the Filipino local colour is deftly laid on. And the gibes against American graft are very venomous and vicious. Also, somebody is bolomed in every chapter.

Mr. Hyatt glorifies the law of the bolo. He makes out a strong case for the bolo. Indeed, he makes one sigh for a little boloism in our sophisticated civilisation. Felizardo, no doubt, is a primitive barbarian, but he is not so repulsive as the civilised white officials who vainly strive to break his power. Our sympathies are with him throughout, and he shakes our reverence for law and order so effectively that we find ourselves longing for a little boloism in our own society. It is hard to resist the temptation to wonder whether the bolo might not help our civilisation to get forward an inch

or two. It would be very dreadful, of course, if an enemy of society were bolomed instead of being photographed in the papers. So beautifully perfect is our code of justice that the only punishment a gigantic scoundrel has to dread is notoriety. Only the cruder forms of crime are visited with a crisp and clean penalty. A murderer runs the risk of being hanged, and a retail thief often spends several years in prison. But the higher criminals and the wholesale crimes are seldom awarded their due chastisement. The bigger the blackguard the safer he is. As a rule he is law-proof.

Take, for instance, the financier who waxes fat on the savings of the frugal widow and the penurious spinster. Everybody knows that he is a thief, but the fact that he has the wit to steal hundreds of thousands protects him against public vengeance. He does not try to escape from the meshes of the law: he hides in them. The law is his sanctuary and his asylum. The more law he gets the more cheerfully he chuckles. He revels in drastic investigations and ruthless inquiries. His dupes grow grey while the process of piling up the evidence against him drags along. They may storm and rage, howl at meetings of shareholders, form committees, and generally exhaust their indignation. But the fat spider laughs at them out of the cobweb of the law. It would be very wicked to suggest that for such miscreants the law of the bolo would be more effective than the law of the land. It would also be very stupid, for in a civilised country the boloist, howsoever great his grievance, would be hanged. What suits the Filipinos would not suit the British, or the French, or the Germans. There is no jungle in the City of London, and there are no mountains in Throgmorton Street. Consequently, the bolo is not a suitable instrument of justice in a Christian country. In order to be an outlaw you must be enormously rich, for waltzing through Acts of Parliament is a pastime that costs money. There is hardly any law that money cannot break.

The truth is that, in a complex social organism, justice also becomes complicated. The public or private crime may be palpable, but the law provides no redress or retribution. That is why one envies the lot of the happy Filipino, who can cut and slash his way straight to a solution of every wrong. Of course, the sophistication of the law makes life safer and cosier for us all, and the immunity of the large-scale rascal is the price we have to pay for humdrum security. But, now and then, there comes into the grey monotony of judge-guarded and police-protected existence a vast outrage, and the buried brute in our breast wakes up with a wild craving for the bolo. In the weediest soul there are moods which cry out for clean slaying. We are all bolomen once or twice in the course of our drab and peaceful and respectable lives. But, alas! very few of us are Filipinos.

James Douglas

From the Bookshelves (continued)

Tales of the Tenements. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (John Murray, 6s.)

HOW many authors are there that a professional critic would read for pleasure? "You don't know, I don't know, and they don't know!" as the old comic song says. What we all do know is that if we can read Eden Phillpotts without pleasure, our literary taste can't be up to much. That, too, irrespective of whether we are Devonians or dwellers out of Eden! For local colour is not the hinge on which hangs the question of Mr. Phillpotts' greatness.

It is something much more universal. It is his knowledge of men and women. Whether he is describing Miller Oulds-broom—"a masterful, stern man; and yet, as you might say, a just man *outside his own convictions*"—or Charity Badge, the witch—"if you saw the workings of her miracles from inside, you found that, after all, they was only built on common sense. Still, I'll grant you that common sense itself is a miracle"—or Mrs. Coaker—she told her husband, who had tried to hang himself and failed, "if you'm worth your salt you'll try again"—or even poor Master Teddy—"not fond of soldiering or any other sort of work for that matter . . . at his best only good for running after the girls and making rhymes"—you feel you can recognise the type at once. Mr. Phillpotts may or may not be true to the letter of life in Devonshire. He is true to the spirit of life in general.

In a collection of short stories such as *Tales of the Tenements* there is naturally not the same scope for a writer as in a long novel like, say, *The Thief of Virtue*. None the less they are irresistible for the mere reason that the "Phillpotts touch" is to be found in each one of them. And the "Phillpotts touch" is irresistible.

"Of interest to visitors"! Within a stone's throw of this man's study window—this man whose meditations really are of some value to the world—the Forquay Corporation has decided to build a school!

The Princess Galva. By DAVID WHITE-LAW. (Greening & Co., 6s.)

EDWARD POVEY is a gentleman of forty employed as a clerk. That is to say, for the first two pages he is employed. On the third he gets the "bag," as the Frenchman called it, and the counting-house that knew him for twenty-two years—and the desk that knew him for fifteen—know him no more. He is "too old at forty."

But he doesn't feel it. Indeed in some unaccountable way he finds life cheerier than at any time since his marriage. He is game for anything. Beginning with the small deception of entertaining a wealthy uncle and his wife at Adderbury Cottage, Bushey Heath—as host, *not* caretaker!—he unexpectedly gets the chance of his life. He finds himself entrusted with the delicate job, intended for somebody else, of restoring an exiled princess to the throne of San Pietro, to which without knowing it she is heiress. Furthermore, in spite of endless alarms, excursions, and complications—including a shock to his wealthy uncle's reputation for probity—he accomplishes the task, makes a good thing out of it, and retires to a life of peace, honour and respectability.

In Extenuation of Sybella. By URSULA A BECKETT. (Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.)

BUT what is there to extenuate? Put nine fascinators out of ten in the position of Sybella, and *them* look so expensive on a small income that at the age of twenty-seven a man has

dared to propose—and see whether they will regard a voyage to India with any less worldliness and sordid determination than she did. It's a sad thought, but girls do look after the main chance!

In her own way Sybella is quite sweet. She ought to have had more sense than jilt Mistair Grey for the American multi-millionaire before the voyage was half over, and it was only poetic justice that the millionaire jilted her for her aunt ere it was all over; but she was so charming and gracious and demure and feminine—though *why* must every modern heroine smoke?—that she richly deserved to win Mistair back again, and to discover that he was a bigger catch than she thought. Both of which she did.

The man who is young enough to have faith in womenkind should certainly read *In Extenuation of Sybella* before he does anything silly! And now, having got rid of that piece of spitefulness, we feel better already.

For the Soul of a Witch. By J. W. BRODIE-INNES. (Rebman, Ltd., 6s.)

THE witch in this story is a witch *malgré lui*. She is a female Jekyll and Hyde, with this difference: "her two existences are entirely separate. As Cecily, the religious mystic, she only knows Elspet Simpson as a horrible nightmare dream; as Elspet, the witch, she knows absolutely nothing whatsoever of Cecily Ross." It was for the soul of this sixteenth century phenomenon that Eochain Beag, Sir Wilfred Dunbar, and Alasdair Cumming fought against Sir Norman Leslie, Dr. Finn, and the other powers of evil. As Cecily in her bewitched moments was wont to take on all the attributes of a wolf, the fight, as may be imagined, was no "Sunday School treat."

Those who love the supernatural should relish this novel, for hardly a page but is uncanny. The only danger is that before they reach the end, the old proverb about "enough" and a "feast" may rear its languid head. However, the love-interest—which concerns Sir Wilfred's daughter and a marriage by proxy—the local colour, and the historical setting are all incentives to a sympathetic reader to continue sympathetic.

Angela. By ST. JOHN TREVOR. (Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.)

STORIES which depict beautiful maidens flowering sweetly and purely in out-of-the-way spots without knowledge of good and evil may make the male reader shake his head with a knowing wink, but they seldom fail to please him. When all is said and done,

there is no quality which a man more dearly loves to associate with beauty than perfect innocence and simplicity. Men want something to protect. Girls who could protect *them* make them want to protect themselves.

Angela's resemblance to Eve-before-the-Fall is not quite so marked as, say, Marguerita's in *Marguerita's Soul*, nor is she so irresistibly capricious as Mr. Ingraham Lovell's heroine; but she is a very pleasing creation for all that, and was certainly shamefully wasted out on the lonely mountain-tops of Switzerland. Gerald Forsyth—who had once delivered himself of the epigram, "To treat woman chivalrously is the duty of every gentleman, to marry her occasionally his fate!"—was the man who introduced her to the world, for he married her beside her mother's death-bed. After her "introduction" things went all wrong, but neither Gerald nor Angela was to blame; neither was Angela's mysterious sister, to whom it was left to put all troubles right and, at the cost of a broken heart, to cause the last chapter to be called "Reparation."



"The Princess Galva"

(By permission of Messrs. Greening & Co.)

From the Bookshelves (continued)

For No Man Knoweth. By MRS. VERE CAMPBELL. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

YOU probably need to possess the "artistic temperament" to appreciate *For No Man Knoweth* properly. Otherwise you may be inclined after a casual perusal to dismiss the book—even as "Bab" dismissed the poet's epigram—as something "which I knew was very clever, but I didn't understand it."

If you did, however, you would probably be the loser. Apart from a most picturesque account of a dispute between Love, Art, Ambition, and several other abstractions, which in Mrs. Campbell's narrative are all set at loggerheads, there are many realistic touches descriptive of life and love, both in Brittany and in a London studio; much imaginative thinking; no small amount of sincerity; and at least one glorious cynicism. Here is the latter:

Stephen Heron had brought over Hagar Leroy from Brittany for loftier reasons than the multitude could appreciate. They jumped without hesitation to "the one invariable conclusion." Consequently, his apparently inconsiderate attitude towards her puzzled them. "Why," they argued, "behave like a brute before instead of after the Irreparable?" Most men's ethical arguments, suggests the next sentence, "are condensed into the observance of that one distinction"!

A Week at the Sea. By HAROLD AVERY. (Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.)

A CHARMING story as quietly humorous as it is quaintly human! All about a member of the most select society in the world—the society of Nature's Gentlemen! Mr. Skittlebury is a dear. He is a little watch-maker working in a little shop—and yet he is a dear. He talks about *noovo reech*—still he is a dear. He reads the *Daily News*—even so, the "deariness" clings to him! Accompany him on his seven days' trip to the sea—his first holiday for nearly fifty years—and see if you can resist him!

If you can you will be cleverer than the people he met at Craghaven. He met a burglar he took for an artist; an artist he took for a burglar; a detective he congratulated as an author—and who arrested him for the burglary; a colonel who consulted him as a doctor; and a colonel's daughter whose injured knee led to the consultation! And one and all succumbed to him! Moreover, when he returned to Podbury, a peer of the realm brought his gracious wife to tea with him, and the gracious wife brought Mr. Skittlebury's niece a solid silver wedding present! All because Mr. Skittlebury was universally accepted—except for a few minutes when he was supposed to be a felon—as what he was and what he always would be—one of Nature's Gentlemen!

The Blinding Light. By COLIN COLLINS. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 6s.)

IMPOSSIBLE novels describing the impossible results of impossible inventions are getting quite the fashion. What with Mr. Holt White, Mr. J. L. J. Carter, Mr. Colin Collins, and their friends, one need never cry for world-wide havoc and wholesale bloodshed in vain. It is, by the way, a point worth noticing that when a novelist provides his hero with some dire

scientific force that makes him the terror of the world, the hero never seems to remember Shakespeare's admirable dictum:

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength. But it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

On the contrary, he takes time by the forelock and the world by the throat! Yet his creator is quite often a peaceful and charitable man.

The Blinding Light is very ingenious, and—to one who likes twentieth century fairy tales—very interesting. Robert Bland invents a light so much more dazzling and brilliant than sunshine that by force of contrast it reduces daylight to Egyptian darkness and leaves the naked eye temporarily blind. The light can be produced at will, and the producer by means of specially manufactured spectacles can see sufficiently well to rob banks,

hold up trains, board steamers, etc. Several people get hold of the secret, and in each case the intensity of the light, acting on the brain, has the effect of turning them all more or less mad. The world is then a pleasant place to live in, as you may well imagine.

Blue Grey Magic. By SOPHIE COLE. (Mills & Boon, Ltd., 6s.)

PEOPLE with a touch of sentiment of a domestic nature should enjoy this book, for there is an idea in it, and the working out of the idea is interesting. Hester Adean is unlike Harry Killick in *Tantalising Tommy*—she does not argue that the folk who get what they want are the folk who take it! She is a cheerful lady-drudge living in the most humdrum surroundings and apparently contented to stay in them for the rest of her existence. One day she gets a mysterious letter written on blue-grey paper telling her in forcible style to stop letting her life drift, and to wake up at once. Similar missives follow, and soon she finds herself engaged in a regular bout of anonymous correspondence. She begins to put two and two together, and certainly the behaviour of a certain doctor of her intimate acquaintance gives her some grounds for doing so. By the time she has dis-

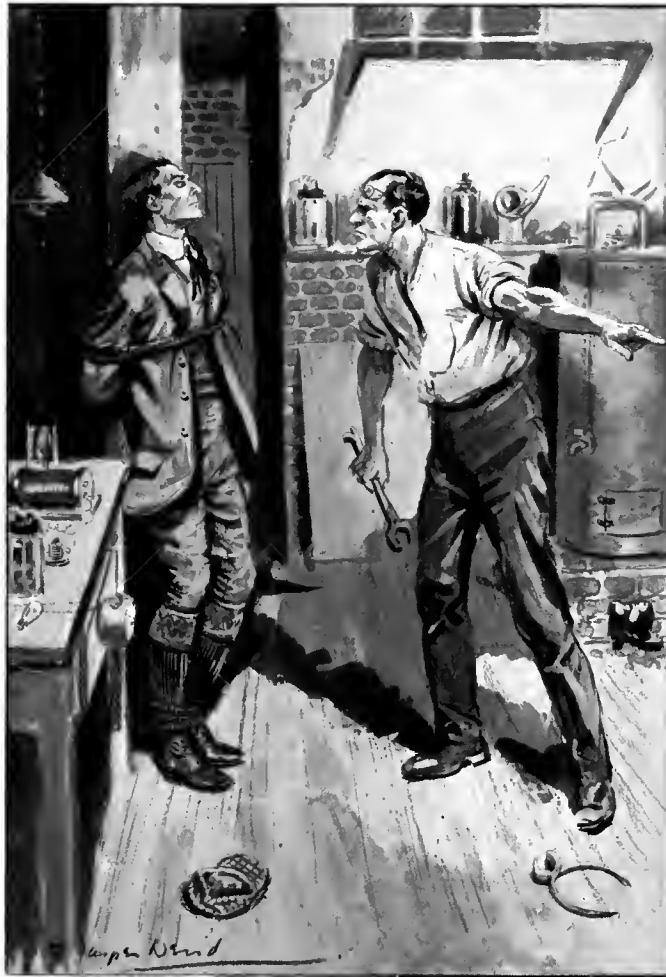
covered her mistake she has undoubtedly woken up, and now that she is more solicitous for Number One, is a considerably more attractive specimen of humanity than she was when first introduced to the reader. The story ends well—and happily.

As for the need of it, one is not quite sure. Ultra-unselfish people often make you want to shake them, but on the other hand, is there so much unselfishness in the world that one is justified in discouraging what there is?

London by Night. By GEORGE R. SIMS. (Greening & Co., Ltd., 1s.)

PRIMARILY an exposure of the Vice Trust, this may be read for other things besides sensation. Here is a typical touch. It is the hour when the wretches on the Embankment are recommencing their nightly attempt to snatch a little rest, and the Savoy is once again pouring out its glittering throng. There is the inevitable whistling of attendants for taxicabs, etc.

"I can't sleep," says a young woman gruffly, turning her head towards the great hotel. "It's no use trying till that Savoy lot clears off!"
E. W. M.



From "The Blinding Light"
(By permission of Messrs. Greening & Co.)



A CONNOISSEUR'S NOTE BOOK



By WALLACE L. CROWDY

IN the course of one of those delightfully suggestive gastronomic articles to which my friend Frank Schloesser, alone amongst modern writers, gives literary distinction, I find a suggestion. The article to which I refer was in the admirably edited *St. James's Gazette* (I prefer to retain the title with the fine Greenwood traditions), and had to do with oysters. In this Mr. Schloesser very aptly quotes a delightful passage from "The Memoirs of a Stomach"—appropriately edited by a Minister of the Interior—describing a first experience of swallowing an oyster. "Down there came flopping—no other word is descriptive—into my

washed down with a semi-opaque fluid, will ever present features for recollection to linger over, and offers another proof of how slight is the partition which separates the sublime from the ridiculous."

This whole-hearted dissertation upon the most famous natives of Colchester has more to do with "The Connoisseur's Note Book" than may at first appear, for in this self-same article Mr. Frank Schloesser reminds me that George Frederick Watts painted a picture of the first man who ever swallowed an oyster; and this, in its turn, reminded me that George Frederick Watts also



"Physical Energy." By the late G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M.

astonished inside a small mucilaginous mass of a saltish flavour, almost fluttering with life ('Great powers,' I thought, 'it has not had time to settle its affairs!'), accompanied by a fluid of extreme acidity and by particles of black pepper, hot and pungent. I really was never so completely astonished in my life. Over and over I turned the wonderful compound, but could make nothing at all of the shapeless little monster. . . . Since that time I have had occasion to receive these creatures with extreme courtesy under all forms and circumstances—scalloped, buttered, devilled, with beads and without beads—to the young, ingenuous stomach like myself at this moment, the raw oyster bolted with adjunct of strong vinegar and black pepper, and

sculptured a remarkable horse, under the title of "Physical Energy," and that it can be seen for the asking in Kensington Gardens.

To this I will return later, for in the meantime I feel personally aggrieved at Mr. Boyle Lawrence, who also writes in the *St. James's Gazette*. In the course of a not very inspired account of the reproduction of the Famous History of the Life of "King Henry VIII."—to give the play its proper title—at His Majesty's Theatre, I find this astounding paragraph: "The elaborate ceremonial of the Trial and of the Coronation is not only splendid; it is a lesson in archaeology. I doubt if greater completeness or greater accuracy has ever been seen. I

A Connoisseur's Note Book (continued)

have no doubt that nothing more gorgeous has been seen, or anything more fascinating and bewildering, than the Masque and merrymaking in Wolsey's Palace—itself a perfect picture of Gothic simplicity and stateliness. The 'note' of the production is Gothic—Mr. Percy Macquoid, the designer of scenes and dresses, would have nothing of the cheaper fineries of the Renaissance then dawning." Apart from Mr. Boyle Lawrence's "dig" at the Renaissance, I cannot imagine that the "note" of the production is in any sense of the word "Gothic." Mr. Percy Macquoid is too good an artist to have so blundered. But it is the nasty slur cast upon the Renaissance by this dramatic critic which has upset me. Fancy the "fineries" of the Renaissance being cheap! And—"then dawning!" What does Mr. Boyle Lawrence mean? Dawning, where?

The great upheaval in thought which gave rise to the wonderful movement known as the Renaissance was at its zenith before the gross great-grandson of Owen Tudor was crowned, and had already reached these shores and affected our traditional methods of design before the kingly barbarian divorced his queen. Gothic, forsooth; and "the cheaper fineries of the Renaissance"! Really, Mr. Lawrence, you must be more careful! In that somewhat scarce book, "The Oxford Museum," by H. W. Acland and John Ruskin, I have come across this passage: "The system of Gothic decoration took eight hundred years to mature, gathering its powers by undivided inheritance of traditional method, and unbroken accession of systematic power from its culminating point in the Saint Chapelle, it faded through four hundred years of splendid decline; now for two centuries it has lain dead—and more than so—buried: and more than so—forgotten, as a dead man, out of mind." It must be taken into account that this was written half a century ago, and pre-dates the Gothic revival in England by several years.

In one sense I will allow Mr. Lawrence his word. Henry VIII. himself was indeed a Goth. It must never be forgotten that the vandalism so generally attributed to Oliver Cromwell and his Puritans was much more rampant under Henry VII. and his only son; and it must ever be accounted to the honour of the Protector that he stationed a squadron of horse for the express purpose of protecting the priceless painted windows of the chapel of the King's College in the University of Cambridge. But the art and decoration of Henry VIII.'s time was not, and never could be, "Gothic."

At some risk of being accused of breaking a fly upon the wheel let me remind Mr. Boyle Lawrence that such

Gothic architecture and decoration as caterpillared into the times of Henry VIII. was degenerate, debased and characterised by those "cheaper fineries" which Mr. Lawrence has endeavoured to foisten upon the Renaissance. The advent of the Renaissance manner into England, says Mr. Gotch—one of our best living authorities on this period—can be fixed by remembering that it made its first appearance in the tomb of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, which was erected by the order of Henry VIII. in the year 1516—seven years only after his accession. Any work with Italianised or Italian detail may be safely dated subsequent to that year. There is a considerable amount of work of this kind to be found up and down the country, but chiefly in the southern and eastern counties. The only building which it actually dominated appears to have been Henry VIII.'s house of Nonsuch, in Surrey, now entirely destroyed: but in such isolated features as screens, panels, tombs and doorways it frequently occurs. No, Mr. Lawrence, I cannot imagine that Mr. Macquoid has permitted the "note" of the production to be Gothic. Fancy the "fineries" of Henry VIII.'s chapel being called "cheap"!



Equestrian Statue No. I. By Baron Klott

This Dissertation on Roast Pig, as Charles Lamb might have said, has passed: my muttons await me, and I return to the horse in sculpture and to George Frederick Watts, O.M. In this selfsame "Physical Force," by George Frederick Watts, I seem to detect the cloven hoof, and if not exactly a cloven hoof, a certain fatness, and even flatness, which was sometimes present in other work by this poetic painter. Watts was, without question, a great artist, perhaps the greatest of the Victorian era. This greatness in the man was largely because of his singleness of aim. He lived for his art, and in a great measure realised the three mottoes roughly inscribed above the covered form in his own "Sic Transit": "What I spent, I had! What I saved, I lost! What I gave, I have!" The veiled is always more solemn than the revealed, more impressive when the imagination of the beholder is left to furnish something; so in the silent figure in this picture it were best unseen, its earthly courses, with its joys and vicissitudes, accomplished.

The "Physical Energy"—or "Physical Force" is it? for in the absence of a book of Watts I am not certain of the title of this statue—shows Watts at once as the great man that he was, who permitted nothing to stand in the way of his ideal. Let me compare some of the details of this Watts statue with those which are here reproduced from Baron Klott's four great groups. It is primarily classic and yet it is, if anything, over-robust. If you examine the horses in the Klott groups you will see how the anatomy is in the style of the ancient Greeks, just slightly conventionalised and yet keeping the horses full-

A Connoisseur's Note Book *(continued)*

of quality, not humpy cart horses like the later Italian sculpture which we have all met with in Venice, for example. The feet and fetlocks are well shaped and offer



Equestrian Statue No. 2. By Baron Klott

just that nice note of observation, that distinction of niceness of form which Watts was too full-blooded to observe. It is in small essential details such as this that we find the difference between the horse sculpture of Watts and of Baron Klott, and I think also of such a horse-lover as Walter Winans.

Let us take these horses on the Anitchkin bridge at St. Petersburg. I am indebted for the photographs of



Equestrian Statue No. 3. By Baron Klott

them to Mr. Walter Winans—and for some very shrewd remarks accompanying them. What the sculptor meant to represent, in my opinion, he says, is two horses well

in hand and two horses which have overpowered their man. In No. 1 the horse and man are in accord; in No. 2 the horse has tried to get away from the man who is mastering him; in No. 3 the horse has made the man lose his balance and is about to break away from him; in No. 4 the horse also has upset the man leading him and is about to break away. These four groups appear to me to be the most complete modern word which—after the Greeks—has been said with regard to the horse in sculpture, and our English sculptors owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Winans for so clearly defining the points of superiority. At least, so it seems to me.

I can easily imagine an impatience on the part of such an artist as G. F. Watts at any restrictions or limitations which might be set upon his art expression; but in such a matter as this it is no more proper to misrepresent the form of a horse than it is to present its rider with a club-foot or a swollen head—although the large proportion of



Equestrian Statue No. 4. By Baron Klott

men who attain to the honour of an equestrian statue narrowly escape the infliction of the latter complaint.

To put it quite bluntly, the "Physical Energy" of the great Victorian artist, although very high up in the list of equestrian statues, is cumbersome, lacking in *finesse*. Vigorous, if you will, but beefy and beerish—qualities from which the true personal Britisher finds it hard to escape. (We see it in Brangwyn and in Clausen, this same British beefyness!) It is a quality of far greater value than the emasculated finish of such men as Albert Moore or Lord Leighton, but is a defect, especially in sculpture. Vigour, of course, is essential, the vigour and vitality of such a man as Stevens; but heaviness and want of observation of the niceties is unpardonable when we come to marble and bronze.

Oh, yes! there is Rodin. His "Balzac," or his finer "Beethoven," for example. But look at Rodin carefully. He shows the hand of a child in his caressing

A Connoisseur's Note Book (*continued*)

manner. Vigour of conception, certainty of touch, a stupendous faculty for omitting the unessentials, the trite and the trivial; but through all this apparent abruptness and coarseness there is a love for his material, a fineness of touch which has made him the one sculptor of our time. Look at his "Eve" and run your hand along the smooth lines of it, and acknowledge that I am not without reason in my view of him and his art. It is this love of his material that I miss from the finely-conceived statue of "Physical Energy."

Let me for the moment drop back into the position of the Greek chorus, and leave Mr. Walter Winans in possession of the stage. He has sent me a most valuable contribution to the discussion of this subject. "The only

poses of line and group, you want a certain leg in a certain position you can put it thus and yet preserve accuracy in any of the gaits or movements of the horse.

"It is curious that whilst Meissonier painted the correct walking position he *did not* paint the correct galloping position; he made a sort of compromise between the correct and the conventional. I think he must *have known the correct*, but thought it unsuitable for drawing; modern artists, of course, use the instantaneous photographs, so there is no credit to them for getting the positions right. In sculpture I have *never* seen the correct position of the walk or gallop before photography showed it. I personally had not taken up sculpture then or I would naturally have done as I was doing in painting; but no English sculptor *even now* does any but the conventional positions. Hesseltyne and the French horse sculptors all put the real position now; a statuette of a mounted woman walking her horse at the Paris Concours Hippique this year showing a very well-modelled walking thoroughbred.

"In sculpture the horse, up to now, has always been shown in the following positions: Standing, with the head turned to the side; slow trot (meant to be walking), with head still turned to one side (always the head to one side, and therefore 'out of hand,' as a horseman would say); and what is meant for a canter, in a rocking-horse position, but with the fore-feet off the ground and the horse 'anchored' by his tail fastened to the base to prevent his tipping forward. The four horses on the Anitchkin bridge in the Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg, Russia, by Baron Klott, which I consider the best horse sculpture either ancient or modern, has the horses in the correct cantering and rearing positions; one of the horses is supposed to have overpowered the man. Of the others, the one I consider the best, and therefore the *best monumental horse in the world*, is in the correct beat of the slow canter, the man holding him back in a collected way. The horse is just the right compromise between a real and conventional horse that the Venus of Milo is between the perfect academic figure and a real woman. I think this horse must have been partly copied and used for the statue of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia (I do not know who was the sculptor of that), the Emperor being in the uniform of the Chevalier Guards on a cantering horse (also at St. Petersburg). That statue I consider the next best horse statue I know of, the horse being, however, a little more realistic than the Anitchkin bridge horses. The Emperor also sits his horse like a perfect horseman, instead of in the position most equestrian figures sit, which is a compromise between sitting on a chair and sitting for one's photograph."

I have also had my attention drawn to another phase of the horse in sculpture by Mr. J. Lowe, of Wardour Street. It has one more lesson to teach us, this unique china clock with the equestrian figure of Napoleon, by Jacob Petit (about 1826, I should think). Much might be written concerning this precious example of the clock-maker's craft, but for the present I must refrain.



Napoleon Clock. By Jacob Petit

painter who painted horses in the correct walking position (before the days of instantaneous photography)," he says, "was Meissonier. Even Rosa Bonheur and Landseer put horses in the position of the slow trot when they wanted to represent walking, as *all painters and sculptors from the earliest time did*. As I told you, I always drew horses in the correct walking, trot and galloping position long before the instantaneous photography, my way being to draw a series of pictures for the 'Wheel of Life,' which I used to run through the machine till I got them looking lifelike, and then I *knew* I was right, in spite of all my critics said. The relative positions of walk, gallop and trot are as 4 to 3 to 2. It would take too long to explain fully, but I worked out a very simple rule so that, given any one leg in a given position, I could work out mathematically where each of the other legs should be as to bend and position to be correct for walking, trotting or galloping. In this way, if, for artistic pur-

Wallace F. Crowdy.

* Concerning Society *

THE Horse Show week at Dublin was quite up to the average of former years—indeed, if anything, it was more successful generally than ever. Most of the big houses at which parties are held for the occasion were again full of guests, though, of course, there was no entertaining at the Viceregal Lodge. The Duke of Westminster took a house in Merrion Square for the "week," and another notable visitor was Sir William Bass, whose famous polo team, "The Woodpeckers"—himself, Mr. Aubrey Hastings (Lady Noreen Bass's brother), Captain Lloyd, and Major Wilson, all of whom are more or less related—won the final match on the Saturday in Phoenix Park for the Open Cup, which was presented by Lady Aberdeen.

originally built by De La Poer, one of Strongbow's Knights; but the present house dates from the eighteenth century. The property has belonged to the Wingfields since 1608, being given by James I. to Sir R. Wingfield, created Viscount Powerscourt in 1618.

Lady Powerscourt was Miss Sybil Pleydell-Bouverie, a great grand-daughter of the third Lord Radnor. There is a legend in the family that for some now forgotten offence the first Lord Powerscourt was told by a prophet and seer that no holder of his title should see his heir come of age. Certainly the first few Viscounts were denied that privilege, and it is a noteworthy fact that the title has twice died out and has twice been renewed, Lord Powerscourt being the eighth Viscount of a third creation. And it looked as though the "Powerscourt curse" was going to make itself felt in the late Peer's

time, as for sixteen years he had no son; but in 1880 an heir was born, and in 1901 his majority was celebrated with great rejoicings. The curse, too, was partially disproved in 1905, when Lady Powerscourt gave birth to a son and heir.

Large parties were entertained by Lord and Lady Ardilaun at St. Annes, Clontarf, and by the former's brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Iveagh. Lord Ardilaun is President of the Royal Dublin Society, under the auspices of which the Horse Show is held. This summer Lord and Lady Ardilaun have been a great deal at St. Annes, where the gardens—which are Lady Ardilaun's special care—comprise many kinds: wood, water, Italian and old English. St. Annes was, in the lifetime of the present owner's father—Sir Benjamin Guinness—a handsome suburban residence, but now it is palatial, Lord Ardilaun having added a marble hall, galleries, and a noble staircase. Lord Ardilaun, who is Lord Iveagh's elder brother, married Lady Olivia White, daughter of the third Lord Bantry, a title now extinct. Tall and dark, and with a very gentle nature, Lady Ardilaun paints well, and at her houses in Carlton House Terrace and in Ireland there are many evidences of her skill.



[Photo]

[Press Picture Agency]

**Baroness von Eckhardstein and Captain Archibald Weigall,
who were married on 16th August, 1910**

time, as for sixteen years he had no son; but in 1880 an heir was born, and in 1901 his majority was celebrated with great rejoicings. The curse, too, was partially disproved in 1905, when Lady Powerscourt gave birth to a son and heir.

Captain Nevile and Lady Beatrix Wilkinson had one or two people at Mount Merrion, Dublin, including the latter's sister, Lady Muriel Herbert. Mount Merrion belongs to Lord Pembroke, but he is rarely there, and lends the place to his son-in-law and daughter, the Ulster King-of-Arms and Lady Beatrix Wilkinson. It is a source of much regret that Lord Pembroke should be among the absentees of Ireland, inasmuch as he draws an immense income from his Merrion property—probably £50,000 a year—the estate including the most fashionable suburb of the Irish capital. The property belonged to the Fitzwilliam family, from whom it passed

to the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke.

One of the pleasantest house parties was that at Powerscourt, when Lord and Lady Powerscourt entertained Prince Louis Fernando of Spain, among several other guests. On the Thursday Lady Powerscourt gave a dance for the Infante, who, on leaving Powerscourt, proceeded to Castle Boro', Wexford, on a week-end visit to Lord and Lady Carew. Prince Louis Fernando, who is a cousin of King Alfonso, is a keen sportsman, and he was most interested in everything he saw at Balls Bridge, and he also greatly enjoyed his visit to Castle Boro', where his host showed him a good deal about farming, Lord Carew's hobby being agriculture and stock-breeding.

There is a curious story told in Dublin as to how Merrion became the property of the Fitzwilliams. One of them obtained a lease of the land from the Corporation of Dublin for a trifling rental, and on the expiry of the term, when an agreement was about to be signed for a 99 years' lease, the City Fathers were nobly entertained by their leaseholder. They drank too well, and unknowingly signed a lease for 999 years, instead of the intended 99, an additional 9 being cleverly put in the document. So runs the tale, though we do not vouch for its accuracy.

Powerscourt, among the Wicklow Mountains, is one of the loveliest places in Ireland, standing on a terraced amphitheatre several hundred feet above sea level, and approached by avenues of chestnuts, beeches, oaks, and sycamores. In the demesne are the famous Powerscourt waterfall, and a fine herd of Japanese deer. The splendid mansion contains a very fine picture gallery and a stately grand saloon, 80 ft. long by 40 ft. wide, which was the scene of the ball given in honour of Prince Louis Fernando. Here, too, George IV. was entertained during his visit to Ireland in 1821. Powerscourt Castle was

Those who remember Lady Dorothy Nevill's delightful "Recollections," published a few years ago, will be interested to learn that she is engaged upon another book of reminiscences, which will be entitled "Under Five Reigns." Lady Dorothy, who is well past her eightieth year—for she was born when George IV. was King—was an intimate friend of King Edward, who used to declare that her Sunday luncheon-parties were the pleasantest entertainments in London. Though she

Concerning Society (continued)

frankly declares she does not care for politics, Lady Dorothy Nevill has known every statesman of her time, and one of her greatest friends was Disraeli, who brought her prototype into his novels. Lady Dorothy, whose *petite* figure and still wonderful complexion are the admiration of all who know her, is a Walpole, but she is not a descendant of the famous Horace, as stated by a daily contemporary; the spiteful and satirical *littérateur*, and creator of the monstrosity in the way of architecture at Strawberry Hill, being the last Earl of Oxford of the first creation.



Mrs. W. James is improving in health, but her sister, Lady St. Oswald, yet suffers a good deal from her heart, and she has been living very quietly with her family at Nostell Priory, near Wakefield. Lady St. Oswald, a very pretty woman, is a daughter of Helen Lady Forbes of Newe, one of the beautiful Moncreiffe sisters, daughters of the late Sir Thomas and Lady Moncreiffe. One of her aunts is Georgiana Lady Dudley, another being Mary Lady Graham-Montgomery, whose death occurred recently.



Nostell is a large and handsome house in a picturesque and well-wooded park, and near a large lake, known as the "Pool

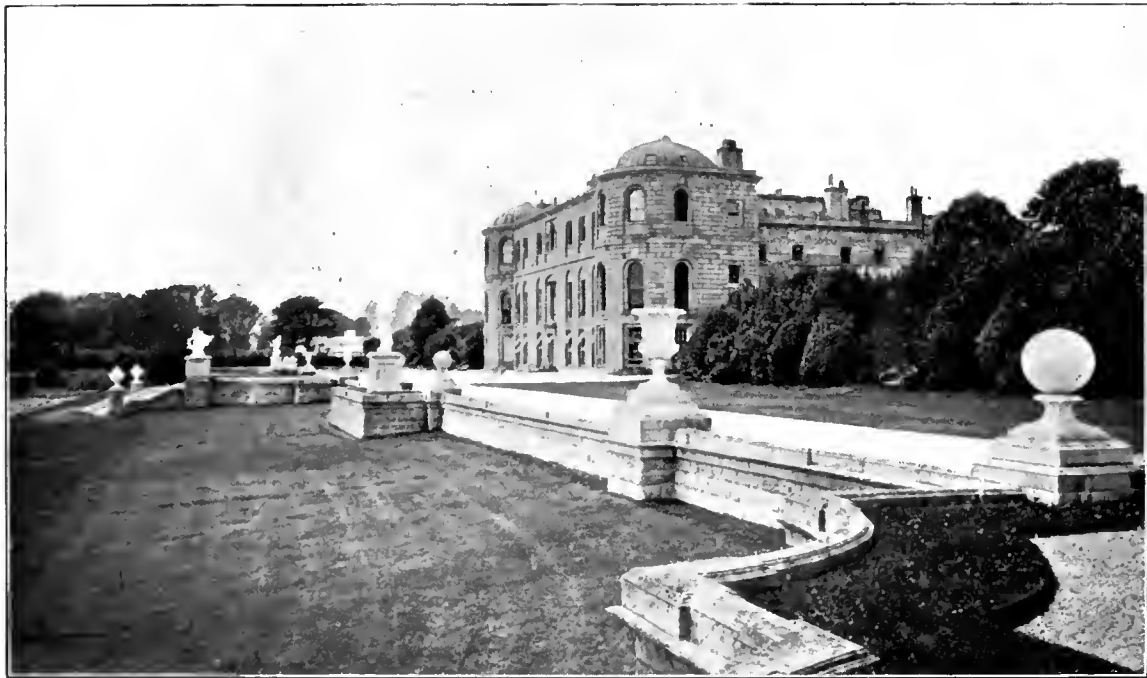
Florence Willoughby, whose son by her first husband, Mr. Frankland-Russell-Astley, of Chequers, Bucks, not long ago married Miss May Kinder, of musical comedy fame.



Their mother was a *grande dame* of the old school, and it used to be said, when the blinds of her large corner house in Belgrave Square were drawn, that there was nobody of importance in town, Lady Conyngham's absence from London being taken as a criterion. On the other hand, if her house were occupied, it might be known that the best people were in town. The only child of the fourth Lord Harrington, as Lady Jane Stanhope, she attracted much attention in the early fifties by her good looks, especially when driving in Hyde Park in a "vis-à-vis," then the fashionable carriage. Lady Conyngham's country house was The Mount, Ascot, now the property of Sir David Baird, of Newbyth.



The many friends and admirers of that picturesque personality, the Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair, who went to Wiesbaden for eye treatment, will be sorry to learn that the result is not very satisfactory, though it is hoped the sight of one eye will be unimpaired. Whilst in Brazil, where he was in charge of a Benedictine Mission, Sir David was



Powerscourt

of Nostell." It is modern, but occupies the site of an ancient Augustinian priory, of which St. Oswald was the patron saint. Though a very grand house, Nostell is not well known, yet it is full of splendid things—glorious tapestries, fine pictures, china, and Chippendale furniture. Chippendale was once estate carpenter at Nostell, and he left much of his best work there. Among the treasures of Nostell is a dolls' house, dating from about the end of the seventeenth century, for which Chippendale made exquisitely carved fairy furniture, and which has a doll's trousseau, with point lace and a Lilliputian service of plate. The pictures include Holbein's Sir Thomas More and his family, which hangs in the hall.



Lady Blanche Conyngham, who has been seriously ill at her house in Green Street—so ill that her sisters have been in close attendance upon her—is now convalescent, much to the relief of her relatives. Lady Blanche Conyngham is one of the handsome daughters of the late Dowager Lady Conyngham. Though very attractive, Lady Blanche has never married, unlike her four sisters, Lady Constance and Lady Jane Combe, who married two brothers—Mr. Richard and Captain Christian Combe—Lady Maude Ramsden and Lady

stricken with partial blindness, and came home to have his eyes seen to. Sir David, who is the fifth baronet of Dunskey, Wigtownshire, now the home of Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing, was once a captain in the Militia, but is now Abbot of the Monastery of Benedictines at Fort Augustus, Chamberlain of the Sword and Cloak to the Pope, and a personage among the dons and dignitaries of Oxford, where he founded Hunter-Blair Hall. The only other Catholic ecclesiastic in the baronetage is the Rev. Sir William Heathcote, a former Rector of Beaumont College.



Lord and Lady Suffolk and Berkshire are at Grandholme, Mr. W. R. Paton's place in Aberdeenshire, and they are not expected back at Charlton Park, Wiltshire, until next month. Lady Suffolk is a wealthy American, possessing much of the charm which distinguished her late sister, Lady Curzon of Kedleston. She is full of vivacity, has intellectual tastes, and is particularly fond of music, has a distaste for town life, and is devoted to her family and her beautiful home near Malmesbury. Lord Suffolk, who is head of a branch of the dual family of Howard, is a great sportsman, an admirable amateur actor, and very popular with a wide circle of friends.

Concerning Society (continued)

Charlton is a magnificent Jacobean house of yellow-grey stone, built in the form of a quadrangle. Inside there was a courtyard, but a former owner roofed it in, and it remained a gravelled space until Lady Suffolk, wife of the seventeenth Earl, had it paved and partly furnished. The rooms are very handsome, and there is a glorious old gallery with a noble ceiling, and full of portraits and of old and interesting books. There was at Charlton a famous Leonardo da Vinci, but it was sold some thirty years ago to the National Gallery for £9,000, probably the cheapest ever purchased for the nation. Many of the pictures belonged to James II. When he fled he sent them to be taken care of by Colonel Graham, who had married a daughter of the house, and William III. allowed them to remain. There is a haunted room at Charlton, hung with tapestry and old pictures, and called the King's Room, after James II. Lady Suffolk and Berkshire has much improved the place, and among other things she installed a grand organ, at a cost of several thousand pounds, in the great central hall.



A recipient of birthday congratulations last month was Lady Cromartie, who is very pretty and animated, *petite* and dark. She writes well and has published several romances, her last book, however, being a collection of Arab tales. Lady Cromartie is fond of a quiet life, and she is assiduous in looking after the welfare of the tenantry on her extensive estates in Scotland, which comprise valuable property at Strathpeffer Spa, including Castle Leod. Her title, of which she is the third holder, dates only from 1861, but the first Cromartie earldom was a creation of Queen Anne early in her reign. Lady Cromartie married, eleven years ago, Major Blunt, of the Royal Artillery. The first title was forfeited by the third Lord Cromartie, who "was out" in the '45, and it is curious that he and his son, Lord MacLeod, were captured in a skirmish near Dunrobin Castle by the Militia of the then Lord Sutherland, whose descendant, four generations later, married the representative of the attainted Earl. The latter's descendant was Anne Duchess of Sutherland, grandmother of Lady Cromartie. For rising in favour of the Stuarts, Lord Cromartie was sentenced to death and his estates confiscated, but, doubtless owing to the pleadings of his countess, George II. spared his life, and George III. restored the estates to his son, who had been pardoned, and afterwards loyally served his Sovereign. When Lady Cromartie pleaded for her husband's life she was shortly expecting her youngest baby. The King gave her no hope, and in her anguish she swooned immediately he left the presence chamber. She went through a terrible time until a reprieve was announced, and her child was born with the mark of an axe and three drops of blood on the throat. The child—a girl—married Sir William Murray, of Ochertyre, Perthshire, and was the great-grandmother of the present baronet.



Among the numerous links with the past which have lately been given, one of the most remarkable of all seems to have been forgotten—the first and last Earl of Redesdale, whose estates were inherited by his distant kinsman, the present Lord Redesdale, who may be said to have been horticultural and gardening adviser to King Edward. His father, Mr. Speaker Mitford, knew in Swaledale, Yorkshire, a man named Kievely, who remembered being carried across the Swale by

one Henry Jenkyns, who as a boy went from Ellerton, in Swaledale, to Northallerton to join the army before the battle of Flodden Field. Jenkyns, whose reliability is well authenticated, was accompanied by his elder brother, and they travelled with a pony, each taking a sheaf of arrows. Lord Redesdale died in 1886, and in that year there was thus somebody living who, by the aid of two links, could connect himself with the time of Flodden, which was fought in 1513! The whole thing seems incredible, but we believe there is no doubt whatever about it.



Quite the matrimonial surprise of last month was the marriage of Baroness von Eckhardstein to Captain A. Weigall. The wedding took place on August 16th, at Metheringham Church, Lincolnshire, very quietly, about half a dozen people—

including Lord Londesborough and Lady Irene Denison—being present, and to most of the friends of the bride and bridegroom it came as a surprise. The bride, as the only child of the late Sir Blundell Maple, is extremely wealthy, probably the third richest Englishwoman, the first being Lady Graham and the second Mrs. Ascher, daughter of the late Mr. Harry Barnato. Mrs. Weigall is devoted to country life; like her father, she is fond of horses and a good whip, and she makes her home principally at Woodhall Spa, which place her patronage has helped to an appreciable extent. Captain Weigall is a son of Lady Rose Weigall, and a cousin of Lord Westmorland and Lady Londesborough. He has been agent to Lord Londesborough, who lent him and his bride Londesborough Lodge, Scarborough, for their honeymoon.



There was a notable country wedding on August 30th, when, at the village church close to her home—Croome Court, Worcester—Lady Dorothy Coventry was married to Sir Keith Fraser. The bride, who was given away by her father, Lord Coventry, looked well in a gown of white satin, with a flounce of some wonderful old *point de Venise* lace, the gift of the bridegroom's mother, draping the skirt and train. Lady Dorothy Fraser—a sister of Lady Barbara Smith and of Princess Victor Duleep Singh—is fair, with blue eyes, and of medium height;

whilst Sir Keith, who was in the 7th Hussars, is the only brother of handsome Lady Stradbroke, and son of the late General Keith Fraser, who was very well known in Society twenty years ago. Sir Keith Fraser owns a big estate at Inverinate, Ross-shire, where he and his bride will spend the great part of the year; but they will be in London a good deal, Sir Keith having a charming town residence. His bride has lived mostly at Croome Court, a noted hunting centre, and she rides well to hounds, like most of her family; indeed, she would not be a Coventry unless she loved sport and out-door life. Her father founded the Croome Hunt, and he was twice Master of the Royal Buckhounds.



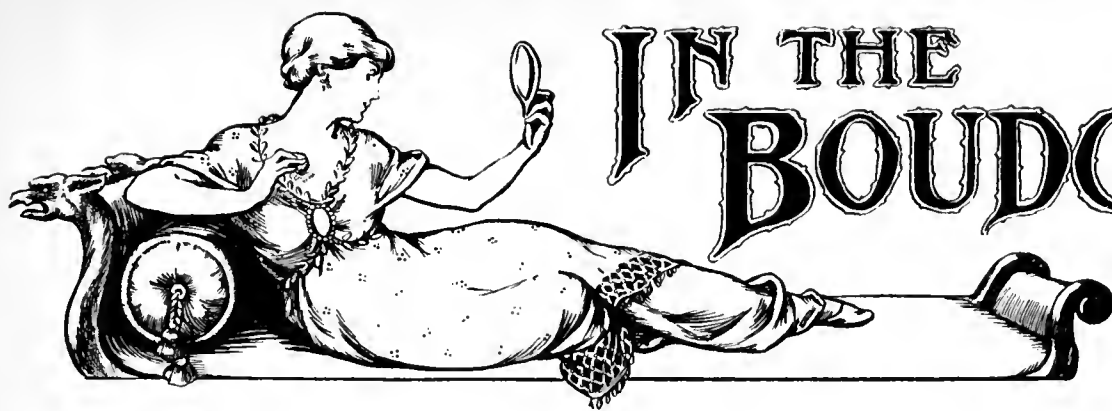
Mrs. Staveley-Hill is the wife of Mr. Henry Staveley-Hill, who has sat for the Kingswinford Division of Staffordshire in the Conservative interest for the last five years. She was Miss Eileen d'Arcy, daughter of the late Mr. Robert de Burgh d'Arcy, of De Grey Cottage, Felixstowe, before her marriage in 1901 to the clever barrister who two years later was to be appointed Recorder of Banbury.



[Photo]

Mrs.-Staveley-Hill

[Thomson]



By MRS. HUMPHRY
("Madge")

WITH September comes the necessity of supplying the wardrobe with gowns for autumn and early winter wear, and from what one sees in the West End ateliers it is evident that, again this year, very thin and delicate materials are to be worn with long, protective coats for out-of-doors. This is an encore for the fashions of last winter, and with just this difference, that skirts are to be more scanty and diminishing towards the hem, and the coats will follow suit. Caracul, always of the finest, softest, silkiest, is again to be the favourite fur for these long winter coats, and next to it comes black velvet, closely followed by black satin, a good third. A deep band of sable or some other costly fur will border them. Silk coats with a twelve-inch band of fur or velvet will also be seen, or even a deeper supplement of the fur. This band is also much seen on the newest gowns, though it cannot be recommended to any but the very tall. It has the effect of apparently diminishing the height of the wearer.

The rage for the tied-in skirt with its far from graceful effect, owing to the hobbling gait it imparted to its wearers, is disappearing. That the ecclesiastical authorities throughout France, beginning with the Madeleine, should have forbidden its admission to the churches has brought home to the frivolous, but often deeply religious, Parisienne, more surely than anything else could do, the absurdity of this very silly, stupid fashion. At the same time, it has served, as many an exaggeration has done before, to lead the way to a modified expression of the same idea, and it is very unlikely that dress skirts will be wider than two yards, or a little over, for several years. Of course, one can never foretell the moment when a violent reaction may not arrive, and the smart skirt shoot out into yards of width. But the tendency is at present entirely opposed to this.

THE VOGUE OF SHANTUNG.

Shantung retains its great popularity and will be seen in all colours in winter gowns. There is a new shade of dull tan, just like that of autumn rushes round a pond.

A charming gown is in shantung of this colour, less vivid than a winter laurel leaf. A deep band surrounds the skirt, in a Paisley silk, the colours of which are in many autumnal tints artistically mingled. The bodice is partly shantung, as if carried up from the top of the skirt, and the upper part, with sleeves cut all in one, is made of the Paisley silk. This idea—that is, the gown being made in three sections, as it were—is carried out in a great variety of materials. Soft moire for the centre and striped velvet and satin for the upper and lower portions, or *vice versa*; or taffetas and broché, or silk cashmere and some fancy material in the same colour; all of these variations are played upon the same theme.

Waists are certainly worn large. The hour-glass shape is dowdy, indeed. The Empire style has, to a great extent, resumed its sway. The baby bodice and the short waist give women who are quite young almost a nursery aspect, especially when they wear their skirts quite short. This is a feature in which individual taste may decide for itself. Perhaps the decision depends very much upon the size and shape of the feet. If they are pretty and very small, it seems a pity to hide them under a superfluous length of skirt.

1. Grey Check Sporting Suit

THE SPORTING LADY.

The racing woman, the sporting woman, is a law unto herself. Her skirt is as short as she chooses to have it. Our first illustration shows a business-like



In the Boudoir (continued)

and practical sporting suit. It is in grey check, with lines of braid down the left side, where it fastens with buttons. The collar and belt are made of grey suede. The pleated skirt has a plain flat piece in the middle, and this is continued upon the bodice, as it ought to be. Too often, a full bodice is conjoined to a skirt without fulness, and this is anathema to the true student of the art of dress. The sleeves are close-fitting to the wrists, so much so that they are buttoned up almost to the elbows. The grey felt hat has a trimming of black velvet bows.

THE COLOURS FOR SPORTING CLOTHES.

Grey and earth brown are the correct colours for sporting suits. Birds, beasts, and fishes are quick to see anything lively or startling, and a coquettish red feather in a hat has spoiled many a good sportsman's day. Small wonder that when "the women" arrive upon the scene they are regarded with anxious glances by "the guns." Brown tweed, with a little mole-grey in the check, a band of leather round the skirt, and leather facings to the bodice may be the ideal for the purpose. A feather may adorn the hat, if it be a feather not unfamiliar on the moors, but a Mephistophelean plume is entirely out of place. A scarlet Tam has caused dismay before now in manly bosoms, fair as may have been the head and bonnie the face beneath it!

MOTOR DRESS.

Can motoring be called a form of sport? Or flying? Whether it can or no, the dress assimilates, or should assimilate, the qualities of sporting clothes. The masculine author of that useful little volume, "The Lady Motorist's Companion," gives some good advice. One would think he must have experienced the annoyance of getting insects inside one's motor veil, so feelingly does he write of it. He recommends shoes with spats over them, and in the absence of spats he advises boots, as being warmer and keeping out the rain. He thinks buttons better than laces, and discourages high heels. A mackintosh he regards as a necessity, but prefers an oilskin, though it does not look so well.

THE RACES.

The racing lady was the first to introduce the very closely fitting gown and coat, strictly following the outline of the figure, and she will probably be the last to abandon it. Our winter race meetings will see her in her hundreds with a coat to her heels, and as narrow round the hem as is consistent with the exercise of walking. The large hat may be patronised by some, but the majority will prefer the becoming toque, or the thimble-shaped hat, or others of moderate dimensions. Felt hats, in the colour of the tweed

or frieze suits, are regarded as *chic* by many racing women.

The waterproof hat is a boon to those whose love of racing is too keen to permit them to stay away just because of a few showers. Almost any material can be waterproofed, and the tweed or cloth stitched hat may be as impervious to wet as leather itself. At the first-class hatters' this kind of headgear is to be had in every variety, even velvet being rendered showerproof by a simple process, and silk and satin have long been secured against the effects of wet in the same way. Plumage does not suffer from even the heaviest rain, unless it happen to be that of the ostrich, and even that bird's would be unharmed by wet, only that we like to see them curled. The uncurled ones are just a little too droopy and depressing.

THE AUTUMN MILLINERY.

Velvet is the millinery material of the next month or two, next after felt, and the rainproof tulle is, next to ribbon, its favourite trimming. Whether of ribbon or tulle, the bows are to be enormous. Half-a-yard is about the usual width, and these are slanted across the hat in a diagonal direction. Five yards of wide taffetas ribbon make one bow, so the extent of it may be divined. An even greater quantity of tulle is necessary. Crinoline and chip will be worn throughout the winter, and this rainproof tulle will be a great protection to them, if used in a sufficient quantity. The basket hat in crin is to be a favourite.

THE NEWEST COATS.

The mid-season coat is seen chiefly in black moire lined with white silk or satin, and sometimes finished with embroidered revers, or with plain black velvet. The collar, strangely enough, is sometimes in the most vivid tints, whether velvet, or in an embroidery consisting of a mingling of very emphatic colours, such as one sees in Russian and Roumanian work. This collar is extremely small, being set at the back, and serving as an isthmus between the two revers. It is the only bit of colour in the new coat. A modified sailor collar is to be seen on some of the new gowns, and even occasionally on a coat, but this little scrap of bright tint is the *cachet* of the coat.

THIS SEASON'S FURS.

Muffs are to be as large as ever. Considering the slimness of the smart silhouette a muff of small dimensions might have been regarded as more suitable, but Fashion has never been famous for a sense of proportion. As might have been expected, the fur stole is again on the lines of the scarf, very wide, and quite long. Moleskin is again to be a fashionable fur, and ermine is to rank among first favourites. Chinchilla



2. Visiting Gown in Black Velvet

In the Boudoir (continued)

is getting very scarce and will be dear in consequence. The same is the case with mink, for which prices will again be high. Sable, of course, rules supreme, and

cuffs. The large velvet toque has a brim of guipure. A note of this handsome costume is the belt, which is in dull embroidery, and gives a distinctive tone to the whole. Sketch No. 3 is a walking costume in black gauze, with insertions of broderie Anglaise, worked in moonlight blue. The guimpe and sleeves are in one, and the kilted collar and turned-back cuffs are in fine net lace. The waistband is blue and the crinoline hat is trimmed with cream and old pink roses. No. 4 is



3. Walking Costume in Black Gauze

otter is near the throne. Pointed fox is another semi-royal fur.

OUR SKETCHES.

Our illustrations of this month all show outdoor dress. The second is a visiting gown in black velvet, with an appliqué of string-coloured guipure and lace underskirt. The waist is Empire and the high collar is protective. Skunk is the fur which borders the gown and forms the



4. A Promenade Dress

another promenade dress. It is black *méteor* and black satin foulard, spotted with white. The rucked waistband will be noticed and also the quite plain chiffon over

In the Boudoir (continued)

the white net chemisette. This is quite a typical gown of the present moment's fashion in Paris, and also of a couple of months to come. The black Tégat straw hat has black bows and a white osprey. The manner in which the two dress materials are combined should be particularly observed as illustrating the trend of the mode.

COUNTRY HOUSE TOILETTES.

A charming gown made for country house visiting is in black charmeuse, with long tunic of black silk voile



Coiffure with Wide Plait

striped with "Paris" coloured lace. The belt is emerald green velvet, embroidered in black. The bodice is transparent and is worn over an elaborately tucked black chiffon under-bodice, embroidered along the top and on the upper part of the sleeves. The voile forms the merest veil over this and is carried up to the neck, some inches higher than the under-bodice, ending in a high, transparent black lace collar. English women of the upper classes have not taken universally to the collarless gown, beautiful throats though many of them have. Black lace on white will have a great innings this winter, partly owing to the recent mourning, and partly to the beautiful combinations in which the two play the principal part. For instance, a dinner gown in white silk voile has a long tunic bordered with black velvet and with a belt of the same material. Above this belt is a wide band of black Chantilly, and under the short, close-fitting voile sleeves are short under-sleeves of the black lace. Another black and white gown, also for evening wear, has a mass of embroidery on the bodice, all in silk net, embroidered in black floss silk. This embroidery is repeated at the foot of the long skirt, and the note of black is intensified by a black satin belt with long sash ends. Some of these compositions in black and white have sometimes a sudden, but far from unpleasing, relief in small insets of brilliantly-tinted velvet surrounded by black lace insertion or embroidery. When cleverly done these have a most becoming and almost a sensationally artistic effect.

The new brochés are among the available materials. Both these and the brocades, of which they are the step-sisters, are very soft and pliable and fall in charming folds. Like the up-to-date moires they have little in common with their ancestor stuffs, which in richness and stiffness could "stand alone." What would our grandmothers have thought of our closely clinging garments?

A FEW NOVELTIES.

The inclemency of the season has led to an innovation which is rather new. The black tulle tunic which has been, and is, so much worn has been bordered with fur. In ordinary hot summers this would have looked quite wrong, but with the wind for ever in the north the effect was comfortable. The long chiffon coats, too, that make their wearers look so graceful, have their fur borders and even a band round the sleeves, usually just long enough to turn the elbows. A Trouville toilette was in white soft silk with a long tunic in black chiffon edged with fur. The Antoinette fichu was white chiffon veiled with black chiffon (the new style) and was held on the chest by a large black velvet rose.

Another novelty, though only a revival or an adaptation, is the curious trimming of wax patterns impressed upon linen or cotton by savages and copied on all sorts of materials in flat beads. It is effective and unusual-looking, this latter being always a great recommendation. In white, or yellow, or dark blue, it trims a dainty costume, and I hear of it on velveteen in dead white, matching the silk revers and the white satin lining of the coat.

THE COIFFURE.

The arrangement of the hair for out-of-doors is quite different from that for evening toilette. The dimensions and shape of the hat regulate the former and personal individuality has a range of choice for the latter. Shining little rolls and the becoming side curl are adopted by some. Small bunches of curls supplement



Coiffure with Sequins

the natural growth in many cases and save much trouble. Our illustrations show two pretty coiffures.

In the first the hair is unwaved, brushed back from the forehead under a thick plait, which goes all round the head. In the second the hair is waved in large, careless-looking undulations arranged upon a frame and finished with a bunch of curls at the back. A band of sequins keeps the front hair well forward and maintains the entire coiffure in position.

C. S. Humphrey



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The Playgoer and society
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